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2. United States - Hist. - Revolution.  
- Fiction.

2. A.H.

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**THE REFUGEE.**

**A ROMANCE.**

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1, Fiction, American.

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- Fiction.

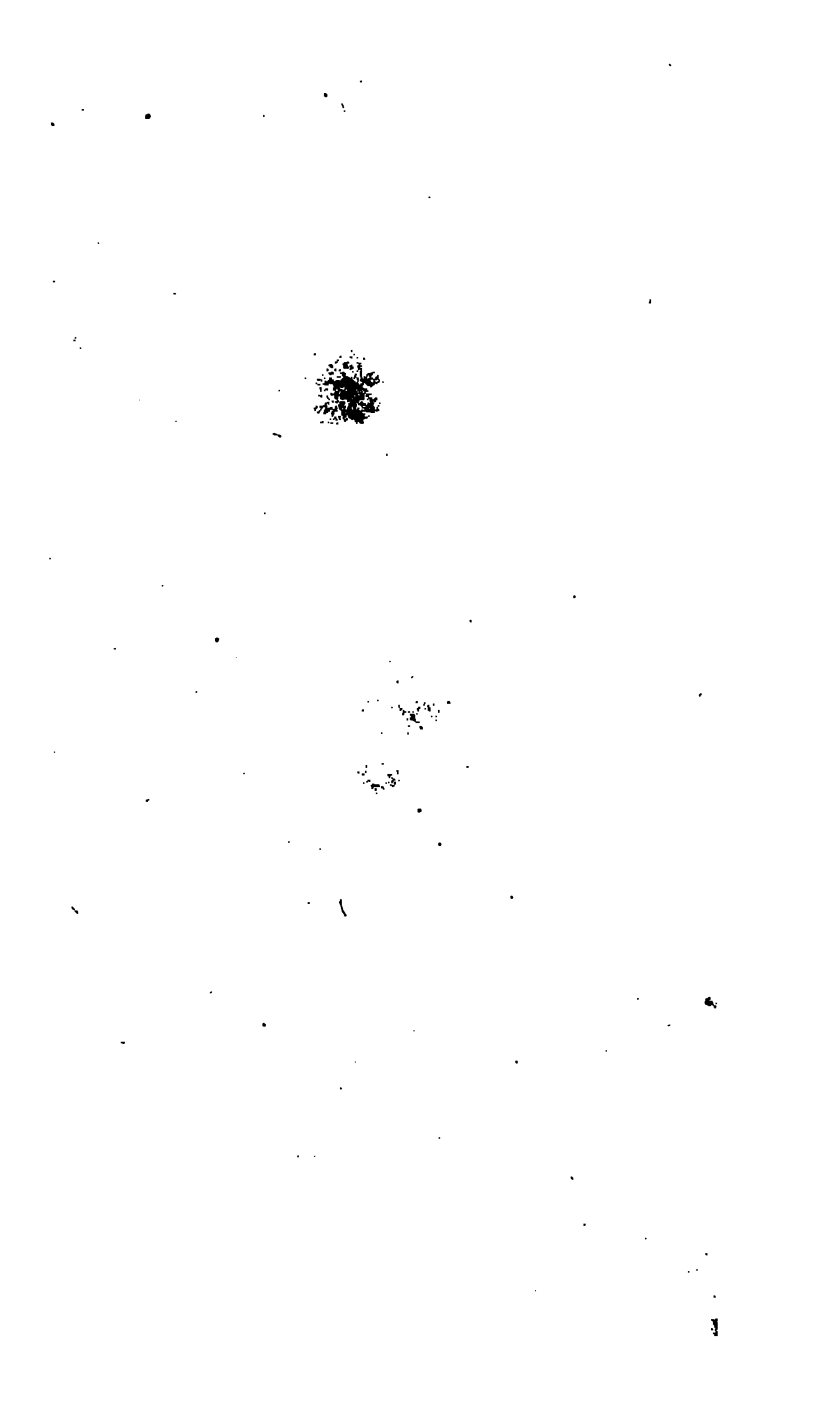
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**THE REFUGEE.**

**A ROMANCE.**

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THE  
**REFUGEE.**

**A ROMANCE.**

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BY CAPTAIN MATTHEW MURGATROYD,  
Of the Ninth Continentals in the Revolutionary War.

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*Shep.* Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

*Clown.* Now, now, I have not wink'd since I saw these  
sights. *The Winter's Tale.*

◆◆◆  
IN TWO VOLUMES.

◆◆◆  
VOL. I.

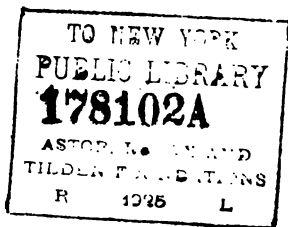
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NEW-YORK:  
PUBLISHED BY WILDER & CAMPBELL.  
No. 142 BROADWAY,

D. Fanshaw, Printer, 1 Murray-street.

1825.





*Southern District of New-York, ss.*

**BE IT REMEMBERED** That on the 5th day of January, A. D. 1825, in the forty-ninth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Wilder and Campbell, of the said District, have deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, to wit:

The Refugee. A Romance. By Captain Matthew Murgatroyd, of the Ninth Continentals in the Revolutionary War. *Shep.* Name of mercy, when was this, boy? *Clown.* Now, now, I have not wink'd since I saw these sights.—*The Winter's Tale.* In two Volumes.

In conformity to the Act of Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned." And also to an Act, entitled "An Act, supplementary to an Act, entitled an Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

JAMES DILL,

Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.

TO THE HON. DE WITT CLINTON, ESQ.

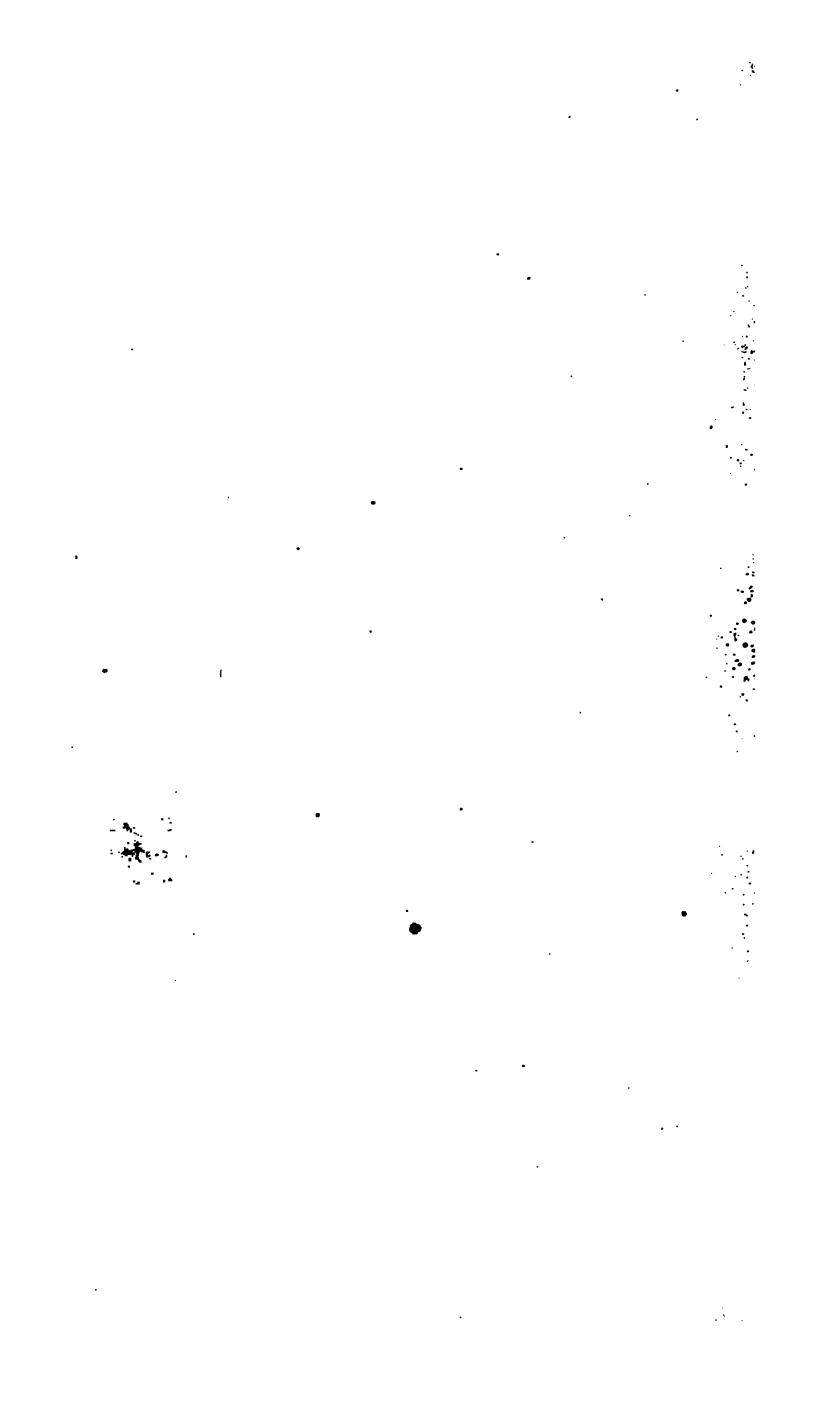
Governor Elect of the State of New-York.

SIR,

Will you permit me to inscribe to you these volumes? They are the production of no office-seeker; but of a man whose feelings towards you are honourably enthusiastic—who shares, in a small degree, in the benefits conferred upon this State by your wisdom and perseverance, and largely in the love and affection kindled by your goodness and virtue.

"Glamis and thane o' Cowdor,  
"The greatest is behind."

THE AUTHOR.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

*Which led to the publication of these volumes.*



Captain Matthew Murgatroyd, to Gideon Sparrow, Esquire,  
Counsellor at Law, New-York city, dated Ryeneck, New-  
York, July 10th, 1824.

DEAR SIR,

Mr. Brindle, who brought up the merchandise for the Smiths, handed me your obliging letter of the 25th ult., in which you accuse me of forgetting my promise in relation to the MSS. Really, sir, the promise is not forgotten, but the humour, which prompted me to make it, is cooled. I recollect time, place, and circumstances, with uncommon accuracy. It was in 1821. We were sitting under the great rare-ripe pear-tree in my orchard, both of us in excellent spirits. I, immoderately joyful, on account of my escape from Leslie and his host of suborned witnesses; and you, as merry as Rabelais, under the treble influence of a beaker of toddy, a thirty pound fee, and a legal victory. Under these circumstances, I made the promise, which I fear I shall rue. At that time, I was too generous to be just. I have some dislike to submitting a composition of mine to the eye of a man possessed of so much critical judgment, classical learning, and refined taste. You know, sir, I was brought up in a camp, having entered in '75, and continued in the army through the revolution,

and nearly a year after its close. I retired, sir, in '84, with as liberal an allowance of scars and buffets as ever fell to the lot of a soldier since the days of Baron Trenck. I was left poor and destitute, and was compelled for some years to toil very hard to support my family. I got no plunder except a copy of Puysegger on the *Enterprise of Durazzo*, an odd volume of Folard, and a few second-hand articles for my wife's use. Kicks, Counsellor, were a kind of rations more promptly paid in those days than coppers. Not that I find fault with the government and discipline of the army. We received the most kind and affectionate attentions from the commander in chief; and our other generals, with one or two exceptions, were disposed, in imitation of the Patent example, to pardon light offences, in consideration of the great hardships we endured, and the distressing privations we suffered.

After I left the army, I had, I assure you, a very hard time of it, Counsellor. My wife, good woman, laboured at the oar far more successfully in the production than the support of human beings. In the progress of time, we had so many sons that I used to say to Mr. Taxbill, our clergyman, jocularly, that if we had commenced housekeeping thirty years sooner, in all probability the nation, in my own family, would have found a counterbalance to the Hessians. A helpless woman and a family of helpless children, are enough to clog the industry and destroy the cheerfulness of any man. But since my wife left off child-bearing (which was in her fifty-second year) she has been of vast service to me, and has lightened my shoulders of many a hard task, which grinding poverty had imposed upon me. I am, at length, well

to do in the world; have competent wealth, fine health, good and dutiful children, and an old woman that sings *Lang Syne* with an upturning of the eye almost as thrilling as it was in the year '74. But my day of study has past. During the season when the mind acquires and retains knowledge the most readily—when we view occurrences with a less prejudiced eye, because old age and disease are not present to colour them of the hue of the autumnal leaf, I had no time for the improvement of my mind. Now, when I am seventy years old, my head as white as snow, and as many grandchildren around me as old Cornaro had, it is too late to attempt intellectual embellishment. The Holy Scriptures, sir, afford the only proper mental aliment for one standing, as I am, on the brink of the grave.

I don't think, Counsellor, that I should have placed the MSS. in your hands, if I had not thought that the fee of thirty pounds, which you pocketed in my suit with Leslie, was a very moderate fee, and that I ought, in some way or other, to evince my gratitude for an act of generosity uncommon to the gentlemen of your profession. When I mentioned to Mr. Taxbill that you had charged only thirty pounds for three hours stiff gabble, drafting nineteen special pleas, beside a general and a special demurrer to the plaintiff's replication—in short, for ringing all the bob-majors necessary in the progress of a full-fed law-suit, he confessed that the charge was moderate, but intimated that a stock of 'thank ye's' laid in against a recurrence of the deed, might rot in store long before they were wanted.

Let me know your opinion of the MSS. sent for your perusal.

Yours, &c.

M. MURGATROYD.

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Gideon Sparrow, Esquire, to Captain Murgatroyd, dated New-York, August 12th, 1824.

DEAR CAPTAIN,

Your MSS. and obliging letter came duly to hand, but being at the time particularly engaged in the great ejectment suit for the Manager's meadows, *Den, ex dem Sweatitout vs. Fen Smotherclaim*, tenant, I did not look over them till the close of the session. I lost that suit. It was decided against me on an authority not more in point than the twelfth article of the Athanasian creed. Ejectment *pro prima tonsura* will lie *Ward vs. Petifer*, Cro. Car. 362. In *Wheeler v. Toulson*, Hardw. 330, demise of hay grass and aftermath held sufficient to support an ejectment. Both cases in point. But the de'il got in their Honours, and I lost my case.

With respect to my fee in your suit, I have hitherto heard so few complaints from my clients of too much moderation in my charges—indeed, have given them so small a chance to accuse their consciences for an insufficient requital of my services, that at first I thought you were quizzing me, Captain Murgatroyd, or had a mind to see whether I would not turn rogue for a *consideration*, as old Trapbois says.

You know little of the *post obit* method of reckoning, I see. By the father of wrangling, you half put

me up to the trick of scribbling a leaf of my cost book in the following manner :

SUPREME COURT.		
Murgatroyd	} Costs and fees duly taxed by Recorder Pushpin,	50/.
ads.		30
Leslie.		00
	Balance, . . . . .	00

N.B. Error 20/., vide secret book against the heirs.

I have read your MSS. through very carefully, and with considerable pleasure. Excepting Fearn on Remainders, Coke upon Littleton, and Hullock upon Costs, I never read any thing that pleased me more than your "Refugee." It wears, withall, so uncommon an appearance of verity, that if I were cross-questioning you before a jury on any transaction in it, I should be at a loss to know where I ought to shrug up my shoulders. I think, Captain, that an indictment for murder might have been supported against Arleston. Vernon's death happened in the prosecution, by his slayer, of a felonious intent. Now, our legal writers lay it down as a sound position, "that if an involuntary killing happen in the prosecution of a felonious intent, and which, in its consequences, naturally tended to bloodshed, it will be murder."

I think, Captain Murgatroyd, that you ought to have omitted the duel. Various enlightened men, editors of newspapers, clergymen, &c. think with me that duelling ought to be reprobated, discountenanced, punished,—seeing that the law gives recompense for every insult amounting to a breach of the peace. I was employed before their Honours of the Basement Court-Room against Firmstep, who spit in Dodge's face, and kick'd him afterwards. The jury gave £5 and costs—ample recompense—for spittle is easily washed off, and the kicking left few



bruises. May juries always make **courage** smart for it.

The "Refugee" is a better story than **either** "Wendell Bosworth" or the "Cadet of Carolina." The principal personage in "Wendell Bosworth" is a Yankee, you know, and we have become too wise in the orthodox states to believe that them "sort of folks" can do a meritorious action. No offence, Captain. Had you gifted him with the attributes of awkwardness, pedantry, and knavery, instead of the competent share of polish, honesty, and unaffected learning you have assigned him,—had you made him a pedagogue instead of a gentleman, it would have been a favourite, with us, I think. Steal a trait or two from Dom Daniel or Maturin, Captain, and 'twill go down. By the bye, don't be in a hurry about your second—novels stand low just now.

I notice a considerable number of inaccuracies in point of grammatical construction, and **two or three** aberrations from the standard of religious faith and moral virtue. What became of Moke Dymoke, you have not said. Perhaps you'll suggest that upon the roll, as we lawyers say. Publish, Captain, publish.

Yours, &c.

GIDEON SPARROW.

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Captain Matthew Murgatroyd, to Gideon Sparrow, Esquire,  
dated Ryeneck, August 31st, 1824.

DEAR SIR,

I received your esteemed letter yesterday. I am very sorry, Counsellor, that you should have discovered aberrations from the standard of religious faith

and moral virtue. Eight years was I held in the hollow of the Almighty's hand, and preserved from the death which swallowed up a hundred thousand of my countrymen. Is it for me to forget his goodness? Oh, no, Sir. Strike out every passage which is capable even of being tortured into aught derogatory to my creator, his attributes or dispensations.

You advise me to publish. Oh, dear sir, it would bring me into an ocean of trouble. I am as hasty and choleric as a Welshman; as well I might be, being a lineal descendant from a good old leekling.\* I frequently hear men say, that the critics and reviewers have damned such and such an author. Now, Sir, if a critic or reviewer were to damn me; as I am an old soldier, I would break every bone in his skin. I will take a damn from no man, while the sword hangs in my hall that beat down a weapon raised at the breast of Washington. And as they would not be deterred by the threats of an old man, when they laugh at those of younger, I fear much trouble from them. And yet they are frequently recommending the study of our revolutionary history, and lamenting the unfrequency of attempts to elucidate and explain the events which stamp a value on that portion of our national existence. Perhaps they will deal favourably by an old soldier, and help him along with a good word, as they are said to have done with some whose anger might have had too much of the "quip querulous" in it.

Will a bookseller run the risk to publish, and require no advance, think you? If he will, he shall have the merit of adding another to the list of books.

\* Expatriated Denberghshireman.

which would never have seen the light but for a similar arrangement.

With respect to the copy-right. *Nota bene.* About a mile from my house there is a fine mill site and a good stream for a factory—The price one thousand dollars. A word to the wise is sufficient. I should like to employ my Tale in a manufacturing establishment.

Your obedient humble servant,

MATTHEW MURGATROYD.

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Gideon Sparrow, Esquire, to Captain Matthew Murgatroyd,  
dated New-York, Sept. 10th, 1824.

DEAR SIR,

Agreeable to your intimated wish, I wrote a clever bookseller in the city on the subject of your romances, and received an answer, intimating, in very handsome terms, his readiness to undertake the said publication at his own expense. He will do nothing at present for the mill-site. Don't tease him, poor fellow. You've no idea, Captain, how many of a bookseller's customers, near pay-day, match themselves in the Lag-behind family.

Being a kind of a godfather to your forthcoming Tale, I make bold to recommend various alterations in it, both as to phraseology and incident. It appears to me (and I merely anticipate the reviewers, whose well practised eyes will detect even trifling errors) that you had better spell Zack without the k. I would further recommend to you, my dear friend, if you would escape the most terrible of all earthly evils, a reviewer's ban, to strike out the more soul-

stirring of the love scenes. I like them hugely myself, so does Mrs. Sparrow, and the young ladies admire them prodigiously, but the critics will not. They are made of stern stuff, these critics and reviewers, and their bowels of compassion are the only thing of bulk, except a camel, that can be drawn through the eye of a needle. The Duke of Somerset, proverbially the "Proud," would have been as much at home in a game of hot cockles or bob-cherry as our reviewers in the task of critically reading, in order to accurately criticising the description of the meeting between Wild Gil and his mistress, after the narrow escape of the former from the twelve arquebusiers. Crowd into your stories as many "drums, trumpets, blunderbusses, guns, and thunder," as you please; but, dear Captain, be cautious and niggardly in your delineation of the milk and water passions.

I have struck out several passages, which seem to reflect upon the higher powers. We cannot call things by their right names at present, Captain Murgatroyd. Another age must pass before we shall be permitted to speak the truth, and the *whole truth*, in connexion with the struggle which gave us independence. Before the complete development can take place, the ties of personal friendship must be broken; and various kinds of connections and dependencies be severed. The mantle, which habitual respect has woven to hide the frailties and failings of several conspicuous characters in the revolution, cannot be lifted yet. The year nineteen hundred may be the era for the production of Talès, boldly told, patiently heard, and calmly discussed; which, related at the present day, would subject their writer to the fumigation of a tar-barrel, a jaunt to the stepping mill, or some

other unpleasant symptom of public anger. A century hence we may hear pronounced, without periphrasis, the name of him who was to have succeeded Washington in the command of the continental army, could the disgrace of the hero have been effected. Many things, not yet known, will then appear, to depreciate the character and services of some, and exalt those of others. But now the attempt cannot be made without involving our literary as well as our political corps—in fact, our whole population, in a conflict most disreputable to our nation. Let, therefore, the memory of the immediate actors in our revolution remain for the present untouched by the pen, which means to insinuate impure motives or record suspicious actions.

I return your MSS. and advise a re-perusal, and consequent obliteration of all the passages obnoxious to the foregoing remarks. I cannot promise you great riches or great fame from the publication of your Romances, but I think that you bid fair to obtain of both as great a portion as the unambitious Hagar prayed for. With my warm wishes for the success of your labours, agricultural as well as literary,

I am, sincerely, yours,

GIDEON SPARROW.

Captain Matthew Murgatroyd, to Mr. O. Wilder, publisher and bookseller, New-York city.

KIND SIR,

My learned friend, Counsellor Sparrow, informs me that you have concluded to publish, at your own expense, the work of mine which relates a tale of our

revolutionary times. Really, sir, it was kind of you to proffer so readily the encouragement which is usually wanted in affairs of this nature. And it occasions a more abundant overflow of the heart, inasmuch as it was entirely unexpected. The greater part of the publishing brotherhood are little disposed to foster genius and patronise talents, and for this reason, that few of them are of capacity to discover the appearance of either. Your profession, sir, reckons many Curls among its members: it is well for them that ours hath so few dictionary-armed Johnsons. You know the anecdote.

I suspect, Mr. Wilder, that my chance for either profit or immortality is very small, constituted as the mass of your readers are, with an appetite which craves mental food of foreign preparation, and loathes that served up by native hands. Now I am frequently advised of fast approaching fatuity and second childhood; and that the winter, which has frosted my locks and furrowed my brow, has imparted a portion of the never-to-be-resisted chill to my mental faculties. Thus sinking into a state which totally unfits me to endure crosses and troubles, I should feel somewhat sorrowful under the rod of unjust criticism; and probably not well pleased, even should critical justice be done me. Let not this be understood, however, as a whining petition for mercy, or deprecation of the critic's wrath.

If they give me good advice, I think I shall have the grace to profit by it; if they scold me into an apoplexy, why let them be tried for homicide.

I am, my dear Mr. Wilder,

Your very obedient humble servant,

M. MURGATROYD.

subjected to the domination of an angry foe, in this instance, dispensing with all ordinary rules of warfare, and visiting some wrong of magnitude on the head of a proprietor as incapable of defending his possessions by the strong arm, as beyond the protection of the ordinary rules of justice, and those which guarantee the rights of property.

Time, which works such changes in the material world, wrought its usual effects on this deserted mansion, enlarging the ruins, and gradually removing the traces of violence, substituting instead those appearances which speak of regularly progressive decay. During the gusty and tempestuous periods of the year, the winds committed great ravages, removing doors from their hinges, and windows from their frames ; gamboling through the dreary passages and deserted chambers, like a family of healthy children released from a nine hours' attendance on the village schoolmaster. The most desolating fits of elemental wrath were experienced about the time of the spring and fall equinoxes, when, in addition to the usual damage on doors and windows, prompt and effectual aid was afforded to the flight of the " weatherboards," clapboards, and shingles, which are seldom contented to remain long on the roof of an untenanted mansion, to say nothing of the noble trees prostrated by

these rude assailants. The walls crumbled beneath the influence of the continual damps to which they were exposed ; the fine fences surrounding a verdant lawn in front of the mansion, fell a prey to unruly poachers, in the shape of deacon Furnival's cattle, which became enamoured of the early clover, not soon eradicated by wild grasses. A part of the grove of noble elms, which had been a frequent theme of exultation to the proprietor of the estate, when the tenant and cultivator, had fallen, as we have said, by the winds ; and the remainder, subjected to a variety of injuries, sunk into a decline which reminded one of adulancy becoming old age by the mere pressure of grief, and quitting life, because seeing nothing but pain in a protracted existence. In a very few years, this mansion, which, at the commencement of the difficulties with the mother country, was by much the finest on the Hudson, resembled, in its utter desolation, the Temple of the Jews when the threat of the Most High was accomplished. "Not one stone remaining upon another." Fifteen years after the close of the Revolution, there were traces remaining sufficiently obvious to determine its locality ; but the building itself was laid prostrate by a tempest of wind, accompanied by hail and much lightning, and still remembered by the gray headed as the "*September storm of '87.*"



With the fall of the mansion, various appropriations, favourable to the work of decay took place. What was nobody's property, was reckoned every body's property ; and consequently there were as many visits paid to the prostrated mansion, as there were articles worth the labour of transportation from it. One took the finely polished mahogany banisters and balustrade, which, being of a lasting material, had resisted the effects of wind and weather ; but what use the owner of a rudely constructed cabin made of these fruits of architectural taste, never came to be known. Charles Jeffers was in receipt of the ponderous and massy door-stones, wherewith he proudly garnished the principal entrance to his "high single" of sixteen by twenty feet ; and David Dobb was also guilty of the trover and conversion of articles of value and importance. So completely had the kind-hearted neighbours entered into the views of the great destroyer, that when, in the year 1805, passing the site, on our way to the city, and remembering a pleasing young man who, in some sense was the proprietor thereof, (being the only heir,) we were tempted to go on shore ; we found a place which wanted but a little more antiquity, to make it the subject of as much curious and unprofitable speculation as Babylon has been, with regard to its locality,

or the wilds of western America in respect of their former inhabitants. We found a dispute, sturdily maintained, between the parson and the dominie of a neighbouring town, whether the mansion-house actually stood on the summit of a certain hill, or a hundred yards lower down, on the brow, and nearer the river. When I recollected that little more than a score of years had elapsed since our transatlantic parent had acknowledged our majority, and lifted her guardianship; and when I reflected that a period of such limited duration had been sufficient to efface every vestige of a powerful family, making it matter of mere conjecture where they dwelt, I could not help moralizing on the ephemerality of our present state, and confessing how absurd were most of our worldly deeds and actions, which indicated an expectation of durability. When I mentioned these thoughts to our worthy minister, Mr. Milledoler, he kindly, on the next Lord's-day, demonstrated from Psalms xxxi. 2, 3, the extreme folly of building on aught save the Rock of Hope.

The mansion of which we have been describing the decay, and the estate attached to it, which extended from the river to the foot of the Kaatskill Mountains, at a point where their northern or greatest distance might be six miles, at the commencement of hostilities

between the colonies and Great Britain, belonged to Colonel Cuthbert Greaves, a gentleman of dignified parentage, born on the fast anchored isle, near Guernever, in Breconshire. (It will not be altogether a digression, if we remark that we ourselves are not so widely born of the blue hills of Cambria, as to have our olfactory nerves dismayed at a mess of Welsh leeks and pottage.) The father of Colonel Greaves, Sir Mark Tudor Greaves, if children are blessings, had abundant reason to be grateful, for his good lady made him an annual present of a healthy, thriving boy, several years after the committee on food and raiment made most discouraging reports to that of ways and means. Wales is not a place where the fruits of the earth spring up spontaneously, nor does the product equal in quantity the parabolical increase mentioned by the scriptures. Sir Mark had a good estate, that is, for the Principality, but partially encumbered, and totally inadequate to make suitable provision for ten sons and half as many daughters. The cadets of the family were therefore encouraged to adventure themselves in quest of the consummation so devoutly wished for—a fortune, and departed, with the buoyancy of heart, and recklessness of danger, which commonly accompanies youth in this uncertain quest, while the being so favoured and

protected by the English laws, and quartered by their care upon every feudal hearth-stone, the first-born, the future Sir Mark, remained at Llankbodhie Hall, to have the benefit of lectures upon the splendour of David, the wrongs of Llewellyn, the voyage of Madoc, with whom several of his own family, *i. e.* all whose fate could not otherwise be accounted for, voyaged—and his own consequence; the first lesson taught in an ancient Welsh family.

At this time Great Britain was engaged in a continental war, and her sovereign had gained in person the battle of Dettingen. The declaration of war against France, which followed that victory, led to a loud call on the honour and patriotism of the British nation: a call which was never yet heard unanswered. Cuthbert Greaves, prompted by natural disposition, and cheered by the many mementos of hereditary valour which adorned the galleries of Llankbodhie, successfully prosecuted his suit for a lieutenant's commission, and joined the army a few days before the battle of Fontenoy. Through the whole of that disastrous day, the behaviour of Cuthbert Greaves was so much beyond his years, and his single endeavour contributed so greatly to the preservation of a body of troops, whose worthless

and inefficient commander had led them unnecessarily to a post of danger, that royal gratitude kept no terms with the rules of the army, but nominated him to diplomatic agencies of importance, and promoted him consecutively to the various military grades beneath a regiment. Nor was that dignity long withheld; for when the censurers of hasty promotions had received a cue from some other quarter, and the army list was exchanged for fresher grievances, Cuthbert Greaves was gazetted Colonel of the Prince William's Volunteers. The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle left him at liberty to return to Llankboddie, where he was received with great joy, and introduced to the record of his services, in an elaborate painting of the battle of Fontenoy, wherein he stood the prominent actor; said painting being placed beside one representing Sir Mark bestriding a long-backed French Grenadier in the lines at Malplaquet; thus proving, incontestably, to later generations, that both the father and son were heroes of important periods.

Soon after his return from the continent he married Emily, a natural daughter of one of the most powerful nobles of the court of George II. by a west-country woman of mean and rather disreputable connexions. Long

and severe was the conflict between love and pride in the bosom of Colonel Greaves; but love, as is usual in such skirmishes, prevailed. The lady had every requisite to captivate; was young, accomplished, virtuous; surpassingly beautiful, and as much in love as her suitor; refusing splendid offers for his sake, and bidding fair to wear the willow garland if not wedded by him. He married her, and the alliance was a happy one. The sacrifice of his foolish family pride was repaid by the acquisition of a lovely and sweet-tempered partner, the addition of six thousand pounds to his very narrow fortune, and court favour, which, in the end, led to valuable appointments, and substantial gratifications. However correctly this kind of stock has been valued, when rated with moonshine, in the present instance the quarterly receipt of three hundred pounds, in good Abraham Newlands, proved that not all kingly promises and professions are hollow and insincere. The lady's portion, the lift from the Assistant Adjutancy General, together with the income of his own little property, the whole carefully husbanded, enabled Cuthbert Greaves to live genteelly, and as the vulgar have it, to "lay up something 'gainst a stormy day." His own relations had forsaken him on his marriage; but he had gathered to his fire-side a circle of

friends, who were attracted by the mild virtues and sober order which presided in his establishment.

The pride of Sir Mark Greaves had been deeply wounded by the marriage of his son to the illegitimate Emily Burrard, and the pair had been forbidden Llanckbodhie immediately on that event. Probably the several distinguished alliances contracted about this time, by others of his children, provoked the baronet, Welsh as we have said, (and hence wedded to a ridiculous pride of ancestry,) to anathematize more pointedly, the only member of his family whose choice of a wife was calculated in his opinion to fix a blot on the family 'scutcheon. The father and son met after the solemnization of the nuptials, and there ensued a warm and well-supported altercation between them, the son maintaining the propriety of marrying the object of well-placed affection, while the father tendered an opinion that birth and family were primary requisites to a wife, and the want of them insuperable obstacles. High words were used by the parties militant; the father bade the son darken not the doors of Llanckbodhie, and the son assured the father that the prohibition would not be very painful, since it had led to the avowal by Sir Mark of senti-

ments so cold and heartless, as materially to lessen the value of the kindredship thus ordered to be delivered to oblivion.

The Colonel had been two years a husband, and twelve months the father of a lovely female infant, when chance brought in contact the haughty and petulant baronet, and the youthful mother. The meeting between the father-in-law and the daughter-in-law happened at a time and in a manner extremely favourable to a reconciliation, for the good folks at Llankboddie had about this time ascertained the melancholy fact that the Honourable Bob, the eldest son and heir, while wedding birth and family, in the person of a Duke's ninth daughter, had united himself to more arrogance, ill-temper, and insolence, than would have served the Pope and all his cardinals. Lady Lucy was also more than suspected of some sins which stand at the front of matrimonial offending. And as good luck would have it, at a moment of just irritability, a visiter of consequence entered into a warm eulogium, in the presence of the assembled inmates of Llankboddie, on the superlative beauty, splendid acquirements, &c. of a lady in town, bearing the baronet's name, and married to a Welsh officer of high character for bravery. Thereupon Sir Mark left Bre-



conshire for London, pretending to take his seat in the House of Commons for the borough of Fairprice; we do not undertake to say he went for the purpose of reconciliation.

Mrs. Greaves had called in one morning, at a friend's house, with the little Julia in her arms, when Sir Mark was announced. The lady of the house had previously requested her visitress to do the honours of the drawing-room during her absence for a few minutes in the nursery, and the usual civilities were paid the baronet by the daughter-in-law *prochein amie* lady Brabazon. Mrs. Greaves had pride which prevented her from discovering to the baronet the relation in which they stood to each other. An animated conversation took place between them, and war, peace, the national debt, the corn bill, private acts and public measures, were discussed, considered, defended, opposed, lost without division, or carried by acclamation; and on all the various topics, the lady displayed a depth of knowledge and piquancy of wit, which astonished and enchanted the baronet. Julia, too, who had just begun to exercise her powers of locomotion, shuffling her little body from individual to individual, by the aid of the chairs, had discovered her relationship, or what is more likely, something attractive in

the scarlet vest of the baronet, and was liberally caressing her grandfather.

"I see nobody, Madam, to name us to each other," said he, and somehow my seat is never easy when I do not know the name and rank of the person with whom I am conversing. With people of narrow colloquial gifts, the name and title answer in conversation the purpose which the 'Sir' and 'honourable gentleman' do in the imperial parliament. Will you have the goodness, Madam, to favour me with your name?"

"Mrs. Cuthbert Greaves, Sir, daughter-in-law to Sir Mark Tudor Greaves of Llankbodie, in Breconshire. Do you know the gentleman?" Her beautiful eyes sparkled with almost the lustre of the diamond, while offended dignity sat in every feature of a face almost perfect. She expected repulse, and had prepared herself to make no sacrifice of her husband's high-minded feelings to soften the baronet to a reconciliation. But behold the effect which beauty and sweetness wrought on the old gentleman! His face became of the colour of scarlet; he attempted to falter out an apology, nearly unintelligible, but which might safely be supposed, from sundry broken expressions, to contain the peace-making epithet of 'Dear daughter,' and specimens of the several modes

of expressing mental suffering for our sins of omission and commission. "He was sorry." "He regretted;" "wished he had done otherwise;" spoke of "erring creatures;" "fatal family pride;" used the imperfect tense of the subjunctive mood. "If he had known;" in fact, he at length found a tongue to say, "That if Mrs. Cuthbert Greaves would forgive the cruel neglect, and he was pleased to say, the unmerited displeasure, she had experienced from her husband's relatives since her marriage, and could prevail on that husband to take home to his bosom the christian principle of forgiveness, the family coach of Sir Mark Tudor Greaves should, on the morrow, set off for the mountains of Wales, with the fairest bride that ever crossed the threshold of Rhuys ap David, the Founder; and that the baronet himself, nathless the corn bill, and the colonial trade act, and the bill to prevent the cornuting of husbands, would himself accompany the bride to said mansion." The lady, as in duty bound, tendered her check to the baronet in token of reconciliation, and by virtue of the tacit permission so accorded, the old Welshman kissed her most devoutly, and assured her, upon the word of a believer, that she was much sweeter than the lady Lucy de Willoughby, who had wedded the honourable

Bob, his heir, or lady Crybabie, who had become a rib of his second son, David. We expect that our kind-hearted readers will be pleased with the termination of this family quarrel.

With the sunrise, the baronet was in Lower Berkeley-street; and, the matter of the breakfast table duly discussed, they were off in a trice for the land of leeks. The remainder of the introductory story shall be noted for brevity. They arrived at Llankbodhie, where the warmth of their long-delayed welcome made ample atonement for past neglect. The baronet had ample opportunity to compare the mild, unostentatious manners of the "child of love," with the repulsive, haughty, and undignified manners of the children of "birth,"—the native Emily with the artificial lady Lucy, and lady Tilly; and the family circle at once admitted the superiority of the former over the "premier ducal" blood and its adjunct. With a smile for ever on her cheek, the same happy, smiling, contented being, whether listening to the fond prattle of her infant, the endless genealogical dissertations of Sir Mark, and his tales of Rhuys the Founder, or enduring the petty insults of her titled sisters-in-law, her sweetness of disposition made her as many friends as there were souls at Llank-

bodhie. The fault of her birth was forgotten in the happiness she dispensed on all within the sphere of her attractions.

In the former part of this chapter we spoke of a circle of friends which Colonel Greaves had formed around him. These were not of the fashionable world. Such kept aloof; the reported cause therefor, the defect in Mrs. Greaves' birth. But had she possessed few attractions, and those merely mental, or been remarkable for deformity of mind or person, married unhappily and lived miserably, she might have been forgiven. But to be so generally admired, and withal so provokingly happy, was what merited the potential punishment of averted eyes, bent brows, audible whispers, and shrugs *a la Français*. Under these circumstances, Colonel Greaves determined to exchange London for a colonial residence. After a due consideration of the advantages and disadvantages of the various posts, stations, and countries, which bowed to the insular sceptre, Bengal, Bombay, Cape Coast, not forgetting St. Helena, and the Isle of Dogs, he determined to accept the offer made by the Earl of Thynne, the lady's father, and try how the winds that blew from the inland seas of North America would suit the constitution of a London-bred lady.

Earl Thynne was the proprietor of a tract of land on the Hudson river, in the province of New-York; the same we were found describing in the early part of this chapter; and a deed was duly tendered, which bid all men to know that “Albermarle Grey, Earl of Thynne, Viscount Tomline, and Baron Cockermouth, Lyon Thistle, &c. for and in consideration of the love and affection he bore Cuthbert Greaves, of Lower Berkeley-street, in the city of London, Esquire, and Emily his wife, did give, &c. unto, &c. (fee simple estate,) a certain tract of land, lying and situated on the Hudson river, in the Province of New-York.” Then followed, particularized with all the wearisome caution of a skilful conveyancer, the “stone standing on B. Paddlefoot’s land,” “the marked tree at Lot Lickbarrow’s corner,” and other conveniently removed signs of heritage and ownership. Our eminently legal friend, and in truth little less than the proof sheet corrector of this our work, Counsellor Sparrow, has examined the feoffment parchment, and thinks it would bear as much picking as a wealthy client in a chancery suit. He also remarked, *en passant*, that the English lawyers fold more extensive margins than their brothers of the American bar; and further, that they use tape and wax of a much superior quality.

We will not detain our readers with a particular description of their leave-taking: the subject has become threadbare. From Monsieur Scuddery down to the last meadow-margined romance from the Minerva fable-mint, all have abounded with pathetic farewells of agonized friends, and heart-stricken lovers; and few have been tolerable, because, to use the words of a popular M. P. of our acquaintance, "they overdid the thing." Lest the same should be said of us, we conclude to omit the parting scene, as an advocate in "summing up" forgets to comment on that part of the testimony which furnishes no opportunity for the display of talent, nor helps to establish his client's defence; and our readers are requested to skip a few months of the life of Colonel and Mrs. Greaves, and without a particular description of the troubles which attended a long passage in an inclement season of the year, the feasts and welcome purchased in the metropolis by letters recommendatory, to imagine them seated in a temporary residence on the west bank of the Hudson, about the month of May, 1755.

## CHAPTER II.

Men were not born to live in solitude.  
The age is past when every fearful rock  
That tower'd like Ararat of sacred song,  
Became an altar for the sackcloth saint,  
Doing strict penance for the Great transgression,  
It holds of christian faith, this social glee,  
And this unlocking of the wearied mind.  
Bid young Roberdo string his violin  
To music's merriest mood, we'll have the harp,  
And spend an hour in merriment and song.

*The Monk in Love.*

HAVING settled the parents of our intended hero on the valuable donation of the English nobleman, it becomes our duty, in the orderly concocting of our tale, to mention some few incidents which attended the earlier period of their residence at the West Bank, remarking that the later furnishes the main theme of the story.

Amiable as we have represented Cuthbert Greaves, it must be said that he was not without a large share of the aristocratic pride common to his countrymen. Hence, when first settled in his new habitation, he held in light estimation the honest old farmers of the vicinity, and discouraged their homely offer of the hand of fellowship. But time hung heavy



on his hands. Books he had, but he had been used to the converse of the lively living, and felt solitary and gloomy when confined to that of the illustrious dead. It was for his interest, too, that he should cultivate the acquaintance of his neighbours. His knowledge of agriculture extended not much further than the practical hints in the Gardener's Calendar and Ryder's Merlin, and that to be acquired by the reading of Evylen. Around him were many practical husbandmen, waiting but the intimation of his wish to be taught their art, before they poured into his ear the results of their experiments on "loamy," "clayey," "stoney," and all other kinds of soils; proper seasons for planting rouncival, sowing broccoli, setting artichokes, and earthing up chardoons, besides (but here we spoil the period) planting potatoes and pumpkins. The Colonel, perceiving how much, in his present pursuits, he was inferior to his neighbours, and what advantages were to be derived from the inter-communion, and, withall, growing a little weary of his patrician hauteur, fell presently into habits of sociability, and met their advances to intimacy with considerable cordiality. In fact, there was no resisting their kindly, well-meant way of pressing their little services and cheap fa-

vours upon him. 'Squire Jacks sent his chaise to convey Mrs. Greaves to and from the church, when the Colonel's coach had been broken by the negligent driving of his negro coachman Pompey. This led to an intimacy with the Justice Shallow of the West Bank. The Reverend Mr. Haggis called in to expound some passages, which, in his sermon from Proverbs xxix. 2, *When the righteous are in authority the people rejoice : but when the wicked beareth rule the people mourn,* he thought required explanation. Now the Reverend Adonijah Haggis declared that he thought nothing at all when he selected this text as the ground of a three hours' discourse, and he had been drawn into the choice of this passage by reading a sermon of Mr. Gad "Hitchcock's; and as for the other passage ; "Thus saith the Lord, let it suffice you, O Princes of Israel ! remove violence and spoil, and execute judgment and justice," it was, he would confess it, altogether the elaboration of Archdeacon Gapes in King William's day. He had lost the Saturday, and to provide himself with a discourse, had taken this hap-hazard. The apology was accepted by the king's man, (as Colonel Greaves was called,) and this apologetic interview led to other and more marked calls. Mr. Bridle-

goose, the schoolmaster, acquired an accidental introduction, which he zealously improved to the manifest annoyance of the Colonel; who, though a good scholar, disliked the Dominie's eternal adaptation of the tongues of Homer and Virgil to the most trifling concerns of common life.

The Colonel seldom visited his neighbours; his lady never, unless when they had become objects of charity. Her moments were spent in the various concerns and duties incidental to her new occupation. The little Julia was now four years old, and the first six months of their residence in America, had added one to their stock of musical comforts. The stranger laddie had the name of Gilbert bestowed upon him, in honour of a great grandfather, who lived many years back, and was esteemed the most fiery-tempered man in Wales, besides speaking Welsh for his vernacular. A considerable part of the lady's time was, of course, devoted to master Gil and his temporal comforts, but she found time to visit the sick, and gladden them with nourishing viands, and palatable and healing mendicaments. And she also directed the gardener in his business, withall endeavouring to smooth by those affectionate little cares, which only woman can bestow, the pillow of ~~her~~ husband

after fatigues, which bore hard upon him who had never been accustomed to the labour of an agricultural life.

The prominent failing (if it can be called a failing) of the Colonel, was his disposition to expatiate upon the martial scenes in which he had been an actor. He spoke of more personal escapes in the imminent, deadly breach, than would be accounted proper by the rigidly modest, who forbid the use of the pronoun *ego*. He had an inexhaustible stock of anecdote, and fund of ready humour, and his mind was a complete note-book of every thing which occurred from the battle of Fontenoy to the peace of '48. These stories were a kind of aliment, which, being prepared in "foreign parts," the people of the West Bank devoured with greedy impatience. In the long winter evenings, which are the farmer's holidays, the Colonel, surrounded by a dozen of his homely friends, 'Squire Jacks, Parson Haggis, &c. sat in the arm-chair, narrating events which took place at various periods under his eye, and hence were depicted with a strength of colouring which we only find where the limner drew from an object before him. The while, Mrs. Greaves sat plying her needle, occasionally raising her eyes to meet the inquiring glance of her lord, and smile

her approbation of the story and its moral.

The Colonel was one of those affectionate, confiding husbands, much more rare now than they were before the fall, who believe their wives gifted with every desirable quality. Hence, when he had finished one of his long stories, and the opinions of the seignours had been deferentially collected, he was wont to require some indication of the estimation in which it was held for connection, spirit, and phraseology, by his partner. It will be readily imagined that the critic was complaisant, and judged with little of the asperity and virulent and intemperate rebuke which distinguish your cut and thrust critics of the nineteenth century, when reviewing works of authors who chance to be neither pugilists, duelists, or of the "bring mine action" sort. The lady would turn up her clear blue eye, glancing, however, impatiently at her sleeping charge in the cradle, and gravely propound questions, and profess that she "did not understand the motives for such and such an action." "Why Prince Waldeck did not march his command upon Fontenoy in time to aid the right wing." "Why the Duke d'Aremberg did not take Lisle before Count Clermont joined Saxe," &c. So the task devolved on the husband of convincing his fair

spouse, the sole motive to her assumed misapprehension.

We must not be understood to say that Mrs. Greaves felt it a duty to praise indiscriminately the military narrative of her husband, or considered herself to have no opinion distinct from, or counter to, that of her husband. The doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance, was not experimentally known at the West Bank. The concerns of the family were managed much as were the affairs of Palmyra under Odenathus and Zenobia: (we are pedants without meaning to be so) the public acts were made out (as a grammarian would say) in the name of the most worthy, but the public voice ascribed more than a moiety of the wisdom displayed in the management of the family to the co-operating talents of its matron head. We are sensible that we have taken a very indirect way of telling our readers that Mrs. Greaves was a lady of bright judgment, and was consulted by her husband on all matters of importance relating to his establishment.

We will suppose our narrative to have reached, at this point, a quaternary period. Our readers, by recurring to the fortieth page of this volume, will find that we there

announced, though with our usual show of mysticism, the birth of a son, in due time, named Gilbert. This son and the little Julia constituted the sum total of their children. The latter was now a lovely child of six, remarkably engaging, sweet-tempered, and docile. Master Gil was a healthy urchin of four, as noisy as sin, and as brown as a berry. You might hear him, of a clear afternoon, the distance of half a mile, hallooing to the birds as they winged their way to the mountains for their evening nap. He was known by every person for ten miles around, as he seldom suffered a well conditioned nag to pass without an attempt to purchase him; and where the housing and trappings were gay, detaining him, *vi et armis*, by the bridle. The negotiations were usually conducted in the spirit of ready money, the display of a huge copper coin, (now in the possession of a city gentleman, and called an 'Otho,') clenched in his little fist, and always ready, nominating, on his part, the terms of the contract.

The spot where our little hero first drew his breath, was in the highest degree favourable to the acquisition of a strong and permanent constitution. The lofty range of mountains, which line the left bank of the Hudson, have always been noted for their bracing and

valour-prompting qualities, and it stands chronicled that most of the Sullys and Turennes of our great state came from their neighbourhood. His constitution, naturally tender, by the course observed, became hardy; and at twelve years of age he was health personified. The free permission at all times given him, to rove over these Alpine ridges, like a goat on the Savoy steeps, had the effect to form in him a spirit of adventurous daring, which broke out in as many mad exploits in search of fun and frolick, as were performed by the twelve Paladins, or the Knights of the Round Table, in quest of imprisoned princesses and naughty enchanters. A rare wag indeed was Gilbert Greaves for one of his years, but he was so respectful to his elders, notwithstanding he had played them tricks deserving a lash, and so mild to his inferiors, that he was much beloved by the country people, whose greatest censure was couched in the cognomen or familiar appellation of "Wild Gil Greaves." Even when he had played the trick which still lives in the remembrance of the people of the West Bank, viz. that of carting Simon Porridge's six youngest children to the centre of a spacious mud-puddle, and precipitating them, on the principles of a tumbler's somerset, into the bo-



som thereof, good old Mr. Simon pleaded strenuously and effectually for an indefinite suspension of the punishment proposed by the Colonel to be inflicted on his unruly offspring. And afterwards, when Gilbert took upon him to imagine that Aunt Montaug's locks wanted clipping, and actually, as far as relates to the skull, made a Moslem of her as she took her siesta, the housekeeper had come forward with so many pithy reasons why he should be forgiven "this once," that he was forgiven, though with many a warning to desist from these mad exploits.

The parents of Gilbert Greaves loved him with intense affection; but though loved, he was not spoiled by indulgence. He had not a dozen lackeys to wait upon him, and anticipate his childish wants and wishes; but when his fancy prompted a wish for the simplest toy, the condition precedent to the donation was the performance of some trifling labour, intended to put him in possession of the valuable information, that he was not to live the life of a drone, nor reckon with Zanga, that men were "born for his use, and lived but to oblige him." There was no necessity for his labouring, yet he was made to labour, not indeed like a common menial, but to a degree which made him acquainted with the

sweet repose of a night following a day of moderate toil.

When Master Gil had arrived at the age supposed proper for entrance on an academic course, there were a multitude of cabinet meetings held at the West Bank, with a view to settle the question, whether a public or private education was to be preferred, whereat assisted the principal characters of eminence in the neighbourhood, and the pros and cons follow. The Colonel was of opinion that the human mind produces the most valuable fruits when left untrammelled by forms, and the systematic rules of academic education. He observed, that the greater part of the eminent men of his acquaintance received a private education (we ourselves were never within the walls of a college.) 'Squire Jacks thought with the Colonel—so did Mr. Bridlegoose; but the Rev'd Mr. Haggis, who had graduated with distinguished honour at Brazen-Nose, or some other hard-featured seminary, thought otherwise, and said so.

The Reverend Adonijah Haggis was accounted one of the most eminent scholars, as well as philosophers, of the day, and deemed qualified to decide on most matters above the comprehension of plain folks. He had been much honoured by the literati, on account of

tions to "train up a child in the way he should go"—not to "spare the rod and spoil the child," and many other wise saws, duly repeated on such occasions, and never remembered afterwards.

It should have been mentioned before, that one of the inducements to the arrangement with Mr. Zachary, was his religious tenets and high church principles. The Colonel and his wife were both communicants of the established church, and Mr. Zachary was a regularly admitted deacon of that body, and had had the honour to hold forth before the governor and council at the King's Chapel, according to the solemn and praiseworthy usage of the province of Massachusetts Bay, which decrees a sermon on the annual election day. During the Colonel's residence in America, he had attended the exercises of Mr. Haggis, but that gentleman had lately thought fit to throw down the polemic gauntlet, with a broad declaration of his disbelief in the fundamental principles of the creed of the church. Several orthodox writers, of great spunk, answered him, to his manifest discomfiture, and there was a fine hark-away and hey-tantivy after the seceder. He came out a flaming Socinian, too, and anon, the champion of most

unscriptural doctrines, and aimed of stout blows at the Standing Order. There was a distracting schism in the church; and excommunication, with bell, book, and candle, was talked of. Never was there a bitterer dispute since that of Origen and Celsus. On most points they agreed, indeed, but Terra del Fuego was not more in the way of mariners doubling Cape Horn, than the "Two Natures" (we beg pardon if our speech be thought light) was in the way of a reconciliation. The quarrel (to use the firemen's phrase) was at last *got under*. Mr. Haggis left the West Bank to settle in Trebleglebe, and it was moved, seconded, carried by vote, and promptly met by the nominee's acceptance of the post, that Mr. Zeb. Zachary, a graduate of Cambridge, should officiate in the church vacated by the heretical Haggis, and, as we said, superintend the education of Master Gil.

About the time that Mr. Haggis left his desk and clerical functions to another, it came to pass that Mr. Bridlegoose was ousted from his chair of office. He had, as was thought, under the influence of a becker of Schiedam, for a trifling offence, laid his hand heavily on the widow Tasker's son Sim, and the village was in a notable up-

roar about it. The lad's back was carefully anointed with some substance of a proper nature, to keep the wounds in high preservation, and invitations were sent to the mothers of all the children under the sway of the dominie, requesting them to come and view the effects of the flagellation. The courage of Mr. Bridlegoose evaporated, or withered, under the wrath of some twenty tender mothers, grandmothers, and maiden aunts, and he decamped one foggy morning, carrying with him his clothing and library, in two large packages, appended to the padlouns of his saddle. Some years after he was found teaching a school in the Bay of Fundy.

Colonel Greaves was a kind and bountiful man to the poor, and his charitable attention to their wants was the popular gossip at all the christenings, accouchings, and other tumultuary assemblies of the village. When he saw that in consequence of the retreat of Mr. Bridlegoose, the children of the poor were like to be ill provided with knowledge, he sounded the Reverend Mr. Zachary on the thought of admitting a few of the more truantly disposed poor boys to a charity form, and the good parson professed an entire willingness to co-

operate in the beneficial project. So it was arranged that an old out-house should be fitted up as a *receptaculum*, and Moke Dymoke, (a near relation of the champion of England,) Topsy Wagg, and Duow Van Loon, (of whom we shall have more to say hereafter) were regularly matriculated. But these "foundation scholars" were carefully reminded of the difference subsisting between them and Master Gill. The reverend was informed that the principal burden of his care was the heir of the West Bank, and that those who came in on charity were only to pick the bones of the metaphysical feast. Mr. Zachary was so true to his trust, that even his own son Nick, or Nicol, was very frequently permitted to return home, undisburthened of a well conned lesson in the preterpluperfects. Master Gil throve amazingly under his tutor's direction. The lad became a keen sportsman, too, and the master, when informed of his exploits at long-shot, was heard to boast that he had 'taught the young idea how to shoot' in more than one sense. This was among the reverend's acknowledged puns.

There was one lad who received the benefits of Mr. Zachary's instructions, to whom we propose to devote a page. Sometime in the year 1759, a gentleman by the name of

Mansfield, rented a small, but neat house not far from the Greaves mansion, of its proprietor, the widow Deborah Mc Gillicuddy, whose husband had been frozen to death in the great bear hunt in '58, since which, in a fit of very natural grief and despondency, she had gone to reside in a more populous part of the country, in order, as she observed, to drown all remembrance of the unhappy catastrophe. It was currently reported at the time that the widow Deborah had been not less successful in driving disagreeable retrospections from her mind than in filling it with a succession of pleasing and consolatory images. This may be all village scandal, and further, it came from no veracious quarter, but Counsellor Sparrow assures us that some few years ago he held a brief in a notable case of ejectment tried before Judge Cowthebar, which turned on the question whether a certain Murphey Mc Gillicuddy, claiming *inter* Bind Mc Gillicuddy was born within the pale. *Curia advisare vult.* he thinks, and cites Longwind, *in notis.*

Captain Mansfield, as we should have said if our propensity to digression had not carried us off like a skittle after a ninepin, had a son, who was at once admitted to a full share of the benefits to be derived from Mr. Za-

chary's dulcet harangues on verbs, participles, questions of "who built the ark?" "Whereabout by the Caspian lay Ararat?" and other important branches of school learning. (The acquisition of a piece of Scripture history being in those days considered a fair sett-off to the omission of the most important duties the Sacred Book inculcates.) But Alick, his mother said, was of tender health, and was therefore not permitted to shoulder his satchel when the weather was cold, or warm, wet, or dusty, which, except in some parts of Louisiana, answers to nearly all the descriptions of weather known. Hence Alick Mansfield, though a boy of parts, profited little by the lessons at the Greaves school-house. Captain Mansfield, one of the most submissive husbands living; in other words, a hen-pecked gentleman, made it a point never to call that a duck which Madam pronounced a widgeon, and so gave at once into the arrangement, which made his son a most irregular catechumen at the sabbath morning examination, and an incorrigible loiterer from the lingual lectures of the Reverend preceptor and pastor. The reverend caterer for the mental appetite and spiritual nourishment, of all things disliked vacant benches and pews, and therefore held the Mansfield family in



light estimation, considering them as walking in heathenish darkness, visiting them never unless on Junketting and Christmas days, therein following the example of many of his clerical brethren, whose concern for the spiritual welfare of their curé is said to be most apparent, when the happiness of the corporeal part is about to be promoted.

Colonel Greaves and Captain Mansfield were on the strictest terms of friendship, and lived in a continual interchange of kind offices. The Captain had a daughter, a lovely child, the inseparable companion of Julia Greaves, though not so old as Master Gil, and Colonel Greaves was as fond of her as of his own daughter. Miss Peggy Pool, or as she was usually called, (with reference to the place of her birth) Aunt Montaug, the housekeeper at the Greaves' mansion, prophesied, that in due process of time Gilbert Greaves and Patty Mansfield would become one flesh. (*nota bene* the amalgamation to take place in a typical and figurative sense.) Mrs. Heppy Kegg and Mrs. Debby Dunn, both ladies eminently gifted with discernment and the faculty of foreseeing, joined in opinion with the housekeeper, and reported themselves privy to a sealed contract to the effect of the prophecy.

There was a daily and very friendly intercourse kept up between the two families, until the commencement of that strife which separated dear friends, tore asunder fond hearts, whipped the social affections out of doors, and repeopled the tenement with the stern and half unnatural virtues of the Roman character.

Thus for many years went on affairs at the West Bank. The Colonel improved rapidly in the science of husbandry, was the author of many valuable communications to the horticultural societies of the period, and wrote a much-admired essay upon the arcana of agricultural chemistry. Mr. Zachary prospered in his gospel labours, and brought many of the doubting brethren to put away the tenets of Arianism, and set down in the worship of the 'very' God. In most respects there was little change at the West Bank. Now-and-then a house was built—a couple married—an impounding of breachy cattle. Thereupon a replevy, and the circumstance of a law-suit—a tattle, and the process of 'hunting it up,' and 'hooting it down.' Gilbert Greaves grew up a handsome, well-proportioned, mischief-loving lad, and his sister a young lady, fair, and tall of course, with a profusion of sunny locks, falling over a neck of surpassing whiteness, a

### CHAPTER III.

What if he rouse the slumbering neighbourhood -  
With whoop and halloo, at the darksome midnight ;  
'Tis but the brisk, quick-witted, generous boy  
Dancing to manhood somewhat prematurely.  
My mother was a shrewd and cunning matron,  
So voiced of report, and oft she said,  
" Your wild and rattling boys do either make  
" Good men, and brave, and virtuous, or they come  
" To die by hangman's cord." Let's hope that Simmie  
Will prove the better bird. *Frolic and Festivity.*

OUR readers may suppose, if they will, that Gilbert Greaves, or Wild Gil. Greaves, to give him the appropriate and visited cognomen, continued in charge of the Reverend Zebulon Zachary until the year 1772. To show how he spent his time, out of school, let the chronicle of broken heads be opened, and the frequently visited lips of every pretty girl in the country around, bear witness that he was possessed of at least two qualities of martial promise, dexterity and fearlessness. But notwithstanding, in feats of hunting, he beat the Chamois hunter of the Alps, or the terrible Wildgrave, known in German traditionary lore, and scoured the game clean from that part of the country ; he was the universal favourite of young and old, whether they had

tasted of his largess, or suffered by his pranks. In all cases, no matter what the provocation, Wild Gil. Greaves went scot free from blame or anger. Nobody thought of asking recompense for a joke of his enacting. How could they take offence against one who, at a season of general festivity, would forego every amusement to carry a mess of nourishing food a dozen miles, to a sick or indigent family? who would dismount, when bound to a galliard, and seat some decrepit old man on his horse, himself leading him gently the while? "It was true, that in a bit of a tid-re-i, he had smoked the widow Jenkins out of house and home, by stopping the orifices of the chimney, but who had supported the widow Jenkins through the Hard winter, and whose bread did she eat now? Who did the like by old David Harriman, when he and his thriftless family lay ill with the fever?" "It was true," Mrs. Jenny Pope further said, "that she herself had been terribly frightened by groans, and a shout, much resembling Wild Gil.'s, issuing from out a beeve's hide hanging on Mr. Stall-feeder's fence, and the wound in her elbow was the effect of a stumble in her flight; but who had cut up her firewood for her, and milked Crumpled-horn, when Peleg was laid up with the rheumaticks? If the lad was full

of roguish tricks, he had the best heart in the world."

If Gilbert Greaves was beloved by the elder part of the people, it is to be supposed that the younger, with whom there existed additional motives and incentives to friendship, were more than warm in his praise. He was unequalled in all gymnastic exercises, and hence he acquired that respect as well as command, which superiority in such always confers, among rural youth, on its possessor. He was, farther, a skilful hunter, and his dexterity in the science of shooting was the source of much envy. Here his taste came in contact with the fears or prudence of Aunt Montaug, (who, by the death of Mrs. Greaves, had succeeded to the "home department," and the self-importance usually attached to it.) "He would break his neck, she was certain, one of these days, climbing over those terrible mountains. She wished that the Evil One would carry off Stoffel Tasker, and Bob Pope, and all the rest on'em, that prevailed on master Gil. to go out on the mountains so much. Presently he would get served as Ralph Mandible of Sagharbour did, who fired off his Queen Anne at a *cutcudedee*, and the overcharged gun kicked up her heels at him, and maimed him for life. She thought to have

married Ralph, but grew fearful after this, that the disposition to kick might resemble the 'dog's madness,' and be transferred from the gun to its owner. She wished master Gil. would leave off hunting. Half the time his victuals were cold before he eat them." She generally concluded her tirade by asserting that there was nothing gained by hunting, since the "powder and ball, and the keeping Grizzel, Josh, and the rest of the hounds, cost more than all the deer and other game were worth."

We have not learned that the remonstrances and pithy reasons of the housekeeper were attended to on the part of our hero.

Let it not be understood that Gilbert Greaves was neglectful of the lessons of his tutor. The hours devoted to rural amusement, and the pleasures of the chase, were not more than were strictly necessary to the relaxation of the mind. He had already arrived at a degree of knowledge which promised no farther benefit from the lessons of Mr. Zachary, though respect and affection for the good old man kept him in punctual attendance on his lectures. The master used to confess his inability to lead his pupil any farther in the walks of literature and science. He had, Mr. Zachary observed, a mind which

yielded in precocity only to Pope ; in originality, depth, and splendour of conception, only to Newton ; and in richness of fancy to *Laureate Skelton* only. Parallels were afforded in other qualities and attributes, but which our narrow acquaintance with authors and books does not enable us to understand, and which we therefore cannot insert in our plain and veritable narrative. We are aware that the reverend gentleman made too high an estimate of our hero's talents. A large share of the misjudging tact displayed on this occasion must, however, be placed to the account of the affection he felt for his charge, which fell little short of parental.

Here we must breathe our main story, to mention the parochial loss sustained in the disappearance of Nick Zachary, son of the reverend, who, about this time, ran away with the skipper of a coasting sloop to New-York, and entering on board a king's brig, was off on a cruise before it was known at the West Bank whether he was dead or living. His father received a letter from him, wherein he begged forgiveness, stated his early predilection for the sea, and his preference of the tarry jacket to the wig and band which awaited him, but for timely and effectual flight ; and concluded with assuring his sire that he in-

tended composing Latin elegiacs, as the second Pliny did on the Icarian sea, whereby he hoped to gain honour and profit.

Our readers, especially the youthful part of them, will require a piece of information very much at their service, and that is, whether Mr. Gilbert Greaves had ever felt the joys, sorrows, pains, anxieties, and heart-burnings of love. They will understand that he had now arrived at the age of nineteen, and I doubt not that many good youths of both sexes will frankly confess the aptitude of our natures to love and be loved, long before that period. If to be free from folly, both when asleep and awake, to talk like other folks, to shun unfrequented woods, write no sonnets to the moon or seven stars; in short, to be as untouched as Valentine was when, according to Launce's relation, he chid Sir Proteus for going ungartered—if to be thus, betokened the absence of love for a particular object, Gilbert Greaves was whole as a rock. We have frequently observed a man under the dominion of love, to enact most indubitable deeds of folly; and since our hero, in all things conducted like a reasonable and reflecting young man, we are warranted in thinking him heartfree and unscathed of that sentiment.



There were numberless snares laid by the belles of the West Bank for the heir of the Greaves estate. Independent of a handsome exterior, and pleasing manners, circumstances never left out of view by the fair sex, he was the undisputed heir to a large fortune,—just the kind of match which your provident motherclutches for her darling daughters. Hence he was eagerly courted by every parent who had a daughter to bestow; brother who would be rid of a sister quartered upon him with annuity, besides stepmothers, aunts on the wane, &c., who had each some motive for offering the ‘dear creature’ to his acceptance. Nor were the misses themselves a whit more coy and distant than became maidens who would be of repute for modesty. Every Sabbath favourable to display, (for at country churches a fair Sunday calls forth the *posse comitatus*) Misses Ruth and Abigail Furnival would be at church, dressed like the ladies of the metropolis, with ruffs as high as were those of Queen Bess and her maids of honour, stays lacing their bad forms into a shape which, Dick Dockyard said, resembled “a capsized beef kid,” and having their heads dressed in a manner which said Dockyard pronounced to be a “full size pattern of a pitch mop.” Deacon Furnival’s pew fronted that of

Colonel Greaves, and the Misses Furnival had room in their breasts for no devotion save that which enshrined an earthly image. The deacon and his wife laid their heads together for the first time in their lives, lest want of concert should mar the hopeful design. Mrs. Furnival became truly kind, and so careful of Gilbert's health, that she prescribed for its additional security, the immediate abridgement of his walks to the ring-fence of the Greaves estate, and the 'Furnival swamp pasture.' The deacon also became very neighbourly, and when Gilbert had given Carfacaracatad-dera the surfeits, came out with a courteous offer of Slyboots, until his own horse should be upon all fours again. Sim Tasker, who had long endeavoured to subject Ruth to the matrimonial curb, was bidden look out elsewhere.

Various were the stratagems invented by other candidates for holy orders. Mira Camp, the veriest coquette that ever carried a fan to peep over, adopted the fanciful method invented by the Bride of Lochinvar of "looking up with a tear, and looking down with a sigh;" and so far did she carry the desperate humour of clothing herself with sorrow, as with a garment, that the malicious whispered that the cause

of her sorrow, though irremediable, was not unremovable, and this they said was all of our hero.

It was allowed by all that he was young ; but the advantages of "marrying young ; settling down one's self early in life ; to form one's children to one's wish ; the disadvantages of a late marriage ; of having, as the lady admirably remarked, to 'scratch for a brood of chickens when your claws were grown feeble,' were all feelingly and disinterestedly painted to the young landholder by Mrs. Howitzer, who had a family of pretty daughters, much better provided with expectancies, than chattels in possession. But the innuendoes and arguments of the mothers, and courtships of the daughters, were all thrown away upon an idle undertaking. Friendly, sociable, and familiar as he was, he had not forgotten that the blood of 'Grey of Groby' was in his veins, though contaminated by its unlicensed admixtion with that of a west country clothier. Wild Gil. Greaves romped with every girl, save one, from the North Peak to Claverack, preferring, as is frequently the case with us, when we have arrived at manhood, and acquired a stock of wit, those whose eyes were the brightest, and lips the rosiest,

Patty Mansfield, alone, escaped his caresses, and was treated by him in a way which those who knew the high estimation in which he held her, interpreted into a tacit censure on all that submitted to his toyings. 'He never kisses Patty Mansfield,' was a remark predicated on his actual forbearance. He felt for her the affection of a brother. Not so the fair girl herself. Her deep blushes when he spoke to her; the smile that came to her lip when he entered the room, and deserted her cheek when he left it, and a thousand other signs, which fond woman gives of her love and devotedness, all proved that a sentiment far different from friendship, had taken possession of her too susceptible heart. We are happy, however, to inform our readers, that she did not dissolve, like Niobe, into tears; leap, like Sappho, from the Leucadian, or any other promontory; nor cut any romantic caper, whatever, but married a worthy man, made a most affectionate wife, and bare and brought up a family of children, remarkable for their good and amiable qualities. We know we are outraging every rule of clap-trap, in making her survive the misfortune of unrequited love. We propose this for a compromise—*videlicet*—whenever this book

chances to fall in the hands of either gentleman or lady, master or miss, who, in our place, would have doomed her to expiry, they have our permission to kill her to their liking.

We have now brought Gilbert Greaves to the year of the commencement of hostilities with Great Britain, and here we leave him to fatten on the good things of the West Bank, into a condition to take part in difficulties which we mean to draw down speedily on our country, taking this threat of our intention as dated in the year 1775. In the meantime, our readers are invited to accompany us, while we offer a few remarks, assuming historical data therefor, on the state of our country at the outset of that surprising revolution which delivered us from foreign thralldom, and gave us a name among the nations of the earth.

## CHAPTER IV.

3 \_\_\_\_\_ from the dall  
"Shaping out oracles to rule the world."

*Manfred.*

It is not our intention to offer, at this time, an elaborate essay on the wrongs we received as colonists; we commit their recital to the historian. But we conceive that a few observations on the primary causes of the event to which our tale refers, will not be without interest to the patriotic reader. Those who read merely to be informed of the progress of a love affair, may, therefore, skip to the middle of the chapter.

From the publication of the report made in 1731, by the Board of Trade and Regulations, in which the attention of the Ministry of Britain was called to the increase in wealth and power of her North American colonies, the displeasure of the mother-country was manifested by acts of oppression, not less remarkable for severity

and hastiness of conception, than for the indecision which led to their as hasty relinquishment or suppression. It may be safely affirmed that there never was a cabinet more stongly marked with imbecility and impotency, than that which sat in the high places of British power and trust, from the dismissal of the elder Pitt, to the peace of Paris in '83.

It is, or ought to be, a maxim in politics, that a long and apparent preparation for an act of national violence, is unwise. If the British ministry intended the subjugation of the colonies, no measure, however severe, should have been suppressed, and every threat should have been simultaneously enforced by action. For ten or more years, the American people beheld the alternative held up to them, and when Britain determined to pursue coercive measures, she found the colonists prepared with arguments to prove their injustice; adequate language to depict their evil consequences, and with arms in their hands to defend the liberties thus menaced.

The American people, at the commencement of the revolution, were mostly husbandmen, dwelling on small farms. We had few towns of any magnitude—our popula-

tion of three millions was spread over a million of square miles. The cultivator of the farm was generally the proprietor thereof—of a tract of land, where, with nerves strung by toil, and soul rendered patient, yet firm, by fatigue, he nursed his sons to the labour and contentment of an agricultural life, and his daughters to the homely and housewifely virtues of their mother. Seldom possessed of great wealth, he had, nevertheless, the amount of property which enables a man to use with truth the term, 'my own fireside,' and rightly to appreciate the comforts of a situation above actual want. His bread was procured by toil, but not the degrading toil which the sickening limbs of the European peasant enact beneath the whip of the task-master, and the mandate of an arbitrary lord. He was free to rise up, lie down—to labour or to rest, as he chose; and to defend these rights, at the call of his country, he threw away the peaceful implements of husbandry, and took up the trade of war.

We have said that the first intimation of the designs of the British ministry to check the growth of the colonies, and blast their prosperity, was given soon after the Report of the Board of Trade, in 1731. The valour



and resolution displayed in the different expeditions into the Acadian, and other French possessions, by the Americans, especially the Virginia line, were so conspicuous, that the rulers of Britain thought it necessary to adopt measures which should delay, if not prevent, our approach to a dangerous degree of strength and grandeur. These very measures accelerated the event they were intended to retard. For we believe it is admitted by all, that independence was never thought of before September, 1775. Though, judging our countrymen by the common standard of humanity, we should eventually have sundered the cord which bound us to the destinies of a nation separated from us by a vast ocean, even if the rights of dominion had been restricted to the nomination of a parish clerk; yet we conceive that we hazard nothing in saying that fifty, perhaps a hundred years, would have found us obedient to the properly administered authority of the House of Brunswick. The advantages to be obtained from a participation in the lucrative trade enjoyed by British subjects, had neither restriction, monopoly, or privilege been tacked to it—the protection from foreign enemies, which we derived from the arms of the all-conquering parent, were too manifold and apparent to

permit a rebellion by which all these would be lost, and nothing gained. While protected in the enjoyment of our civil and religious liberty, our shores defended from invasion, and the ports of either country open to the ships and traffic of the other, the good sense of the people would have seen and admitted that our happiness could hardly be further augmented, and that our safety was susceptible of no additional entrenchment. We should have continued provinces of the British empire for at least half a century to come.

The state of New-York did not take that interest in the contest which was evinced by Massachusetts, and several of her other sisters, until a period subsequent to the declaration of independence. Let this remark create no strife between us and our friends. There lives not the man who feels a more deeply rooted affection for a particular spot, than we do for this noble state. It is useless, however, to attempt to disguise the fact, that though the scene of the most savage butcheries, the theatre of a system of warfare outraging every rule supposed to govern nations in the conduct of their belligerent relations, very many of her most opulent citizens espoused the royal cause, and advocated the policy of the ministry, combatting, by word and deed, the resistance made to their mad measures.

Throughout the colonies, the people were much in the habit of holding popular meetings, and discussing the grievances of which they complained, passing upon them in language not always the most smooth and courtly. By means of a wise dissemination of the resolutions passed at these assemblies, the sense of the nation came to be sooner known, and to them, in a great measure, may be ascribed the uncommon unanimity which marked the earlier period of our revolution. These meetings were more generally attended by the middling order, or yeomanry, the higher class lacking not this mode to give publicity to their sentiments. Here sets of Resolves were passed, not the less dangerous to the royal cause because emanating from plebeian breasts.

Early in the revolution, indications of the existence of this factious and disloyal spirit (as the servants of the king were pleased to call it) were observed in the vicinity of the Greaves' estate, but the determined style which Colonel Greaves used in support of the royal cause, prevented his tenantry and retainers from going the length of open opposition, to the endangering of their property and personal security. Keeping no measures with the popular feeling, the Colonel declared the people rebels, and expressed his willingness to

assist in checking their clamours, with arguments better suited to the circumstances of the time than expostulations. Foreseeing that the existing contention must necessarily end in bloodshed, he exerted himself to make proselytes to the tory creed, and bound them to his interest by present largess, and promised rewards. Money was supplied to the avaricious—sequestered estates were promised to the land speculator, and honours and office to the ambitious. All were to be gratified by a boon of price.

When intelligence of the affair at Lexington reached the West Bank, the population of the place divided into parties, and the shout of the whig leaders “to your tents, O Israel!” was responded by something more than a moiety thereof. Many of the opulent families enlisted under the royal banner, and these had their *following*, or dependants; but the middling class were thoroughgoing whigs, ready to strike a blow at the first bidding of any one who should think such necessary to the cause of resistance. Among those who were foremost and loudest in their anathemas on the faithless and arbitrary rulers of Britain, and in their endeavours to organize an opposition, was the Reverend Mr. Zachary. Captain Mansfield was also a decided whig,

and the friendship which had long subsisted between him and Colonel Greaves, was terminated by the disclosure the former made of his principles and feelings. The tories, though in the minority, appeared to have the ascendancy, for, as yet, the whigs were unorganized, and knowing the necessity of union to a consummation of their purpose, the risk that attended a desultory insurrection, held back the evidence of numbers, until they counted the chances of support. Hereupon the tories took heart, and resolved to proceed methodically to other measures for the further discomfiture of their opponents.

The first of these projected schemes for the furthering of the royal cause, had for its object the removal of Mr. Zachary. The venerable old man could neither be bought nor intimidated, and he proclaimed, from the very pulpit, sentiments which shocked the loyal hearts of his tory auditors. So it was resolved, at a meeting of the true and faithful subjects of his majesty, king George III, held at the "Seven Stars," that the reverend Zebulon Zachary, being a clergyman of the church of England, and as such, as well as by diocesan orders, bound to pray for his said majesty, the head of the true church, and having neglected so to do, otherwise than by

irreverently naming his sovereign in a petition to the Throne of Grace for the restoration of sundry civil rights, alledged to be withheld, and for God's vengeance on all evil doers, (meaning his said majesty)—And further, having added to the Litany, "from Lord North, Lord Grenville, Bute, and the devil, O Lord deliver us!" Be it resolved, that the said Zebulon Zachary be dismissed from the ministry of the church of St. Peter le Poor, in the town of —, and also be requested to desist from his parochial duties in said town, altogether. It should have been mentioned that the object of the meeting was stated preparatorily by an eminent young attorney, in a speech of a comfortable duration; and that the tory journals of the day inserted a brilliant account of the debate, with the usual quantity of "tickle me under the ribs."

When the Sabbath following the sentence of expulsion arrived, the friends of the pastor came at an early hour, with arms in their hands, to escort him to the church. But he could not be prevailed upon to take a measure which must end in altercation, if not bloodshed. "Let us kneel where we are," said he, "for the Holy One hath said, 'wherever contrite hearts assemble in worship, there will he be, and accept the offering. In

the rudest building, equally with the decorated chapel, will he hear our prayers, if we offer them with the proper spirit." The service was performed with all the devotional fervour which the good man felt in his heart; and though there were many Tories present, the prayers offered in the censured tone of reproach to all evil doers, and the Litany, with its interpolated sentence, were suffered to pass without present animadversion.

But when the service was ended, and the tap-room of the Seven Stars had received the politicians, who, seven times in a week, met to debate on the times, and settle consequent schemes of thrift, many maintained the propriety of closing the mouth, as well as church, of the treasonable incumbent. Here Colonel Greaves interposed. "He had already," he said, "given in to measures, which, steady as he was in loyalty to his sovereign, he thought were too violent. Lenity and forbearance had frequently been found of signal service in checking the progress of a rebellion. He thought that Mr. Zachary should be readmitted to his desk." After a debate, wherein many of the arguments smelt of Nantz, it was determined that the doors of the church should be re-opened to Mr. Zachary, and he be informed of the permission given him to resume

his clerical functions. An intimation was, however, to be tacked on, like a codicil to a will, that the Reverend gentleman was expected to abstain, in future, from all disloyal reflections, and say a few words by way of apology for past indiscretions.

Here arose a difficulty. Mr. Zachary would do no such thing. He would apologise for nothing uttered by him, nor would he promise, as required, to confine his further exhortations and admonitions to mere spiritual matters; nor desist from adding to the prayers ordered by the assembly of divines at Westminster, those petitions which asked of the Almighty to hold the cause of the colonies in the hollow of his hand. It was, upon the whole, deemed most proper to allow the reverend gentleman, for the present, to use his tongue as he pleased, and let the hangman's cord, or headsman's axe, adjust the matter at another day. So Mr. Zachary continued both service and lecture, and those who disliked his political principles, had the option of sleeping off the Lord's day, or listening to the mere reading the prayers, and repeating the which were undertaken by Mr. Saul Larabee, a *stickit* minister, to use a Scotchman. But Mr. Larabee, in the very outset, shot wide of his mark; for supposing



his hearers as essentially imbued with slavish principles as himself, he read them, with much prefatory recommendation, a piece of down-right prophecy, composed by a clerical stickler for the doctrine of Passive Obedience and Non-Resistance, in some of the last regnant days of James the Second. But the doctrines of the reverend canon of All-Saints were too base and slavish to meet the approbation of even a tory audience, notwithstanding their supposed applicability to the present times and disputes, and profit was extracted therefrom to the popular cause. Several, whose purses indeed were light, but whose arms were well nerved, and hearts in the right place, came to the right-about, and joined the whigs, and but for the timely burning of the canon's "Word to all rebellious subjects," and the closing of Mr. Saul Larribee's mouth, the prayers for the king might have been succeeded by the burning of his effigy.

By this "letting the cat out of the bag," the whigs gained several stanch partisans. Timothy Littlejohn, a respectable pedler of small-wares; Walter Smirk, who was afterwards killed at Red Bank, and Richard Padds, who served half the cavalry officers in the army with brave apparel for their

chargers, and took in payment the old currency, at a fifth off, were plucked from the tories as a brand from the burning. There was another convert, but he forbore to give his name, because he is yet in the land of the living. He served as Colonel in the Legbail volunteers, at the battle of Brandywine, and performed feats worthy of a Lapland reindeer.

About this time Colonel Greaves was called to the city. When the populace of New-York, in the autumn of '65 committed their outrage on Major James' house, besides other acts of violence, Lieutenant Governor Colden summoned Colonel Greaves to aid in suppressing the tumults, and restoring order. Colonel Greaves was a man of known courage, but hot-headed, and the first, and probably the worst advice he ever gave in his quality of counsellor to the inquisition appointed to inspect and control the colonies, was that no conciliatory offers should be made the rebels, as he was pleased to designate the Americans.

His advice on this occasion was unhappily followed; and so great was the confidence reposed in him, that when the first levy of continentals for the royal service took place, the name of Cuthbert Greaves of the West

Bank, in the province of New-York, son of Sir Mark Tudor Greaves, of Llankboddhie-Hall, Guernever, Breconshire, found its way to the authentic Court Gazette as Lieutenant-Colonel of a second regiment of loyal Americans, to be commanded by Colonel Michael Connolly, of Pennsylvania. Government, calculating on the loyalty of Colonel Greaves, had thus raised Connolly over the head of his acknowledged superior; but Connolly must be secured, and he brooked no superior.

The second regiment was fully officered at once, but wanted nineteen-twentieths and better of its complement of privates, and those enlisted resembled Falstaff's corps on his recruiting expedition to Litchfield. It was to take upon him the duties incidental to his new appointment, that Colonel Greaves now left the West Bank, carrying with him a number of active young men, as recruits. Wild Gil. was left for the present, charged with the double duty of attending to the financial concerns of the Greaves' estate, and preventing the Reverend Zebulon Zachary, and other advocates for resistance, from farther sowing sedition among the good and well-affected people of the West Bank.

Little, at the period now in review, cared Gilbert Greaves for king, lords, commons, or

colonies. A pack of hounds in chase of a buck ; a pair of bays harnessed to a sleigh, on a frozen sleet ; the summit of the Kaatskill on a clear morning, and a levy of rosy-lipped damsels on a junketing night, were circumstances of far more importance in the eyes of our hero. Visions of the tented-field, and dreams of martial honours, as yet, troubled him not. But there is frequently some vigorous passion latent only because occasion is wanted to draw it forth. No sooner was Colonel Greaves at his post, and his letters had announced the probability of a speedy call for the services of his son, than the zeal which he had hitherto evinced for rural sports, took a direction towards the anticipated service. The Black Prince was well oiled, and laid up like a yellow admiral ; and Stoffel Tasker, and his brother Sim, had the range of the mountains in fee simple. The bays were committed to the hostler, with orders to let them want for nothing, and every thing else on the estate was cared for which could chance to be marred by the absence of the proprietor.

Every person, in the Greaves' mansion was now on the wing in the service of our hero. The hostler was bid see if deacon Furnival would take the cash for Slyboots,

and order Padds to finish the housings of the new saddle at once. Even aunt Montaug was not idle, though no specific duty was assigned her. But when Master Gil. set out, as our narrative will show, the labours of the good housekeeper were brought to light in a prodigious quantity of sweetened cakes, impressed with odd and grotesque figures; pies which might have served the purpose of the Trojan horse, besides other things of gastromanian moment.

The situation of Gilbert Greaves, now that he had put on armour in the royal cause, was by no means pleasant. When a rattling youth, driving around the country with whoop and halloo, apparently unapprehensive of any political difficulty likely to mar his present sports, he was the favorite of whig and tory. But now, when, as Kennet has it, that he was about to "write man by the best periphrasis," the case was different. He had now high objects in view, and had health, strength, and resolution to hew a way through any impediment. The tories viewed him with exultation, the whigs with apprehension.

"That young man," said deacon Furnival to Mr. Zachary, as they were seated one afternoon in the parlour of the former, "will

be a thorn in our side. I never saw a young man so changed. He has given up all his sports, and seems intent only on the figure he shall make in the royal army, which I hear he will shortly join."

"I fear him much, I confess," answered the parson. "He has superior talents, and beneath his levity and wildness, has the greatest fund of discretion I ever saw a youth of his years possess."

"You ought to counsel him to better things than to join the Britons. From you he would bear reproof," said the deacon.

"He might listen to me, were it merely to demonstrate his respect," answered the parson. "I will never be the man to counsel him to oppose his father; but before he leaves the West Bank, I will lay before him a relation of the wrongs which his wretched country has received from her unnatural parent, and ask him if it be wisdom or mercy to prepare fetters for unborn generations, perhaps his own."

Further discourse was here interrupted by the sudden entrance of the party to be counselled, who said, as he entered—

"Are you certain, my good tutor, for politics do not disallow of that title, that fetters are ever talked of elsewhere than by whig firesides?"

Are they not a Rawhead and Bloody-bones, got up for the purpose of terror? Mr. Zachary—deacon—Mrs. Furnival, how do you do? and Miss Ruth Furnival, and here is Patty Mansfield, upon my soul. Patty, my dear sister, I have not seen or heard of your father and brother for some days.”

“My father and brother left here a month ago for Boston,” answered the young lady.

“Did they! How privately we move about these troublesome times. We like starless nights for our rambles, after the fashion of unearthly beings, and walk as though we were on a pavement of eggs. Alick Mansfield gone, and never bid me farewell! I should have thought our past friendship demanded that much, though our fathers do not pronounce Shibboleth alike.”

“Mr. Greaves cannot with propriety say much on this score,” said she. “He has not himself been visible for an equal space of time.”

“Perhaps, Miss Mansfield, I have neglected my friends, though my own affairs have been essentially promoted by my temporary seclusion. From late accounts, I think your father and brother are in hot water before this time. In which army are they serving?”

“With the American, of course, sir,” an-

answered she, proudly. "Mr. Greaves cannot suppose that my father would join the enemies of his country?"

"Mr. Greaves cannot suppose so," said Mr. Zachary.

"And why not, sir, said Gilbert. "As good men as captain Morgan Mansfield, and his son Alick, have entered the royal service, no disparagement to either. Mr. Zachary, as I entered, without evesdropping, I heard you intimate a wish to converse with me. Now is the time. Forbear to reproach my father's conduct, and revile my mother's memory, and on any other subject, my good sir, let your speech be as free as your thought. I owe you yet for fourteen years discharge of a painful trust."

"That debt is paid, Gilbert," said the parson, "and more than paid. In what I am going to say, let me be understood to recommend entire obedience to your father. But you are about, my son, to enter the service of a foreign master, who is, at this moment, in treaty for German mercenaries—yes, transporting them to the colonies to aid in subduing us to an acquiescence in his merciless and arbitrary requisitions. Will that manly spirit of yours lend its aid to achieve so black a conquest?"



"Are you certain, sir," asked Gilbert, "that the object of these expeditions is to enslave us, or to reconquer dominion which faction and ambition would rend from its rightful possessor."

"They have endeavoured to fasten on us most wrongful impositions," said the pastor; "they have treated our envoys and our petitions with contumely and scorn. Are these the symptoms of a disposition merely to be repossessed of their own?"

"Let the colonists try further negociation," said Gilbert, "and see if they cannot get a better guarantee to their liberties from the generosity of their sovereign, by humble intreaty, than they can conquer from his armies with their swords."

"Do you recollect, my young friend, the sentence in Pliny the younger's panegyric upon Trajan, which, at fourteen, drew so angry a criticism from your loyal heart? 'The very gifts of our princes, like those of cajoling tyrants, have been mere hooks covered over with gaudy baits, snares lined with some specious trepan, till seizing and entangling the good-natured prey, they drew in whatever was so credulous as to fasten on them.' Even so do I estimate the gifts which monarchs confer gratuitously upon their sub-

jects. The Guelphs have never kept a better faith."

"I know but little of the merits of the dispute, my reverend sir," said Gilbert, "for I blush to say that my moments have hitherto been spent in a manner unworthy of my father's son. But if Slyboots keep his wonted step, I will speedily know more, and wipe away the disgrace of having lived a drone and a sluggard, that is, as to any valuable purpose. But I am told by one, whose authority, with me, outweighs any thing terrestrial, that the colonies have drawn down upon them the vengeance of the mother-country, by mad measures, based upon imaginary injuries, the whole got up as a pretext for independence."

"So say those, Gilbert, who would palliate or excuse British tyranny, and distract and divide the colonies;" said the pastor. "We have borne many injuries. Gilbert Greaves, answer me honestly. Has the mother-country a right to tax the colonies, they having no representatives in the body authorising the measure?"

"You appeal to my honesty," said the young man, "and to disprove the general opinion that tories have none, I answer, that, as far as I am capable of judging of the principles of justice and sound right, the mother-

country commits wrong, when she adopts the measure of taxation, unconnected with representation. My father, however, argued that they had, and I believe that my father has taken as accurate a survey of the revolution, both in its causes and consequences, as my venerable friend."

"Thy father, my son," returned the pastor, "is a man of sense and honour, but he is ambitious, and a soldier, and such frequently joy to see a rebellion, merely because it breaks the listlessness and inactivity of repose. His birth, friends, and character, are such that he may promise to himself most important rewards if the colonies should be conquered."

"How if they are not conquered?"

"He falls."

"Ah, and he will fall bravely, and not alone," said Gilbert; rising. "There will be a catacomb sacrificed to his manes, my good sir. But we are getting warm, much to the disgrace of our respective friends. I shall leave, soon, for the city, to join the British army. You shake your head, my good friend—let this content you. I will watch narrowly, and if I perceive the slightest indication of a disposition on the part of the royal commanders to oppress the colonies, I will be all you desire in their defence. But I will not

rush blindfolded into a rebellion, because Sam. Adams and John Hancock once said to a 'crowded house at the old Fanueil,' that despotism was stalking into the land in the shape of well-loaded chests of Campoy and Singlo, and begged their hearers, for God's sake, to wear breeches and doublets of linsey-woolsey to arrest its further march. We will quit this topic for the present. Ruth, my dear girl, how fares nimble Sim. Tasker in his suit? You blush—symptom that he urges it briskly. Well, Sim. is a worthy fellow, but never mortal handled a musket less to the annoyance of game. Can't take a woodcock upon spring for his life. Nay, for the matter of it, he is only fit to squib tame turkies. Patty, my sweet sister, keep that little heart of yours for a gay red-coat, or, if Mr. Zachary will have it so, a gallant continental in bluff and blue. Mr. Zachary, I will hear your discourse on the morrow, and once more repeat the creed in the hearing of him who first taught my infant lips to lisp it. Deacon, I was near forgetting to thank you, in addition to the hundred, for the inestimable Slyboots.

"You like him, Mr. Greaves?" said the deacon.

"Like him! why he made no more of Charles Hedges' five-barred gate than David

Dobb did of saying boo to a goose—scarce stretching himself to the feat. I expect to take Washington to the Provost, the first campaign. He has the real Roanoke rack. It will be a light task to play fast-and-loose with those far-famed horsemen, the Virginia bloods. Good-bye, friends, and do sprinkle a little of the Lethe upon the last forty minutes.”

The lively young man left the deacon’s parlour with a quick step, and the party sat for a few minutes, without comment or remark on the conversation which had passed. Patty Mansfield arose and left the room, to indulge in her long-suppressed passion of tears.

“It would matter little whether it were red, or buff-and-blue, so ———, what am I saying. Would I if—if I were asked, marry one who is about to fight against the country in whose defence my father and brother are arrayed. No, my father would spurn me from him. I will forget he lives.”

But it was a more difficult task than the fair Patty thought it, and not accomplished until time and repeated changes of scene were made to aid the counsels of friendly advisers, who spoke of hopeless love, and alarmed the modesty of the gentle maid, by representing public censure as following an attachment unsolicited on the part of the male.

Mr. Zachary and the deacon spent an hour in political discussion, and then separated. They both lamented that the brilliant talents of Gilbert Greaves should be enlisted in the royal cause ; but an effort to detain him, they said, would fail of effect.

“ He will see the error of his ways,” said the deacon, “ and come over to the right side yet.”

So thought Mr. Zachary, but he said nothing, for he had observed the pale cheek, heaving bosom, and ill-repressed tear of the fond girl, who had left them, and the good divine lamented her hopeless passion.

Mr. Zachary had been a man of many sorrows, had loved, and had lost the object of his love. ‘ But those he loveth, he chasteneth,’ said he, and with a full confidence in this consolatory text, he became contented, and even cheerful, save when sorrow sought his ear, and then he sympathized with the mourner.

## CHAPTER V.

Though calm his brow, he wears beneath the cow  
A soul that scarce with Christian patience yields  
To the meek canon which disarmeth sons  
Of holy church: I pity him his vow—  
He should have grasped the war reins of a steed—  
Have drawn a glittering sword from mailed thigh—  
Flung forth a cry of battle to the winds,  
And led the slaves of Castile to the holds  
Whence issued forth Pelagius.

*The Avenger.*

THE day ensuing the interview we have carefully traced in the preceding chapter, was the Sabbath, and Gilbert Greaves stood pledged to attendance on the service of the church. He had, till lately, been noted for punctuality in this part of a professing Christian's duty, and his absence for three successive Sabbaths had afforded scope for much lamentation, and many a homily.

The building in which the Reverend Mr. Zachary performed the duties of the sacred office, was originally intended for the 'county house,' and still had the honour, on the circuit days, to hold Judge Maryport, and the crowd of litigants and others, who usually get themselves compelled to attend the courts. The parish school was held there also, and the mu-

nicipal business of the town transacted therein. These various uses, and some of them of a nature not calculated to ensure neatness and order, had taken every thing like the appearance of decoration from the interior of the building, as time and false economy had shorn the exterior of even the semblance of decency.

The people, as is usual in country towns, assembled at an early hour in front of the church, where abundant recognitions and greetings were interchanged, according to the custom of the place. There are some few subjects, which even good Christians may debate in the hour preceding the morning service, without censure ; such as the health of families, secession of members from other churches, quantity of rain since the last Sabbath, degree of heat, prospect of crops, and weekly bills of mortality. These are discussed with a solemn tone and downcast eye, no gesture being allowed, nor nod, nor smile of encouragement permitted—both questions and answers being brief and pertinent. Much grave rebuke usually passes on those who have recently committed the crime of apostacy—in fact, though little is done to outrage the external ceremonies of Christian worship, there is



less to evince attention to the meek and charitable precepts of its Divine Founder.

But the number of those who confine their discourse literally to matters of life and death, is small, compared with that of the profane and irreligious, who, gathered in groups, venture on themes of other moment, and frequently devote to ribaldry and obscene conversation, or to business, or pleasure, an hour that should be spent in preparation for the most solemn duty of life. Here would be seen a knot of village politicians busily solving some apparent enigma in the last week's News-letter—filling up blanks with names and designations, or sketching plans for the organization of armies, while their conversation, the quick-eared would perceive, was well larded with the names of men, popular or disliked of the speakers, holding public stations, possessed of wealth and influence, and reckoned of importance in the expected appeal to arms. There, in a place better fitted for the employment of the optical faculty, you might have seen a band of roaring, rustic blades, watching the steps of the rural beauties, as they alighted from their blue-pillioned fillies, and by audible mention of some village anecdote, contriving to obtain from the fair subject of the whisper, a roguish glance, intima-

ting perfect acquaintance with the subject matter, and amounting to acknowledgment that the story was something better than allegory or fable. And frequently, when some little hoyden, who would acquire high reputation for sprightliness and agility, in dismounting, chanced to alight somewhat awry, and betray a well-turned ancle, there was abundance of whispering, giggling, and other left-handed condolence among the lads, and thereupon the poor lass who had withdrawn the necessary curtain, was lost in as much confusion as was Thompson's Musidora, when caught bathing by her lover. Much as we have described it, at country churches, the hour preceding the morning service usually passes, and precisely so did it pass at the church of St. Peter le Poor, on the Sabbath morning of our narrative.

In country towns where the people scout the idea of a post-meridian dinner-bell, the morning service usually commences at ten. Wanting five minutes of that time, Mr. Zachary, with the regularity of a patent time-keeper, invariably set his right foot on the ground-sel, and with the same precision, waiting the five minutes, began the morning prayer with one of the sentences of scripture appointed to be read in the churches. Making an equation of the

time intimated on the many dial-plates placed out on the occasion, (it is the only way to know the hour among discordant time-keepers,) it was now found near the minute for Mr. Zachary's appearance. He was therefore momentarily expected; and the sagacious elders began to express fears of some disability likely to prevent his attendance. One thought the delay was occasioned by the affliction must necessarily feel at the news that Benjamin Hill and Mr. Obadiah had joined the reverend Dr. Copperdlungs' church, at Brimstone corner. Another recollected that Mr. Zachary had complained the day before, of something growing on his eye-lid resembling a wen; and forgetting that wens seldom make quick marches, he boldly attributed the present delay to the great ravage of the malady. The hour of service passed—conjectures thickened, the wen grew astonishingly, and Benjamin Hill's secession was magnified into a complete annihilation of the church of England.

The audience were on the point of deputing some of their number to inquire into the cause of the delay, when a sloop, having with difficulty mastered her passage through the low Highlands, and given two or three points to her sheets to the wind, was seen flying—like as the marine phrase goes, and with all

set, steering for the Shinglesplitter's, or principal landing place of the village. She was soon made out by those learned in signals, and acquainted with the river craft, to be a Tarrytown hay-drogger, called the Swift Peter, commanded by Skipper Dutch, from the metropolis. The principal circumstance at present noticed, was that she wore the rebel, or States' flag, half-topmast, and the British lion in that sprawling posture of recumbency which shows the back to the earth, and the feet to the heavens. In ordinary times, the appearance of distress, or intimation of mishap on board a vessel, is sure to command sympathy, and awaken prompt inquiry as to the nature, cause, and consequence thereof; in the present instance, when the fate of the colonies was to be decided perhaps in a single battle, and that to be fought between armies, by late and certain advices, known to be within a rood of each other, and when a bloody engagement must be the least possible consequence of their rencounter, it may be supposed that conjecture gave some bloody affair as the cause of the present disheartening signal. Nevertheless, there were some who denied that the signal at all referred to any battle, fought or to be fought, but merely expressed the sor-

row of the Tarrytown folks at the failure of the crop of Timothy and Redtop.

Sim. Tasker mounted Mr. Harsin's colt, cautioned, however, to let neither spur nor whip touch the flank of 'Baby Dodge,' and set off for the Shinglesplitter's Landing to get the news.

In the meantime, and during the absence of the news-gatherer, the suspense of the crowd became intolerably great, nor was it materially allayed by the arrival of the pastor, and his consequent occupation of the sacred desk. Informed by one of the deacons, that the usual audience could hardly be collected within doors until their curiosity should be allayed, Mr. Zachary consented to defer the service until the people should be in possession of the coveted intelligence. But, it must be said, that there was not an individual in the crowd, whether male or female, youthful or aged, who awaited the tidings with greater anxiety than the pastor himself.

When the Swift Peter had anchored, and the sails were furled, the States' flag was run aloft to the topmast head, and the Lion, now repossessed of his rightful posture, to a convenient space beneath it. This less equivocal signal operated to the re-assurance of the whigs, and prepared them to hear with little palpitatio

hard breathing, the tidings which now came, specially anticipated by all who had ears, from the loud-mouthed relation of Sim. Tasker to a lad of his own years, who was weeping the death of his father, which the newsman had just communicated, at the same time comforting him with a promise to 'make the d—d Tories smart for it.' Dick Dennison, the lad made fatherless, appeared to joy little in the promise of his friend Sim., but continued to vent his grief in the boisterous manner which marks a spirit little accustomed to sorrow, and less to control its feelings.

When Sim. Tasker had brought his colt to a comfortable hallooing distance, he reined up, threw his right leg over the saddle, and though the coltie showed no disposition to accommodate the orator, by assuming a posture of quiet, in that position commenced doling out his intelligence in something like the following brief and disconnected summary, if our readers will allow us so to designate the relation of our friend Sim.

"I said so—I said so.—So Baby.—They've got it, them red-coats—gad, they've got it which and tother.—Stand still, Baby, and be cursed to you—I never see a restlesser dog. Bunker's Hill may be's taken—I won't answer for that, but a thousand of the dogs are

safe under the sod, or dead as the devil above it. O, G—d, how the Yankee boys whipt 'em."

"Do you know this for a certainty?" asked old Gardner Glass, an apostate from the whig party.

"Ay, sir; still, Baby. Pete Pepperell is on board the sloop, and he talked with a Mr. Leonard who was in the action. It's a certainty, grandf'ther Glass, that more than a thousand of your friends are as dead as Deb Slipshod's beer. Not above three hundred Yankees bit the sod—but Warren is killed."

"This is some Yankee lie, I'll warrant," said the sceptical Glass.

"Why, sir," said Sim, drawing from his bosom a printed circular, "here's the book that has all about it."

Many ran to clutch the precious document, and noisy Sim. Tasker was compelled to desist from further recital, while Squire Scott, at the solicitation of the crowd, read the printed report of the battle.

As Squire Scott was a warm whig, his voice on a transaction so worthy of publication as a royal defeat, became portentously stentorian, and sufficiently clear to win from the female part of the audience, who had awaited the tidings within doors, many symptoms of the im-

patience wherewith they greet partially withheld intelligence. But when deacon Haskell entered the church and whispered Mr. Zachary, who dropped with uplifted hands in a silent hymn of thanksgiving, the passion of curiosity became insupportable ; especially with those who had friends and relatives serving in the conflicting armies. Of such, some turned pale, or fell to weeping. Others wore flushed cheeks ; arose and leaned over their pews, or gave other intimation of the possession of a soul above the exhibition of grief for private afflictions, and alive alone to the interests of their country. It was worth a hundred perusals of the history of patriotic examples, to have a single glance at the intense feeling of devotedness to country which shone in the faces of that audience of American women.

Patty Mansfield arose, and opening the pew door, glided noiselessly down the main aisle, if we may give that beseeeming term to the rough passage in the West Bank tabernacle, and listened with breathless anxiety to the reader, who, it should be remarked, forgot the snuffing, whining tone in which he pronounced sentence on petty subjects of the penitentiary and city prison law, or passed judgment on delinquents under the £20 act,



and read off-hand, and with accents clear and manly.

We all recollect how erroneous was the first edition which went abroad of that battle, and have even now to lament that so many errors remain unaltered or unexpunged; and so many glaring inconsistencies unreconciled. No doubt the report, as read by the Squire, was crowded with these errors, and we forbear to give it.

He narrated the principal events of that proud but bloody day, which bids fair to live in the remembrance of men till the latest hour of time; and which first taught Britons how dearly bought would be our subjugation. When he came to the list of killed and wounded, while running over the returns, he paused, as we usually do with a bulletin expected to contain some item of dreaded intelligence.—“Killed, Major General Joseph Warren—and—and—and Captain Morgan Mansfield, a brave and meritorious officer.” The reader, who had so inconsiderately named the last victim of oppression, was interrupted further publicity of the bulletin, by a loud scream of agony from Patty Mansfield. “Oh God! they have killed my dear—dear father!” and she fell to the ground in a swoon.

From all parts of the house, women ran to

assist their favourite ; and what with loosing boddices, bathing her temples with water, and the use of other approved recipes, she was brought to life, and the vital current returned to her discoloured cheek. When she opened her eyes, she found herself supported in the arms of the venerable pastor, and Gilbert Greaves at her side. "I cannot bear the sight of those who murdered my father," said she, with a shudder of horror at the latter.

"My dear love," said the pastor, "this is Mr. Greaves, who had no share in the death of your father. See, my love, he weeps, and we all weep your loss. Sorrow not. God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. Your brother yet lives, and you must cheer up for his sake. You will meet your lost parent in the land of departed spirits."

These kind and consolatory expressions were lost on her to whom they were addressed, for she had again relapsed into insensibility.

A loud noise which issued from the crowd at the door, drew the pastor, and other male spectators of the lady's fainting-fit, to the scene of commotion.

When they reached the lawn, which lay before the church, they found the whigs and Tories on the verge of a general set-to. The

uncommon beauty of the day, the report of great news abroad, and withall, an irrepressible affection for the good pastor, who had, at some period or other of his ministry, been a benefactor of every man in the parish, had contributed to assemble an unusually large audience on this day, and what was to be most regretted, in about equal numbers of the respective parties. Equally poised, the combat bade fair to be as bloody as pugilistic valour could make it, but the reverend pacificator hoped to find argument and expostulation effectual to the prevention of blows.

He was prevented the exercise of his kind intention, however, by the impudence of a proverbially impudent tory, who remarked, that if Warren was killed, there was one rascally whig less; whereupon Stoffel Tasker, a young man always foremost in broils, and prompt to any quarrel, gave the calumniator a blow worthy a pupil of Molyneaux, and had raised his fist to bestow a similar compliment on one who had spoken harshly of the deceased captain Mansfield, when Gilbert Greaves rushed to the scene of commotion, and fronted, foot to foot, the whig Goliath. The crowd made ample ring, and as Milton says—

"From each hand with speed retir'd  
"Where erst was thickest."

Amateurs in the science of *milling* jumped on stock and stone, or crowded the fences, expecting to see many well-urged hits, scientific pushes in the midriff, &c.—the more peaceably inclined tugged hard at the skirts of the champions to separate them ; but all were disappointed when the fiery heir of the West Bank, keeping an oblique eye on his adversary, addressed the agitated crowd in a strain fitting to allay their angry passions.

“ My friends, in God’s name, why disturb this holy day with our party feuds ! Shame should light on every brow that does not frown upon this vile brawl. Whatever be the unhappy quarrel which arms brother against brother, let this day be spent as beseems professing Christians. Separate, I beseech you. You will break the heart of our good pastor.”

“ My heart is already broken,” said the good old pastor, while the tears coursed a cheek furrowed by more than seventy winters. “ My friends, will ye attend the service, or shall the doors of our poor house of worship be closed, and if closed this day, closed for ever.”

The meek and sorrowful tone in which Mr. Zachary spoke these words, had the immediate effect to restore order. Divers of the influential men of both parties pressed forward

to beg an immediate commencement of the service. The daughter of the fallen Mansfield was carried to the house of a friend, and the spectators of the reprobated brawl, entered the church to listen to the voice of prayer and adoration.

At the time of the revolution, the reverend clergy of the colonies were, with the exception of a part of the Episcopal ministers of the eastern states, the most of them whigs, and, as is usual, fearless in expressing their opinions. Neither time, place, or circumstances, were found to deter them from opening the flood-gates of their eloquence in discomfiture of the opponents of their particular party, or to the procurement of new auxiliaries and proselytes. What they supposed should be said, that said they, not in private, but in the porch of the temple—not to a mere centurion, but to Festus himself. The immunity from personal violence, and any thing like manual reproof which the surplice and the habit of gray confer on their legal wearer, has been said by some to be the cause of that hardness in reproof, and cheap contempt of danger which marks the clerical character. In some measure this may be true, but it could hardly be said of the American clergy, at the period of the revo-

lution, when their clerical duties were frequently neglected for those to be performed in a perilous sortie, or other post of danger. Brilliant exploits in the field of battle were not uncommon among them. We could furnish a fair duodecim of their memorable deeds. "Shall we not pray before we engage?" said a general officer to a young candidate for orders, (then a chaplain in the continental army.) "No, Sir," emphatically answered the brave young man, "we will fight first, Sir, and then we will pray"—and he rode in the front to the attack of the royal lines, and preserved a calm demeanour throughout the action. This little anecdote we have from one who knew him for forty years, the contented possessor of a sixty pound cure in the Eastern diocess of the Union.

The service which precedes the sermon was duly read, when Mr. Zachary rose to address the audience. Though occasionally much too sententious, and always too fond of classic quotations, and allegorical allusions, there were times when his zeal for the service of his Maker, and in a scarce less degree, his love of country, would hurry him on to flights of eloquence, and bursts of enthusiasm, worthy the classic Hooker, or inspired Bossuet. But to call forth a display of the peculiar talent, there

must be some inspiring cause or some particular object to be gained ; fair weather, an attentive congregation, an interesting subject, and present a person of note.

On this morning, when he had risen from his seat, he rested his head for a space on the threadbare cushion. When the mute petition for strength was made, he raised his head, and wiping his eyes with his handkerchief, spoke to the following purport :

“ The words of our text are—

“ *He is the minister of God unto thee for good.*”

“ Thus saith the apostle Paul, Romans xiii. 6. Of whom speaketh he, but of the rulers of the land ? They are set over the people to rule in righteousness ; to be a terror, not to good works, but to evil : *for this cause pay ye tribute also.* Masters may be appointed unto you, and ye are to obey them, so long as they continue to rule in righteousness, and compass the end of government. But when power is used to the furthering of evil ; when the hand that should be stretched out to protect, grasps a scourge to hush the murmur of the oppressed, who but a slave or pensioned hireling will not say with the Psalmist, “ Destroy thou them, O God ! let them fall by their own counsels ; cast them out in the multitude of their transgressions.”

“ Brethren, we know it is said by St. Paul, *Let every soul be subject to higher powers.* Upon these words of the apostle, the wicked enemies of our country and our liberties, greatly boast. But well saith the learned Chrysostom, ‘ He tells us not what these higher powers are, nor who they are.’ I will tell you, my brethren. These higher powers are the law, which came from God ; either orally delivered, or that which reason, the immediate gift of God, founds upon the necessities of men. To this law, emanating from Divine wisdom, and therefore a high power indeed, subjection and obedience are commanded throughout Divine writ. Let every soul be subject to the law ; and let those who trample upon it, those who say, ye have no law but our will, be driven out from among you. Mark them with execration, beat them with stripes, and proclaim their shame.

“ My brethren, this is a day of victory, and it is a day of mourning. There has been a battle fought, as the Lord liveth a bloody battle ; and the victory abides with us. Many of our foes have fallen by the sword of the Lord and of Gideon ; but we mourn some dear and valiant friends. And yet shall we mourn over the brave who died gloriously, or over the timid who live weakly ? Surely death is preferable



idiot boy, who ran away from his master on recruiting sergeant Cowpen's promise to give him the warehousing of all the gingerbread captured during the campaign, and to place the ammunition chest at his service during the birding season.

We think proper to close this chapter of our story with the announcement to our readers of orders received at the Greaves mansion for Gilbert to join, by an appointed mode of conveyance, the king's forces at the city.

## CHAPTER VI.

In gloomy opposition set,  
Eyes, hands, and brandish'd weapons met;  
Blue, gleaming o'er the social board,  
Flash'd to the torches many a sword.

*The Lord of the Isles.*

**THERE** is nothing which more fully puzzles writers, whose imagination is not very vivid, and who, like ourselves, are tied down to facts, than how to describe and give the due effect to a parting scene, under circumstances which admit of no aid from the sobs and hysterics of love-sick maidens, and the pathetic lamentations of heart-struck swains. It was with an eye to the perplexity which this very parting scene occasions your unimaginative authors, that we have all along represented our hero entirely heart-whole, and free from the delicious anxiety and enchanting anguish of loving with a full return; or your tragical sword-and-dagger misery of loving with no return at all. It would in no wise have derogated from the good character we were anxious to establish for our hero, if we had made him a worshipper of the cupids which dwelt in the glossy ringlets of Miss Locket, or the well starched stomacher of Miss Pelorine.—

But in such case, there must have been a pathetic parting scene ; and knowing our inability to satisfy our readers in that particular, we were careful to steer the plot of our story wide of this dangerous reef.

Our attachment to rural joys and the scenes of childhood, are perhaps the strongest, and certainly the longest-lived feelings of any which exist in the human bosom. Other attachments may be weakened, or altogether destroyed. We may forget the soft bosom which pillowed our head in the hour of distress, and the friend who interposed his breast to a weapon poised at our own. We may be wicked enough to forget these ; but our recollections of the spot where we passed our early years, where we plied the trout and robbed the bird's nest, are seldom effaced by time or distance, or removed by the transfer of our sympathies to another spot ; nor are they chilled, as our other feelings frequently are, by the frowns of fortune. It was probably the influence of this feeling, which carried our hero, on the morning of the day preceding his departure, to the scene of many happy moments—the joy-inspiring Kaatskill. The jaunt had another motive ; namely, that of contesting the palm of shooting with his old associates, who, having late-

ly been in practice, were disposed to doubt his present possession of that profitable faculty. It must be observed, that none of the company appeared to enjoy the amusement more highly than the hounds; who testified their joy by whining, fawning, leaping, and the other methods by which the canine race signify approval and satisfaction.

With every salute of the black Prince, the birds, taught fear by woful experience, might be seen winging their way in a very irregular and mazy course from the vicinity of the shooters to a more distant and safer part of the mountain, cheered in their flight by the whippoorwill-like notes of Duow Van Loon, and the thorough bass music of the hounds. Occasionally, a hawk, probably made daring by having seen service, reconnoitered to point-blank distance, and then dashed off, sometimes bearing about him the leaden compliments which the Black Prince invariably addressed at his posteriors. A large eagle hovering on the round-top, and listening to the echo of their pieces, was frequently saluted with the only consequence to be expected from the salutation, a somewhat nearer approach of his majesty of the air for the inspection of his assailants. But the sporting excursion of Gilbert was materially curtail-

ed of its fair proportion by the waving of a small-flag on the school-house spire, the concerted signal to announce the arrival at the Shinglesplitter's Landing of the sloop Catch-me-if-you-can, to load for the city. On board of this packet, whereof was master Sammy Tarbox, a rank tory skipper, the principal personage of this story was to take passage. He now retraced his steps to the Greaves' mansion, with a heavier feeling than light-hearted youth usually possess when approaching the vehicle which is intended to convey them to a city abounding in scenes of gaiety and pleasure. But Gilbert Greaves it must be recollected was a hunter of the hills, and alive to the joys of a sportsman. It is not surprising, therefore, that his anticipated absence for years from a scene among the most joy-inspiring of any on the face of the earth, should awaken feelings which were not regret, but much like it, and which would have been agony but for the interference of pride. We must not forget to mention that he made a short and very pathetic farewell address to the spirits and invisible intelligencies of the Dunderhead and Round-Top, which instead of begging a blessing, ended by bestowing one. We hope our readers will not oblige us to procure and pub-

ish this valedictory. Counsellor Sparrow informs me that a part of it was extant as late as the last war, in a great speech made in our national Congress, by a learned gentleman from one of the middle states, in opposition to the puny advocates for 'Free ships and free goods.' He remembers no part of the said speech, save the appropriation by the orator in his exordium of the celebrated line—

"We hold this truth," &c.

The parting with his neighbours and acquaintance of the fairy land well through with; a copious libation tossed off to Hendrick Hudson and the crew of the Half-moon; the Black Prince oiled and laid up in ordinary, and an adequate settlement made on those dogs and horses which were not to be the companions of his wars, there only remained his aged friends and youthful associates on whom the cheerful duties of friendship, preparatory to the temporary, perhaps the final farewell, remained to be performed. These were assembled to the number of a hundred, at the Greaves' mansion, on the evening preceding the day which was to take him to the city. The fete, if an assemblage of persons of all ranks, ages, and occupations, though

not of sexes, may be so called, was given by the express order of the Colonel, we must confess not from motives of benevolence and hospitality, but from a hope that the brimming flagons of good October, and rundlets of ripe Nantz and Jamaica, to be offered on the occasion, would drown every sentiment of disloyalty in the bosoms of the cheery guests, and under the influence of these potent pleaders, that a corps of youthful, high-blooded recruits might be induced to accompany his son to the city. Much has been done by 'management and metheglin' in other ages than that which times our story. Revolutions have been planned in the interim of the chorusses, 'One glass more !' and 'Taste this older !' The sons of Brutus settled the restoration of the Tarquins over ripe Falernian.

But though we have ascribed almost irresistible consequences to the eloquence of these able diplomatists, we have laid our account to record in this chapter their failure to effect any considerable diversion in favour of the Guelph. Much liquor was quaffed to the heir of the West Bank, and every becker of the creature was alive with 'prosperity to the good Colonel.' But though many were mellow, and several of them undoubted tories,

there was none found for a considerable space of time so hardy as to name the 'King' as a toast. All seemed waiting in a kind of silent trepidation, a word or expression which should clearly mark a partisan, well aware that a disclosure of the political opinions of the meanest individual in the room, would introduce a discussion not the most pacific. The silence was at length broken by Jacob Coulter, an old farmer, who had lived time out of mind on the slope of Tibb's Hill, an eminence on the East side of the Hudson. He was a hardy agriculturist, this Mr. Coulter, but of such materials were formed those armies which secured our independence—men who are, in all countries, the backbone of national strength. He had been, for his great practical knowledge of the various branches of husbandry, a favourite with Colonel Greaves; and greater deference had been paid to his counsel than to that of any other of the neighbouring lecturers in that noble and primitive science. But when difficulties broke out between Great Britain and her colonies, and the Colonel became that warm partisan which we have shown him to be, Mr. Jacob Coulter withdrew altogether from the West Bank, and in the accidental interviews which afterward took place be-



tween them, was careful to inform the loyal Colonel, by the formal and constrained tone of his greetings, that respect and esteem were articles too valuable to be lavished on tories, and that he was not to contemplate a further interchange of civilities and friendly offices. The Colonel could not be insensible to the merit of a man, whose patriotism had caused him to give up, without a single tear, three sons, sole survivors of a family of ten, to fight the battles of their country. But the endeavours of the Colonel to draw him back to his old habits of social humour and friendship, were without effect. Did Colonel Greaves inquire if wheat should be sowed upon a dry fallow, he was referred to a book of husbandry, which wore the imposing imprimatur of a London bookseller, and was dedicated, 'by special permission, to George, by the Grace of God, &c. &c. &c.' Would he be advised what particular form should be given to a ploughshare, he was answered that 'Barzillai Grindstone, the tory ploughwright, at the Shinglesplitter's Landing, had a model from old England.' Did he ask when sheep should be sheared, while turning on his heel, the old farmer replied by asking, 'When did they shear them on the Downs?' And each answer was accompanied by a contemptuous

shrug. Such was the man, who, seated in the Greaves' mansion on the night of the before-mentioned merry-making, broke the silence which had sealed the lips of the company, by acting the grave interlocutor with his young host.

"Well, Wild Gill, we hear that you are bound to York, to join the reg'lars."

"I am going to the city, Mr. Coulter, and perhaps to join the regulars," answered Gilbert. "Can I serve you?"

"No man can serve two masters, Mr. Greaves.—You cannot serve the king and serve me."

"You are pleasant upon me, Mr. Coulter," said Gilbert—"I did not mean to say, that I would enlist under you, but that I would carry messages to your city friends, buy your pipes and tobacco, Mrs. Coulter's stock of Souchong, and do other errands for you."

"Thank ye, Gil, thank ye," returned the veteran ploughman to the courteous offer. "I'll send one message. Go to Sam. Bryce, that used to keep a shop in Gold-street, and keeps it now in fact, but he 'ficiates in a fire engine. Tell him that I hear he keeps Roger and Bob at home: shame on him, when his country needs them. If they're idle for want of kootremints, bid him, from me, part

with shop weights, scale-beam, and the good will of the stand, to get them."

"If he's unable, Mr. Coulter, to buy them of himself," said Gilbert, "the royal treasury of Great Britain will furnish him with the stuff to make full suits of regimentals, and accoutrements will be thrown in gratis."

"Sam Bryce is not the man to mount red," muttered Mr. Lynchpin, with his usual gruff accent, from the lower end of the table.

"That he is not, neighbour Lynchpin," returned Coulter. "Gilbert Greaves does not know him as well as we do. We shall hear Sammy play my father's old tune, The Rising of the North Country, yet."

"May be so," said the host. "Come, let's push about the jorum—friends, fill your glasses for a toast to the brim: May peace and a perfect reconciliation be ours speedily."

"The warmest whig in the land may safely drink that toast," said Coulter; and the toast was drank with warm approval. The countenances of many brightened up; but Coulter, whose politics were moulded after the sour faced presbyterianism of old times, appeared dissatisfied with himself for the temporary approbation he had bestowed on the sentiment. Resuming his usual rigidity of feature, he addressed the following query to the young lord of the mansion.

“Which do you think has the stoutest nerve in the day of battle? He who raises his arm for his country, or he who leagues with tyrants to oppress her? Answer me that wild Gill.”

“He who raises his arm for his country in a just and necessary quarrel, has a cause the most approved of heaven,” answered Greaves.

“You have answered right, lad,” said Coulter. “And why is it, that believing this, you join the oppressors of that country, and wish to scatter desolation over her beautiful fields, and sow war, famine, and pestilence throughout the land. Gilbert Greaves, I’ll give you a word of advice; the first which the old linsy-woolsey farmer of Tibbs Hill has given your lordly house for years—listen. See that you are well paid for your services; for mind me, gold is the only thing that will kiver the disgrace of sich a deed as you are about to do.”

“I see,” said Gilbert, “that I am entirely misunderstood by my friends. I do not take up my sword against my country, but against certain of her citizens, who persuade the peaceable and well disposed to reject his majesty’s most gracious offers of pardon, and continually stimulate to fresh acts of rebellion.”

“’Tis not so, Mr. Greaves, ’tis not so,” cried Coulter. “What says the writer in Timothy’s?

‘The ministers make us offers of pardon,’ says he. ‘We are upon our own soil, and merely wish to breathe the air and tread the earth, without a tax upon the enjoyment of the natural faculties we use in the two privileges. They should beg our pardon upon bended knees; and we should not be too hasty in according it, my countrymen.’ Home-spun cloth is right, lad.”

“I wish to have peace restored; fair, honourable peace,” answered the young man. “If Great Britain will not guarantee our liberties, I, for one, will lend a hand to compell her to do it. But I do say that there can be no adjustment of our unhappy differences, while Paddy Henry, and other demagogues, are permitted to rove with their pockets stuffed with seditious handbills, holding forth to the weak and silly.”

“Weak and silly! Well done! That’s you and me, Gust, and all that ban’t come of the Welsh,” said Stoffel Tasker, in an under tone to a young man beside him. “I’ll step home, and get a coat that isn’t so tight over the arms. We shall make out a row afore the night’s gone.”

“I will join the continental army myself,” said Gilbert, raising his head from a thoughtful posture, “it”—

“Ay, maybe you think so, sir,” said Coulter; “but your father is a British officer, and you a youth, and have no will of your own. You have hardly bargained for your independence yet, I reckon.”

“I heard my father say that he himself would espouse the cause of the colonies if he discovered in the British a disposition to enslave us.”

“He that hath not already discovered that, in my thinking, will never have a pair of eyes to tell him of the fact, though he lived to the age of Methuselah. If you are wanting other proof, perhaps you’ll have it some day in stripes upon your own carcass, grandson of an Earl though you be, Sir.”

“Perhaps so, but I will see with no man’s eyes but my own. I will learn from their evidence that the British are tyrants.”

“What, man, doubt yet?” said Coulter. “Look at Bunker’s Hill—look at Lexington. Blood flows in torrents; the blood of my kindred, though maybe not of yours. But I lose my time when talking of these things to the son of that stubborn old tory, Cuthbert Greaves.”

“Sir, I will permit no man to speak lightly of my father,” said Greaves, sternly. “If my father be in error, he will see it and re-

tract. You will then, sir, however the bitter enemy of a man, who was and is still your friend, allow that he acted from principle."

"Ay, I'll do it when 'tis needed," said the unconquered Coulter. "But we shall have many freezings and thawings of our neighbour Hudson before that time. I have no wish to quarrel with you, Mr. Greaves. Your father and I were friends so long as he was the friend of his country; but I cut from his friendship when I saw him buckle on a sword for the king. Did I not think that the mistaken loyalty of his son, will be but the light-hearted folly of a month, I should not be here."

"Here we stop, and are friends for all that has passed, I hope," said Greaves. "What say the gentlemen to the health of our most gracious sovereign, George the Third? Fill your glasses."

"Stand by me, Gust.—We'll throw our glasses at his head," whispered the ripe Tasker.

"Not too fast, Stoff," answered Gustavus Tillet. "Wait a few minutes, and we shall be able to make a common cause of it."

"He is not my sovereign—nor mine—nor mine," cried fifty voices at once.

"Well, he is mine," said Gilbert, straining his voice so as to be heard above the clamours

of the noisy auditory, "he is my king, and you will drink the toast in compliment to me, surely."

"No, no, no," cried the company, apparently with one accord; for those whose opinions and feelings would have prompted an acquiescence in the sentiment, were stealing away unperceived by the master of the mansion. "We will never compliment away our liberties—we cannot drink the toast."

"I will drink it alone," cried Gilbert, rising from his chair much inflamed, and inspired with the valour of loyalty. "George the Third, our gracious monarch—long life to him, and victory over all his enemies"—and Gilbert Greaves saw the bottom of the capacious glass. "The glass shall never be profaned to a meaner use," said he, and he threw it on the floor. The crash of the glass brought every man in the room on his legs—They remained as mute, however, as a dinner party, while the parson is blessing the meat.

"Gentlemen," said Gilbert, "you are not assembled in this mansion merely to partake of the good cheer provided by its proprietor, but also to ascertain who will accompany his son to New-York, and there be enrolled in a regiment of fine young loyalists, one half of



whom are Delanceys." At the same moment, by a previously concerted arrangement, a band stationed in the piazza, struck up the old catch of the Recruiting Sergeant.

Fifty pounds upon the drum,  
For those who list volunteers and come;  
Shirts and clothing—present pay,  
Over the hills and far away.

A more outrageous tumult cannot be conceived than that which arose on the closing of this metrical invitation to the field of battle. Numberless glasses, decanters, and other brittle missiles were aimed at the host, but none seriously injured him. • •

"Kill him"—"tar and feather him," and various threatening exclamations were now heard to issue from the crowd.

"Now's the time, Gust," spoke the wily Tasker. "Spring for the tar barrel. It's at the corner of Tea Lane, and the 'Sopus lads with it. Wheel it up in old Gardner Glass's hand-cart. As you go along, strike three stiff blows upon Ap. Shenkins' coach-house. There is no moonlight to-night, and Moke Dymoke has promised, upon that signal, to make some of the Colonel's four-wheel cart."

While the mischief was brewing fast at

the foot of the table, Greaves stood at the head, irresolute whether to dismiss the company, or to attempt to make up the brawl. A servant entering hastily, said—

“A lad in the hall wishes to see you, sir.”

“Cannot he wait?”

“No, sir, he must see you this minute.”

“I’ll be back in a moment, gentlemen,” said the host, going.

“In the hall Greaves found a lad, his face closely muffled, and holding his head down, apparently with a wish to disguise his face and person. He approached Gilbert hastily, and said, with a trembling voice—

“Your life is in danger, sir,”

“My life in danger! What do you mean, my lad—who threatens it?”

“I say again, sir, that your life is in danger, and who are they that threaten it but your political enemies?”

“Who are you, my lad?”

“That’s neither here nor there, sir. There are forty or more men just come from Eso-pus, and wait but Stoffel Tasker’s beck to burn your father’s mansion to ashes. They are now preparing for yourself a most cruel punishment. I saw them rolling a lighted barrel down the street, and overheard them ordering a lad ‘to run for the feathers’.”

"Is it so, indeed—I'll shed blood enough to quench the flame, my friendly lad."

"Sir, sir, the coach-house is in flames," cried Duow Van Loon, running in, breathless.

"Never mind that, Duow," said Greaves, in cool and determined accents. "Run up the back stairs for my sword and pistols—arm yourself, and give black Jack a sword. Leave me, my lad, and fly for your life. Stop, take this."

"I need no money, sir," said the lad, pushing back the proffered hand with a purse. "But do not fight. Your foes are ten to your one, nay, for the matter of it, forty. Your tory friends have left you in the lurch. I met them going out the back gate, as I came in, and heard one of them say, 'rats always leave a sinking ship'."

It was as the youth had said. On the re-entrance of Gilbert into the banquetting-room, he found it occupied by about twenty of the elderly whigs.

"I am sorry, gentlemen," said he, "that my hospitality has met so poor a return. One of my father's buildings is in flames, and I am to be tarred and feathered, I learn. Be so good as to leave the house, that I may barricade it for resistance to death."

"You chose a poor method whereby to

make experiments on the virtue of the people, Gilbert Greaves," said the hardy old Coulter, "and you half deserve their greatest vengeance—but no harm shall be done to you or yours, if I can help it."

Coulter hereupon left the room with several of his friends, to attempt to appease the mob. Wild Gil., in the meantime, stood, with the domestics, sword in hand around him, awaiting the result. Before the farmer had returned, a loud knocking was heard on the entry or hall door. The person who gave the disturbance, when addressed with the usual query, 'who is there?' answered—

"One to whom these doors were never barred. Open quickly."

"It is the voice of Mr. Zachary," said Gilbert, and accordingly bolts being drawn aside, the worthy rector of Saint Peter-le Poor entered.

"Misguided son of a misguided father," said he, "did you think to shake the constancy of this people in the cause of freedom, by potent libations? But I have no time for reproach, nor even for advice. You must fly, Gilbert, or endure an operation worse than scourging with thongs."

"And leave my father's mansion to be ravaged by a band of Goths?"

“Of a surety,” answered he. “What couldst thou and thy six retainers do to prevent it? There are a hundred men at the north gate, and they were ere now quietly building a fire in the centre of the hall, but that Coulter and Lynchpin hold them in conversation, with a tale of thy having taken to the hills like a roe. Fly, Gilbert.”

“I have conducted most absurdly,” said the young man.

“So thou hast, but let that pass. Captain Tarbox drops down to the next landing place with his sloop, and will take you on board—Come down the west road—I will be at the corner of Dottrel’s lot to bid thee good bye.”

“Duow, saddle Slyboots in an instant, and lead him to the grape arbour gate. My parents”—

“Mind them not,” whispered Coulter, who had entered unperceived. “I have begged off the building, and have sent the rioters the wrong way for yourself. Go—but stay—tell your father what a whig has done for him; and see Sam. Bryce, and give him this letter.”

“I will, and may God reward you, sir, for what you have done this night.”

“He will reward me, Gilbert Greaves,” said the old man, passing his hand over his eyes, “with a sight of the salvation of my

country ; and then I will say as old Eli said, 'Lord, let me depart in peace.' Gilbert Greaves, if you should meet with three tall, dark-eyed lads, the eldest not twenty, and the youngest just turned of sixteen, fighting side by side—the youngest in the middle, towards whom the other two, from time to time, turn an anxious eye, you will know them to be my sons—the sons of my dear, lost Anna. They have orders to bear them bravely in fight, and they were always obedient children. If they turn cowards, do not spare them—but perhaps there may come a time when you may save them from the destroyer, and neither I nor they be dishonoured.”

The little auditory burst into tears at the pathetic petition of the old man. Coulter seemed ashamed of his tears: and saying to Gilbert that himself, Lynchpin, and another, were to stand guard in the Greaves' mansion that night, told him that the rioters might return, and bade him go at once. Mounting his horse, our hero speedily found himself at Dottrel's corner, and saw his venerable friend, the pastor, was waiting for him.

“Tarbox will be at the landing before you get there,” said the parson. “There is one thing I would speak to you of, and I tremble

at your answer. Do you know the lad that came to you this evening with the warning?"

"I do not," said Gilbert, "and he took especial care that I should not; for his face was veiled with the caution of an eastern bride, and I have a suspicion that he spoke with a feigned accent—do you know him?"

"I think I do," answered he. "I believe it was Patty Mansfield."

"Why there, and in that dress, Mr. Zachary?"

"For that which has broken thousands of hearts, razed hundreds of cities, and lost millions of souls—love, all powerful love. She perilled her life to serve you."

"Does she love me?" asked the young man, thoughtfully.

"She does I fear, greatly fear; for I think that you cannot return her love."

"Not as a woman of her merit and sensibility would require," answered Greaves.

"I pity her," said Mr. Zachary.

"So do I; and, alas, that is the only sentiment I can bestow upon her at present. I esteem her, but do not feel for her that love which she deserves should be felt by her choice."

"I will tell her so in the kindest way," said the pastor. "Gilbert, we part not as I could

have wished, and thou art espousing an unrighteous cause ; but thou art in the hands of thy Creator, and to his care I commend thee. May he yet make thee, Gilbert, an instrument to snatch freedom from the embers of the fair cities marked out for the torch of the invader."

"Amen, if such be his will," was the response ; and clapping spurs to the flank of his horse, Gilbert Greaves abandoned his father's fair mansion and fertile acres, to the usurped stewardship of Jacob Coulter, the whig farmer of Tibbs Hill.



## CHAPTER VII.

She doth prefer the town, and he the country.  
The vicious masquerade, and noisy rout,  
And balls and gala fetes to her give pleasure.  
He loves the brisk and manly chase, and finds  
More lively joy in healthy rural sports,  
And hence they live apart. Can you not read  
The preference which he gives his mountain crags,  
In that contemptuous glance with which he eyes  
Our glittering city pageant?

*Prince Maximilian.*

A VERY few minutes carried Gilbert Greaves and his companion Slyboots, without harm or mischance, on board the Catch-me-if-you-can, Captain Tarbox. A fine wind sprung up at the north, and before the day-star made his appearance, they had passed the Highlands, and were crossing the sea, once so famous, as some people will have it, for its whale fishery: to wit, the Tappan.

When Gilbert Greaves saw the city of New-York, it was on a fair morning in the latter end of July, and the shores of the Hudson were as beautiful as Spring and Summer blended, could make them. For many miles along the banks of this noble stream, which

wafted on her broad bosom the rich products of the upper country to the metropolitan market, you beheld a succession of magnificent and picturesque scenes, worthy of being delineated by a less homely pen than mine. On your right, lay lofty and rugged hills, whose summits were generally shaded by dwarf oaks, while farther down their brows, and near their base, the soil gave birth to children of the same family, who, from a more liberal allowance of nourishment, grew to a lively height. Here and there you saw bare spots, which reminded you of those heads from which Age has torn the natural covering of hair, and no aid has been had from the perukier—but bald-headed hills are wonders nowhere but in Chili. The rains, too, had swept bodies of sand upon the low lands, forming gullies of great width and depth. Those carpets of green wherewith the patient assiduity of our husbandmen has clothed the brows of half the hills in the great state of New-York, were at that day seldom seen by the voyagers on the Hudson. The ‘bottom lands’ were first taken up by the agriculturists—the ‘high and rolling,’ not until the increase of numbers made economy necessary, and by the certain consequence of our statutes of devises and distributions, inheritors

(when they were numerous) of paternal farms, found their shares too small for their maintenance, sold out and bought again. Thus the slender means of many brought into request those tracts, which situated in rugged districts, were held at a price commensurate with the difficulties to be encountered in clearing them. Besides, our state was first settled by Dutchmen, who remembered with natural and laudable kindness, the peculiar feature of their native country—her low grounds defended by strong embankments, and abounding far more in clay and bog than ‘gneiss or granite.’ Hence upon their first arrival at our continent, they seized, with most phlegmatic eagerness, upon every spot which claimed the least affinity to a morass or quagmire, or afforded reasonable hope of its being uninhabitable without the precaution of diking. But let this pass—the Dutch have whim-whams like other folks. To return to our hero.

As the vessel which bore ‘Cæsar and his fortunes,’ glided down the current of the river, new scenes gradually disclosed themselves, of a nature to divert his mind from the slight melancholy which he felt at quitting the scenes of his childhood. Afar, just seen in the verge of the horizon, (a morning horizon, which the mist from the vallies some-

times circumscribes to five or six miles, narrowing the enfeebled capacity of our vision,) the rays of the rising sun brightening its eastern declivity, he beheld the much-talked-of Wehawken, which overlooks the city, and much of the surrounding country. The Rose of Yarrow was never more be-poetised than this dignified and worthy hill has been. A brisk editor of one of our metropolitan diurnals, assures us that he could reckon thirty-five poets and poetesses who have arranged song, couplet, or quartrain in its praise. All of which, he observed, had gone down the 'mill-tail of oblivion', except that beginning, "Wehawken, in thy mountain scenery." Our dislike of amplification determines us to arrest the march of our pen before it proceeds to a farther description of Wehawken.

Along the left bank of the river, and we must be understood to refer to that part of it which lays below Kingsbridge, there were a few scattered plantations which do not merit a particular description. York Island, though so much altered as to be hardly the same with that governed by Wilhelmus Van Klieft, was even, at the remote day of our narrative, for some ten miles above the city, tolerably well settled on its west coast. Into every little nook and eddy of the river had nestled one

of those quiet, industrious, and peaceable Dutch families, long since deprived of the first and third qualities by their union with their restless and turbulent neighbours of the east. From this district the praiseworthy customs of our thrifty Dutch ancestors have been banished, to the substitution of the light and fripperish manners of an age and a people which delight us with boasts of refined vice in the present tense, and make us miserable with tales of awkward virtue in the past.

Though the hand of Improvement has visibly impaired the *natural* beauties of the spot we are describing, it must be conceded that the effect on the whole is heightened by the erection of those splendid 'out of town' edifices which mark our city opulence ; the talent of our men for acquiring wealth, and the taste of our women for spending it. At least all would think the effect heightened, who prefer Palladio to Wilson, and experience more pleasure in viewing rich columns and lofty domes, than in listening to the songs of thrushes and larks. Our readers, especially those resident in the metropolis, are aware that a visit at this day to the scene of these recollections amply gratifies the connoisseur in architecture, while the admirers of feathered songsters may imagine a more enlivening strain than

they at present give, in their music of a May morning, in the year '76. Notwithstanding the dreadful din of the British Cyclops, forging chains for the colonies, these merry grigs were early and late at their concerts, apparently unapprehensive of any disturbance from the belligerents. Indeed, so little were they in fear at this time, of 'villainous saltpetre dug from the bowels of the earth,' that they continued to sing their roundelays under the very noses of the parties militant.

If in the country adjacent to New-York, we are to record great changes in the appearance of natural objects, great improvements and beneficial and beautifying alterations, it is in the city that the greatest mutation is visible. New-York is indeed mightily altered since the day of the revolution, and is allowed, by all competent judges, to be greatly improved in appearance, and bettered in manners, as well as extended in dimensions. It is hardly to be recognised as the same city by one who knew it at the commencement of the American revolution, and has been absent the period of its growth from childhood to adulancy. If a man who left it forty years ago, were now to be landed at the Albany basin, or dropped into the Bowling-Green, the 'Fields,' Hudson Park, Broome-street, etc. he would be in as much of a quandary as the Paddy

who was clean shaved in his sleep, and waked with a mirror before him, scarcely knowing what to make of the 'new man.' The astonishment of the royal-father-in-law of Aladdin, at the splendid palace raised by the 'Slaves of the Lamp,' could hardly surpass that which would be felt by one, after a long absence, brought suddenly to measure the unparalleled growth of our city.

In the year 1770, the principal part of our city population dwelt below Warren-street. A line run by Warren-street to James' street, thence intersecting Chatham-street, near the Rotunda, to the East river, comprehends a space which, some years after the peace of '83, held nearly all our citizens. Nor are we chasing our tails when we say that within these limits there were some very fine grazing pastures. A large space near the Battery, which includes, besides the grounds within the railing, that part of Pearl-street adjoining State-street, in fact, of all the streets which abut upon the Battery, Marketfield-street, and the lower part of Greenwich-street, as far up as Beaver-lane, was totally untenanted, save by herds and flocks; a dozen or more acres abandoned to the dealers in 'milk-ho!' and the growers of your fine four-year old mutton. The present site of Greenwich and Washington-streets was a navigable river,

deep enough to have drowned all the Jews at present located thereabouts. There was also a creek, or stream, where Broad-street now stands, which came up very near to the site of the new custom-house. Equally great have been the improvements farther north. Canal-street, which is in the southern part of the city, was then a noble 'sheet, a fine expanse of water 'out of town,' abounding in water-wagtails, and famous for the experiments which were daily made in marine architecture, by hundreds of little, dirty, yellow-haired boys, assembled on its margin, in the interregnum of school hours, to enjoy the pastime of sailing chip-boats, pettiaugers, and galiots of all shapes, constructions, 'rigs,' and models. This sheet of water, which the unequalled industry and enterprise of our citizens have converted into good dry land, and tenanted by a population of some thousands, extended over that whole space, whose limits the judicious eye may assign without the aid of our pen, and the more easily, as the perceptible rise of land on every side, shows the ancient boundary of the waters. This pond, as well as its feeder, the Collect, has been filled up, laid out into streets, and a large part of it built upon. And so have been the lands on its margin. Where Brom. Schnivelnose's cottage stood, resembling, from



its loneliness, a solitary stack of hay on the Hoboken salt meadows, there are now fine brick mansions, inhabited by the fashionables, and the site is denominated, in the language of the *Quotidiennes*, before May-day, ‘only a five minutes walk from the city-hall.’ When you measure off two good miles from the state-ly Areopagus, you are said to reside in the ‘upper part of the city.’

All the high ground from Broadway, where it is intersected by Canal-street, to Corlear’s Hook; from the northwest angle of the Park to Art-street, and down to the point where Division-street and the Bowery meet, was then laid out as lands in the vicinity of cities usually are, in vegetable gardens, cow-pens, orchards, and grazing fields. Here the caterer for the vegetable market did his best; that his boasting cries of ‘fine large turnips,’ ‘fine early marrowfats,’ ‘beets two to a peck,’ &c. should be literally true; and that the articles parted from first hands, should do credit to the lady purveyors, who kept stalls in the gutters of the Old Fly. Fine herds of stately beeves, which would have done credit to the Miami Bottoms, were seen grazing on these then suburban domains; and to crown the landscape, you were presented at every step with that picture of rustic life,

Dolly a milking the cows,  
And Hodge looking over the stile.

Farther on, perhaps you saw a square verdant field, the property of some opulent man, who held it as sacred as Dódona's Grove ; and laid a most abominable penalty on all the four-legged interlopers that dared to test the strength of his fences ; frequently exacting a horn—sometimes charging at the head of Jowler, Towler, and Ringwood ; but oftener arresting them *vi et armis*, to answer the breach *contra pacem*, and marching them to the pound overt to answer for their misdeeds. These suburban landholders are usually very zealous for the integrity of their possessions ; and are ultra Duke Williams in their territorial regulations and 'codes of forest laws.' Thus, bits of board were frequently seen nailed to the trees by the road side, whereon might be read the monitory notice, 'Trespassers on these lands will be prosecuted.' But these edicts were something like the statutory regulations for the taking of oysters in Massachusetts, which are only in force in dogdays. So the threat to prosecute, operated only from the time of early fruit to the Fallgathering ; and the truant boy was readily forgiven the penalty, whose lapse from obedience did not happen materially after the season of egging. Bless me, where are we ! Our readers may fear, that

having got among eggs, we may fall to removing the callow kernel from its shell, for the sake of introducing novel dramatis personæ. No such thing. We are about to resume the history of the life and adventures of Gilbert Greaves, and we promise, for the next page or two, to course him like his shadow.

We left Gilbert Greaves pursuing his adventures in quest of riches and glory, with as much speed as light winds with an adverse tide would allow. The city was, at this time, in the hands of the Americans, and as we have all along represented, and shall continue to represent our hero a tory, it is needless for us to say that his fortunes lay not with them. The Catch-me-if-you-can was therefore continued in her course past the city, towards the unloading port of her voyage. The British fleet lay moored or at anchor near Staten Island, displaying, with singular parade, the pomp and circumstance of British naval array. A forest of masts, with scarcely waving pendants at their royal-mast-heads, and the royal ensign at their mizen peaks, the yards and topmast rigging black with the sailors aloft on the customary duties of the morning, together with triple tiers of infernal engines, are objects which, to my mind, are akin to the sublime. The mind of our country lad was smitten at once with the scene, and set

him wishing that he had been bred to the seafaring life. But when he thought of the miseries endured by Falconer's mariners, Robinson Crusoe, 'The four Russian Sailors,' to say nothing of Captain James Riley, who became an 'atomy' from sufferings by shipwreck, his passion cooled down by the mixture of the true, the romantic, the marvellous, and the incredible, exhibited in those fables, and settled again into the preference he had always felt for the land service.

As the sloop drifted past the fleet, the ears of her crew were saluted by the shrill voice of the boatswain's call, the creaking of the yards in the slings, the rattling of the rigging through the blocks, and all that volume of discordant sounds which rushes on the spectator of the eight o'clock movements on board a man of war. Our hero set himself at work to frame Trinculos and Stephanios of the boatswain and his obedient thralls. They were hailed too; but the answer captain Tarbox gave to the questions put him from the noble three-decker Plantagenet, gave entire satisfaction to the questioners, and they were permitted to continue their course to leeward of the fleet, with strong injunctions, however, to send all their 'pigs, butter and vegetables, on board the Rear Admiral.' The morning, we have said, was fair and still; though so warm as to excite some en-

vy in the breast of Gilbert at the British officers, who were reposing under awnings spread over the quarter decks of their ships. The sound of martial music broke on their ears, and in an especial manner, on those of Wild Gil. whose genuine enthusiasm kept time with the fife and drum that were beating the morning reveille. A part of the British troops had already disembarked, and were seen on the high grounds which lie above the Hospital, parading in their gallant uniforms, and manœuvring briskly, as all soldiers should do who would keep the scurvy at bay. Occasionally you would notice a column of dust which rose from the earth as some high-spirited charger, carrying one of the staff, capered from one part of the parade ground to another. At some short distance, spectators, not participators, stood the newly embodied royal militia of Staten Island, men of extra pluck, acquiring by inspection the rough outline of military duty, preparatory to their entrance upon active service. These loyal islanders were armed singly with muskets, save Jethro Jenkins, who carried a blunderbuss; and a dozen or more, who bore baskets of poultry for the immediate supply of the British officers. A proper corporate addition for this warlike body of men, might have been the Royal purveyors; but I recollect that they

were visited by the wits of the time, with the appellation of the 'First Henroosts.'

As the Catch-me-if-you-can approached the shore to land her passenger, among a small collection of persons who had assembled at the ordinary point of debarkation, Greaves saw, easily distinguished by his towering size, his beloved father. He was soon on shore, and in the arms of his affectionate parent, who, after the first burst of joy had subsided, introduced his son to Governor Tryon, Major Hasselquist of the Guards, and two or three officers of inferior grade. These, with the ease and grace which characterize military men in general, and British officers in particular, welcomed him to the field—a field which they were sure would prove a field of glory to him; and withal, politely congratulated themselves on the personal acquisition they should make, if they were so fortunate as to obtain the friendship of the son of General Greaves. (N. B. The Colonel had been made a Brigadier.) They doubted not, they said, that his education had been fitting to inspire him with the sentiments of loyalty and valour, which had glowed in the breasts of his ancestors for many an hundred years. We are not able to record the answer made to this brilliant compliment, because, as the story-book says, 'Then we came away.'

Our hero now underwent the usual course of admonitory lectures, and was advised of the line of conduct he was expected to adopt. He was bid mix familiarly with the officers of rank and character ; but to remember, that though he was not to be stinted in his expenses, nor expected to deliver in, like a haberdasher's clerk, a daily transcript of " Cash Dr. to sundry expenses—so much to the apple-woman, crier of baked pears and boiled corn ; to the laundress—item six pence to Laurens Lathercheeks for trimming my beard." He was not to throw away his money in idle sports nor licentious games. " The army, my son," said the Brigadier, " has properly been called a school of vice, and it will require your utmost resolution to withstand the daily solicitations which will be made you to the commission of actions, which, among civil men are called crimes, among military, peccadilloes. But you are a Greaves, and the warriors of that family never forgot, in the heart of a city taken by storm, that licentious soldiers are the worst of beings." Many of the other commands urged upon the youthful soldier may be found in the Attorney's Pocket-Book, under the head ' Apprentices' Indentures,' to which the reader is referred for as sound specimens of advice as can be found in the Village Preacher. And he was farther bid

remember, in an especial manner, the purposes in aid of which he had been called to the city.—“To subdue the rebellious colonies to the sway of a kind and indulgent master ; to give to them temporary acts of Parliament, and crown grants of privileges, instead of their present undefined charters ; and extirpate, root and branch, the leaders and prime instigators, and abettors of the rebellion.” These were the avowed purposes of the British in their days of victory, and their concealed intentions when defeat drove them to negotiation. A youth of twenty, flushed with an eager desire for military glory, saw no objections, we suppose, to a scheme sanctioned by older and wiser heads ; and if he saw any error in this sanguinary scheme of subjugation and rule, we are not authorized to report a public expression of his disapprobation, at this time.

Before the day had expired, Gilbert was honoured with a personal interview with the Commander-in-Chief, who presented him with a lieutenant’s commission.

“And we hope, Mr. Greaves, said his excellency, “that an opportunity will be afforded you, in a day or two, of trying your mettle in battle. We talk of sending Grant and De Heister, with a few regiments, to look at the passes of the Jamaica hills.



I hope that this day week will place  
ington and our brave fellows at sword  
when, as Macduff says—you are Shak  
learned, I take it, Mr. Greaves—

If he escape, then heaven forgive him too.

## CHAPTER VIII.

'Tis curious to see how men are gifted,  
And in what divers ways their gifts appear.  
Some have their faculties at instant beck—  
Quick on emergency their wits approach  
The dubious dilemma, and lay hold  
Instant upon the horn that points their fortunes.  
Such were the founders of the ancient empires;  
The conquerors of the long lapsed ages—  
The spirits that commanded destiny.

*Battle of Ascalon.*

THE morning which was to witness the first achievement in the martial line, of our friend, Gilbert Greaves, came, and found the British in the bustle of preparation incidental to an army, expecting shortly to measure weapons with a foe. We pause to observe, that the impression made on the minds of the royal commanders by the result of the skirmish at Lexington and Concord, and the affair at Breed's (popularly Bunker's) Hill, disposed them, for a month or two, to use a caution, vigilance, and circumspection, which, unfortunately for them, were thrown aside with the present occasion, and not resumed in the after campaigns. Commanders of armies frequently fall into the error of young merchants; that is, while in receipt of

small gains, they suit their adventures and their expenses to their capital and their resources ; but with the first determinedly successful voyage, they throw aside all their prudence and caution, and rush heedlessly into speculation.

The British troops destined for the invasion of the middle provinces, landed, as our readers probably know, on Long Island, between the little towns of New-Utrecht and Gravesend, on the morning of the 22d of August, 1776. There is a flat, sandy beach, which runs nearly the whole length of Gravesend Bay from Nyack Point, which may be properly accounted the termination of the Gewanus Road to a short space past the spot where our respectable landlady, Mrs. Chancel-laire, accommodates our city fashionables with lodgings and a bath in the sultry months. Upon this beach, and about half way from our honest old friend Cortelyou's, to the aforesaid Mrs. Chancel-laire's, the royal army landed. (We are thus particular, because, in our opinion, it is of more importance to note minute circumstances, the sole authority for which is a generation of men who will soon disappear ; than to present only the prominent outline of events which form the basis of our national history, and can never be forgotten or even obscured.) Their march was then taken up to Flatbush,

along the level of the town of New-Utrecht. No opposition had been made at their landing; the American General deeming it preferable to fight them in the passes of the thickly-wooded range of hills, commonly called the Green Mountain, which, commencing on the east side of the Narrows, runs away to the northeast for the whole length of the Island. The hand of industry has partially smoothed the brows of these rugged hills, but they yet retain a few features of the aspect they wore on the day of the Flatbush rout.

Through this range of hills there were three passes, to wit, the Gewanus, the Brooklyn, and the Bedford roads, all narrow, difficult, and easily defended by a few hundred men against many thousands. By one of these passes it was believed the British would attempt to reach the rear of the Americans, who were in possession of all the important posts in this chain of hills, and prepared to make any attempt to dispossess them of their strong holds, as productive of bloody consequences to the royal army, as had been their well-remembered attack on the provincial lines at Breed's Hill. The Britons were not disposed to count the muzzles of Miles's riflemen, advantageously posted in the aforesaid pass—even the militia might annoy them from entrenchments. "There was no knowing what the eastenders

might do." Jake Wykoph told them—"They had practised upon loons, and isle-o'shoals, and heath-hens, till they had got to be deadly hands with bb's and slugs. If they didn't run at first fire, 'twas quite likely they would fight like bull-dogs."

Some new route was therefore to be found, or some new method thought of, whereby the present disposition of the American general might be rendered inutile for the purpose aimed at, and he be compelled to meet the veterans of Britain, and their German auxiliaries, on a field better adapted to procure for them the advantages which superior discipline usually gains for its possessors. But there was no drawing the foe from his fastnesses. This was to be a defensive war. It was reserved for Gilbert Greaves, a youth but a few hours corsletted, to apprise the commander-in-chief of a sure, though unnoticed path to the field of victory.

There was at the day of our story, a road leading from the village of Flatbush, around the easterly end of the range of hills we have noticed, to the town of Jamaica. By this road it was practicable to advance with a body of troops, and take possession of the high and rocky grounds over which the road passed. It was practicable only because that from some unaccountable oversight, the taking

possession of these highly defensible, and in every point of view, important heights, had been altogether overlooked or neglected. Fatal error ! But we were inexperienced in the art of war. It occurred to the principal personage of this veritable and veracious story, that a road might be found in this direction, which should enable the royal army to gain the rear of the American troops entrenched in the passes. Hard fighting, and much blood must result from a storming of the rebel lines among the hills, and then doubtful were the success. But by the Jamaica road the royal army might perhaps be conducted to an efficient and comparatively bloodless triumph. Greaves strolled out from the camp, with a determination to learn from some authentic source if there existed no other impediment to a stolen march by this route, than what his eye, from a small eminence, could trace in its unimpeded view of the road as far as Stollenwerck's Hill.

He found at the distance of a couple of miles from the British camp, a labourer employed in removing some few culinary valuables from the reach of his marauding neighbours of the ocean island. At the appearance of a red-coat, a number of ragged and dirty children scampered off from the shady side of the hedge where their father was working,

to the more efficient protection of their dam within doors, who, thrusting her head out of the broadside of the house, at a place cut for a window, vociferated the names of 'Nat,' and 'Tim,' and 'Becky,' with lungs worthy of Stentor's times, whereupon the children redoubled both their cries and their speed, and were served as the messenger-dove was served at the ark, *i. e.* hauled in at the window. The father, who remained at his mattock, speedily prepared answers to the interrogatories put him by his visiter, being first assured that if he answered correctly and fully, a corporal's guard should be stationed at his gateway to defend Nat, Tim, Becky, their parents, and the beasts, clean and unclean, against the infuriate passions, which are apt to run riot in armies constituted and situated as were those of Britain. Hereupon the man became very communicative, and chattered like a magpie, making many irrelevant disclosures, and railing in good, set terms, at revolutionary doings. It was with some difficulty that he could be restrained from making our hero the bearer of a present of onions and parsley to the commander-in-chief.

Gilbert, having ascertained that there were few impediments to a march by this road, returned towards the camp. On a small eminence, without the ground occupied by Briga-

dier Leslie's Highlanders, there were a few general officers standing, engaged in earnest conversation; their pocket telescopes, from time to time, applied in observation on the surrounding country. As he must of necessity pass near this squad of favourite servants of the King, and this was an era when the simplest actions were liable to severe misconstruction and punishment, and hence his present stroll might be ill received, he thought proper to assume the cheerful step and bold brow, and to take, as folks say, a shorter cut; a by-path leading under the very noses of the select council. As he passed them, cap in hand, General Arlestone said, very mildly,

"Good morning to you, my young lieutenant."

"Good morning to your Excellency," answered the honoured officer, wheeling short with a graceful bow, though with a complete suffusion of cheek.

"Where have you been, sir?" asked the General.

"Taking a short walk, your Excellency," replied Gilbert.

"Have you any acquaintance with the country?"

"None, your Excellency," answered the young lieutenant, "save what is derived from this morning's excursion of a couple of miles."



“Has he not been tattling, sir, do you think?” whispered Lord Piercy.

“Hush, my lord, for heaven’s sake be still. Don’t you remember the old Welsh Knight, Sir Mark Greaves, who kicked the Earl of Nettlebed, in Watier’s club-room, and shot him afterwards on the old duelling ground, for saying that the goats of Savoy were nimbler than those of Wales? This youth is Sir Mark’s grandson; prompt enough for quarrel I’ll warrant you; and his father is the most popular loyalist in the province. Lieutenant Greaves, have you made any remarks on the road you have been travelling?”

“Your Excellency means the question as a reprimand upon me for straying so far from camp?”

“No, I do not,” said the General. “Answer without hesitation, Mr. Greaves, and if you have made any discoveries, communicate them freely.”

“Then I will say, sir,” said Gilbert, “that this road seems made for the purpose of enabling your Excellency, by to-morrow’s dawn, to place the half of your army in the rear of the rebels.”

“How would you accomplish this manoeuvre, my dear fellow?” asked the General.

“The night, your Excellency, bids fair to be a dark one. I would march a strong di-

vision silently along this road, and get around the rebels entrenched upon the Bedford road."

"The road from Jamaica leads where, say?"

"To Brooklyn, sir; intersecting the Bedford road upon the north verge of the hills."

"Have they not entrenched upon this road, also?"

"No, sir," answered Gilbert. "They have altogether neglected to take possession of the heights which command the road."

"My dear Greaves," said the General, "how have you learned these particulars? From a certain source think you?"

"I believe I have, sir," replied Gilbert. "I had them from a peasant who lives about two miles from this. He is too timid, as well as simple, to lie to a red-coat."

"Captain Yardsley," said the Commander in Chief, "take a dozen dragoons with you, and bring in the peasant Lieutenant Greaves speaks of."

Captain Yardsley departed upon the assigned duty, and speedily returned, bringing with him John Flanders, the labourer with whom Gilbert had been communing. Having received a renewal from the General of the promise made by our hero, Mr. John Flanders made a statement to the effect of that upon which Greaves had formed his opi-

nion of the practicability of the measure he had recommended. And thereupon he was dismissed with a liberal present to the caresses of dame Flanders, and the guardianship of the techy Nat, Tim, and Becky.

"And now, my dear fellow," said the General, "we are about to lay hands upon your hint. This, of course, is *inter nous*. I have made you my extra aid, that you may participate, in an especial manner, in the glory or infamy of the night. To horse in a moment, and carry my commands to my subordinates." Bowing low to the Commander in Chief, Gilbert mounted his faithful Slyboots, commissioned to direct the movements of General de Heister's Hessians upon the Flatbush hills, and to order General Grant, with the left wing, to make a feint of advancing along the Gewanus road. The object of the British General was to keep the attention of the Americans engaged, while he should silently prosecute his scheme of taking them in flank and in rear. Such were the movements of the royal army, preparatory to the march of their main body on the Jamaica, or New-Lots road.

When the darkness had become sufficiently palpable to veil the doings of men, the right wing, consisting of the flower of the British army, commenced their march on the pro-

posed route. Then the left wing and centre, whose ostensible object was the possession of the passes upon the Gewanus and Bedford roads, but whose real object was, as we have said, to engage the attention of the Americans there entrenched, acted also upon their several businesses. Our hero was directed, with a small party of dragoons, to keep a quarter of a mile in advance of the eastern division or right wing, and with the usual orders, to use care and circumspection. At the head of this small detachment, he had the good fortune to come suddenly upon a patrol of American officers, who had wandered out of their way, and took them all prisoners. An unfortunate circumstance, which prevented the transmission, in season, to the Americans, of the necessary intelligence of the approach of the Britons. The Americans, who might have been better prepared, or moved off altogether had they known of this march, were, by the occupation of the high grounds in their rear, hemmed in by two powerful bodies of veteran troops, as superior in numbers as in discipline.

When the British were well in possession of the heights, and the escape of the Americans from signal discomfiture was deemed a thing belonging to the age of miracles only, a special messenger was despatched to recall Lieu-

tenant Greaves to the presence of the Commander in Chief. He obeyed with his usual alacrity, and presently stood before his general.

"My brave fellow," said Arleston, "you deserve much for your assistance in placing the rebels in the vocative—a colonelship at least; but we have none to give you—a captainship for the present must express our gratitude. A captain you are, sir, and are permitted to retire. We are brief with you, but we are compelled to be so, for we go to attack the rebels in an hour."

An hour spent in preparation for combat, passes with the speed of a courser. As soon as returning daylight enabled the royal army to observe the nature of the grounds over which they were to contend for victory, they began their march towards the American lines, now engaged with the Hessians. When the Americans were informed of the approach of the enemy upon their rear, they began to retreat to their camp.

"The rebels, sir," said Gilbert, "if they can reach the hill upon our right, may, by a brisk movement to the left, avoid the morass which now perplexes them."

"Do you think so, my free-spoken lad?" said the General. "Take Affleck's then, and drive them into the morass, or drown them in the ford."

Our hero put himself at the head of his detachment, and went immediately upon the duty assigned him. When he had gained a small eminence in front, he ordered his men to strike the priming from their muskets, and march on the enemy with screwed bayonets. The attack was violent, but the undaunted Americans stood their ground without flinching. Throughout the revolution, it may be safely affirmed, there was not a more resolute struggle for victory, than that made by a part of the continental troops upon this day ; and with equal truth it may be said, that any other revolutionary battle-field may be challenged to produce instances of as great cowardice. Greaves, at the head of his veteran troops, displayed the most determined bravery ; but he did not succeed in driving his valiant opponents from their fastness, until a strong reinforcement had been ordered to his support. The Americans retreated slowly, and being also reinforced, took possession of a still stronger ground, and made preparations to defend it with a resolution worthy of their cause. But superior numbers pressing hard upon them, and many of their countrymen in other parts of the field, yielding with scarce a show of resistance, the brave regiment of Smallwood, broken, dispirited, thinned out by the sword of the foe, and hopeless of suc-

cour, was at length compelled to quit their well defended hill, and retreat into the morass on their rear. These hardy freemen, literally adopting the cry of 'liberty or death,' chose to die rather than surrender. Their ultimate resolve was worthy of their previous conduct.

While the British troops under Gilbert Greaves were following, sword in hand, the overpowered Americans, he noticed on the edge of the morass, two youths with drawn swords, standing in a defensive posture over a lad, apparently not sixteen, who had fallen from wounds or fatigue. Around them, on every side, lay scattered the dead and the dying—

The cloven cuirass, and the helmless head,  
The war horse masterless—

But none save the fallen lad, had friends to watch their swoon, or close their dying eyes. The novelty of the thing, and the feeling called up by this display of affection—affection shown too at a moment when every one else seemed to think of self only, drew Greaves a moment from the pursuit of the dispersed foe. He went towards the hillock to which they had conveyed their charge. They were kneeling beside the wounded soldier, and weeping passionately over him. One held his hand,

while the other wiped the drops from his brow. As Greaves drew near them, they sprung upon their feet, and brandished their swords in a menacing manner at the royal captain.

"My brave young men," said Gilbert soothingly, "surrender, and secure efficient protection for the youth you are guarding with so much care."

"Efficient protection! What is British protection worth?" said the elder of the lads, sneeringly. "I have this day with my own eyes, seen five as true hearts as ever breathed, surrender on promise of quarter; and they had five thrusts of the bayonet in their breasts before I could count ten. There was British faith for you! Besides, the last words of our father were, 'my sons, never give up your swords; and stand by each other to the last.' And God deal with us as we remember the injunction."

"Who is your father?" asked Gilbert.

"It were waste of time to tell you," said the youth. "His name is graven on the sword I hold in my hand."

"I ask from no idle motive," said Gilbert. "I would save you. Answer me quick, young man, before men come up who may be less inclined than I to parley with you."

"I know you, sir" answered the youth



"and you know my father. If you ever saw Jacob Coulter, who lives on the east side of the Hudson, you know our father. He nursed us upon his knees to fight, as he said, for our country, when she needed us—ay, and to die for her; if by such act of devotion her liberties should be saved. And one of us, at least, has obeyed our father's command. William is dead at my feet. Yes," and he burst into a loud passion of tears—"William is gone—he is dead!"

"Surrender, you that remain," said Gilbert, "surrender, I beseech you. I know your father, indeed. He is my best friend. I will answer for your safety with my life, if you will but throw down your arms before yohder troop come up."

"Yes, but by God, I will never surrender; I will bear this sword while I have nerve to grasp it," said the soldier. "If I reach over the mill-pond, I will revenge my brother's death. Charles, do you make for the marsh, and I, being unwounded, and a stronger and more expert swordsman, will cover your retreat."

"Remember, young man, said Gilbert, anxiously, "that when the tide rises, the ford will be impassable."

"We are going to try it, sir, before we pronounce it so," answered the resolute lad.

Gilbert made no effort to stay the retreat of the adventurous youths, but stood breathlessly watching their progress through the morass. They had effected a passage over the most difficult part of the syrtis, when the wounded youth, fatigued and exhausted, sunk down at the feet of his unwounded brother. It would have been easy for the latter to have gained the other bank, and effected his escape. But no, he would not desert his charge. He continued to support him in his arms, by great exertion raising him out of the water, which now came rapidly upon them, until at length the stream rose so high that they were set to swimming. Their further struggles, especially those of the wounded soldier, were few. They presently sunk into the bog, and were drowned under the very eye of the hero of our tale. They exemplified, in their refusal of quarter, their bravery and their resolution, the power of paternal precepts to form the youthful mind to correct ideas of patriotism and virtue. Their father had brought love of country to be the most powerful passion of his bosom. He had taught his children to feel as he felt, and they now came forward and proved their devotion to their mother land, by a willing sacrifice of their lives in her aid.

During the engagement in which Greaves, a soldier of three days, led a detachment of

the royal army to victory, various other skirmishes, assaults, and storming of detached posts, had taken place in other parts of the field, in every instance of which, British discipline triumphed. Our readers know that the battle of Flatbush ended with great loss to the Americans, particularly in the brave regiment of Smallwood.

It was with great difficulty that the British troops were restrained from attacking the Americans in their entrenchments at Brooklyn Heights. But experience had demonstrated how great was the risk incurred in this species of warfare, by those who were deliberately to expose their persons to the fire of cool, and well-practised marksmen, protected by strong works, and inspirited by a recent victory in similar circumstances. Instead, therefore, of attempting the works, as expected and hoped by the Americans, the British General gave demonstrations of proceeding by siege. The subsequent evacuation by the Americans of the Island; their providential escape from utter destruction; the occupation by the British of the abandoned works—are well known to our readers; and we pass to the day which beheld the Americans in their breastworks at Kip's Bay, and their opponents preparing, under cover of their ships of war, to attempt the conquest of York Island from its brave, *though undisciplined defenders.*

## CHAPTER IX.

I'm strong in the opinion that our fates  
Are seal'd in heaven ere we on earth appear,  
I stood beside king Richard, and I saw  
A hundred hostile spears upraised against him,  
But not one found his breastplate's loosen'd joint :  
Hard-blows from battle-axes fell about him,  
Yet bore he still on high a crest ungraz'd.  
It must be so—our days are number'd ere  
They are begun.

*Battle of Ascalon.*

THE British commander having prepared every thing for a descent on York Island—his troops in high spirits, from their recent easy victory, and every heart beating high for another trial in the field, it was appointed to Gilbert Greaves, now in high reputation in the British camp, to lead the detachment who were to mount the breastworks at Kip's Bay, and clear the shore for the safe landing of the royal army, who having embarked at the head of Newtown bay, and proceeding by the Sound, entered the East river through Hurlgate, were now preparing, in great numbers, to attempt the conquest of New-York island. Sixty sol-

diers of the Queen's Rangers, were given him for the perilous undertaking. With this small body of men he advanced up to the ample breastworks which defended the Americans posted within them. If it were not matter of history, that the American troops behaved, on this occasion, in the most dastardly manner, betraying more pusillanimity than at almost any other period of the revolution, we should not dare to dilate on this disgraceful occurrence, even in a work professedly of fiction.

At the first appearance of this forlorn hope, the American troops fled, though double in number to the assaulting corps. Now, that the grounds at Kipp's Bay are highly defensible, is a fact well known to the generality of our readers. The bay is narrow, and, we should think, could be fully commanded by men posted upon the hills or cliffs which rise on each side of it, and on the eminences which lay back of it. If we try the question of its tenability by the result of the engagement, we shall suppose that the several positions of our troops were altogether untenable ; for, as we have said, the Americans fled without making a show of resistance. Greaves led his men into the deserted breastwork, and after a momentary pause, prepared to follow up his advantage by an attack on the second

line of entrenchments. With that bold and daring spirit which had been his in boyhood, and which now began to display itself more fully in a coveting of every post of danger, he put himself at the head of his little body of veterans, and threw himself upon an enemy of more than ten times his physical strength. Again the Americans fled, when the attention of our hero, and of all with him, was arrested by a scene of an uncommon nature, which took place in the front of the disbanded foe.

There was an officer of a tall and commanding form, riding a dark gray charger, and wearing the uniform of a general officer, whom the cowardly behaviour of his troops seemed to afflict with pangs more exquisitely painful than those of martyrdom. He menaced, harangued, apparently used every method to engage his men to make a stand against the handful of Britons who were driving them, but in vain; the brigades who had been ordered to reinforce the corps first stationed at this point, imitated the base example set them, and disbanded—were rallied, and disbanded a second time. When he discovered that his threats and arguments were likely to produce no favourable effect, his intuitive mind seemed to sketch a rapid, but correct view of the consequences which must inevitably result from the dastardly conduct of his troops,

should their enemies think fit to use the advantages which their possession of Kipp's bay offered. He saw the garrison of New-York cut off from the possibility of re-joining the force at Kingsbridge, and completely at the mercy of the foe. He became almost frantic, and clapping spurs to his horse, he rode up within fair musket shot of the Britons, and reined up his horse with his head to his enemies. The noble charger alone seemed to know the danger, and not to understand the necessity for the sacrifice, cutting numberless curvets and caprioles, like a steed of mettle.

"That is a hero, a very hero, captain Greaves," said sergeant Blundel. "He covets death from our hands, sir. If I were he, I would deal damnation to a few of those cowards before I threw myself upon the swords of my enemies. Shall we take him off, sir?"

"I do not know the cause of my present kindness towards him, my brave Blundel," answered Gilbert, "unless it is because he shows such courage and contempt of life. Something whispers me to give another command. Withhold your fire, and march up and take him prisoner. Dispirited by the conduct of his troops, and disheartened by the repeated defeats the rebels have sustained since our landing, perhaps he wishes to fall into our hands."

But heaven had ordained that the only act of rashness ever committed by the individual who thus hazarded his life, should not procure to him the fate usually allotted to such suicidal intents. At the moment that the Britons were on the step, two officers, from their dress and bearing, appearing to be aids, rode up at full speed, and compelled the officer to retire. As he wheeled, a private in the royal ranks, a Virginian tory, exclaimed with an oath, that it was General Washington, the rebel commander-in-chief.

"There, now," exclaimed Blundel, "we have let the prize escape. I'll be d—d if I didn't feel in my bones that it was the Magnus Apollo of the States. He would have been worth a hundred thousand guineas to us. Arleston would give all the Flatbush prisoners for him, and half the Hessian platterfaces to boot. But we can pin him yet. Shall we fire, sir."

"Yes," said Gilbert, "and quickly—the whole platoon. Make ready—present—fire."

Sixty men of the hitherto unerring rangers, deliberately discharged their muskets at this single object. Not a ball grazed him.

"He ~~must~~ be a thing of air," said cornet Startin. "I levelled my old Nevermiss with the deliberation and precision of a South Downs snipe-shooter, and you see, boys, we



haven't even ruffled a feather. Sixty balls upon one object, as I am a sinner. This wont do, Rangers, we shall lose our credit."

Gilbert did not hear the repinings of the snipe-shooting cornet, for the noble conduct and dignified deportment of the American hero had sunk deep into his mind.

"*What grace was seated on his brow!*"— I never before saw so dignified a man," murmured he, mentally, as he made a momentary pause with his detachment, for a body of troops who were marching to his support; and with another glance at the gray charger and its rider, he fell back into the column, and became again a subordinate to Lord Piercy.

It is foreign to the plan of our story, to enlarge on the error of the British General, in permitting Putnam and his force to escape from the city, when they were so completely in his power. We doubt not that we shall be thought tedious in many of the preceding details; and we haste to carry our readers to scenes of a more pacific nature. They are at liberty, therefore, to contemplate the British army in possession of the deserted fortifications, and occupying the capital of the western continent. The city had been the haven towards which the young and pleasure-loving had looked, as a theatre for the procurement of the gratifications coveted by military men,

It was with boisterous demonstrations of joy, therefore, that the royal army were ordered to garrison the ancient city of the Manahattoes.

It is a difficult task to portray the feelings of Gilbert Greaves, when he beheld himself, for the first time, in the capital of our state. They may however be imagined by any person, who, at the age of twenty-one, has been transplanted from a country village, of inelegant appearance and rustic habits, to a city of wealth, splendour, and fashion—who has left hill and dale, to look at ‘street and steeple.’ He will undoubtedly recollect, that his impressions, at the moment when the assemblage of metropolitan beauties and novelties first met his eye, were as pleasant as they were fleeting; and that he set down to the credit of a city life, many joys which were struck out before the expiration of the ‘honeymoon.’ ‘All is not gold that glitters; nor all happy that seem so—nor all wealthy who drive a coach and pair’—were observations made by a very great man.

Why our hero should have lived so long within a hundred miles of the metropolis, and not have improved one of the many opportunities which daily presented of visiting it, can only be accounted for, by supposing him too happy and contented in his rural pleasures, to

dream of enjoyment in any other shape. The maxim which censures the folly of being wise where ignorance is bliss, might have had weight with him, in fixing this disinclination to travel. Once more, we give it as our opinion, that there are many objects in the world more deserving of pity, than the silly folks who neglect to make a city their place of residence, and are contented with the coarse gratifications purchased by a life of labour and exertion. In the city, fashion frequently, we may say pretty generally, requires the sacrifice of those habits of life which most conduce to domestic comfort, equally with the course of living which most promotes health, and the acquirement of happy corporeal affections. Yet thousands affect to prefer the city, as did the wife in the old play; an extract from which heads a preceding chapter. The fact is, that few have a just relish for the pleasures of a country life. Such has in theory many admirers—in practice, very few—for the visit we annually make to our country seats for a very few weeks, is prompted by fashion, and not by love of rural life. There are few who do not regard it as a state of honourable exile, and chastise, for the whole succeeding winter, the praiseworthy part of their feelings, for their share in the arrangement.

When our hero was well in the metropolis,

it became necessary for him to look out a hotel, of a character suitable to the views of an aspiring youth. The British officers were prompt to offer theirs to the young rustic. One recommended Mrs. Diven's for the excellence of the cookery; another, James St. Julien's, for the superior flavour of the wines; while a third, calling to his face a proper degree of gravity, thought that Mrs. Mehitable Givens' was to be preferred, on account of the regularity of the hours kept, and the superior qualifications of the domestics. But Colonel Greaves, though his wit was not of that kind which says on every occasion, 'I apprehend you,' thought that the eye of a father might not be altogether out of its element, when employed in tracing the progress of a youth of twenty-one, on his first entrance into a city, at this time, licentious and depraved to a proverb. He thanked the gentlemen generally, and bowing very low to the eulogist of Mrs. Mehitable Givens and her fair domestics, he acquainted them, that his son, for the present, would be accommodated with lodgings at the George, (a superb hotel, kept by Mrs. Deborah Baker, whose taste in both eatables and drinkables, was thought scarcely inferior to that of Vitellius of gormandizing memory.) Thereto Gilbert Greaves was introduced, and forthwith inducted into a spare

chair at her table, the second from the lady president ; and might have had the first but for its *chance* occupation by her little, pouting grand-daughter, Clarissa Halket, a sly baggage of sixteen turned, possessed of a most becoming waywardness, and much disposed, as she confessed, to get in a pet with beef overdone, sauce undersweetened, and dull fellows from the country. The witty lady had been quite spoiled by the kindness, or rather, blind fondness, of her grandmother, and the attentions of the gentlemen of the house. But though a very hair-brained young lady, Miss Clara Halket was had in great respect for her modesty, and her remarkable tenderness of disposition. She enlivened the dinner table, by giving the new lodger the history of Tarrytown, and the outline of her own education and course of life, until she came to the city.

The ensuing two or three days, which was to afford a short relaxation to the royal troops, passed, at least the sunny part of them, in promenades of the officers, and the usual pastimes to the privates, of men not on active duty. These pastimes were such as usually afflict a garrisoned city, which, though there may be some slight variation in the phrase, is still nothing, more or less, than a place given up to be plundered. The British troops

met with unbounded hospitality from the citizens, and they repaid it, in many instances, with acts of the blackest ingratitude. Many of the wealthy tory families remained in the city, or had resorted to it after its reduction ; and these took all possible pains to manifest their unshaken loyalty to their king, and their gratitude to those who had crossed the western ocean, to check the rebellious propensities of his trans-marine subjects. Unfortunately, their polite and friendly attentions did not always meet a suitable return ; and many were the thorns planted in unsuspecting and confiding breasts, by these gallant visitors of the loyal New-York citizens. The attentions of the citizens to their martial friends, grew, however, gradually less cordial. It was folly to give feasts which were doomed to become orgies ; and the worst species of infatuation to introduce into families, men who considered the ruining of an artless woman an honourable achievement—a brilliant trophy.

The licentious behaviour of the British and mercenaries, in the campaign of '76, was of infinite service to the republican cause. Whoever peruses the history of the campaign of 76-7, cannot fail to observe this. The licentiousness of the royal troops, in their winter cantonments, in the Jerseys, undoubtedly led to

the victories of Trenton and Princeton ; for in consequence of the popular excitement, the army received reinforcements, without which victory could not have been obtained.

The evening which was farther to unveil to Gilbert Greaves the practices of military life, and display, in a strong light, the vices of the camp, and the sinks of iniquity with which a city abounds, came ; and a supper, with the piquant Clara at his elbow, to amuse him with her lively repartee, was discussed in a brief space. Among other subjects introduced by the military men of the party, was that of the recent skirmish at Kipp's Bay. The circumstances respecting it, most talked of by them, were the extraordinary attempt of the American General to throw away his life, and his still more extraordinary escape from the fire of an entire platoon, at the distance of fifteen rods. Our hero was asked why he did not direct a discharge of musketry when the distance was not half so great, and the escape of the endangered party would have been nothing less than a miracle. His reply was an eulogium on the American General, and an assertion that the manliness and nobility of his person, and the virtues which shone conspicuous in the very features of his face, would have unnerved the arm of the as-

sassin, much more that of an honourable soldier. His military friends considered this avowal of his great respect for the rebel chief, as they were pleased to call him, a circumstance rather in the way of his future advancement, and asked decidedly, whether it did not, in some measure, jeopardise his personal safety. The matter underwent a long discussion, and drew, from sundry of his brother officers, ironical compliments upon his wisdom in changing sides, and his humanity in sparing the effusion of blood.



## CHAPTER X.

Hast yet seen hell? Thou laugh'st—Upon my soul  
I mock thee not; we have them here in plenty—  
Ripe, real hells; and not a single sin  
In rank, below the hell our parson prates of,  
That hath but devils and damned—and what are these  
But dens of spirits black as Erebus—  
Schools where the murderer, robber, thief, are nurs'd,  
Taught, and despatched to prey upon mankind.

*The Ordinary.*

WHEN the supper was despatched, and the gay lodgers of the George were at liberty to enjoy their temporary furlough, it was proposed by some of the company, that they should stroll an hour or two over the pleasant parts of the city, in search of adventures; gathering incidents for future merriment, as well as recruits for the royal service; and providing his Majesty's camp with those necessary appendages of an army, female attendants. The question was not taken on this motion, for on the suggestion of Captain Carruthers, the gentlemen adjourned to Dunsbury's, who kept a gambling house in — street. Our hero accepted the invitation of his military friends, to accompany them, though aware that a visit to a house of this description, could not possibly hang a wreath

on the brow of a soldier. But the trite maxim 'among the Romans do as Romans do,' arrayed itself in opposition to the just reflections which he had made on the dreadful vice of gambling. He knew it to be the wish of his father, that he should frequent the society of officers of birth, rank, and merit; and many of the party for Dusenbury's, in addition to the reputed possession of these qualifications, stood high in the favour of the Commander in Chief, which certainly indicated merit; at least, so thought Gilbert.

He therefore joined the company who were bound to the before named temple of fortune, and in a few minutes found himself at the entrance of that celebrated establishment. The orderly of the party, repeated three times at the key-hole of the door, in an elevated tone of voice, 'sizes!' (the countersign) whereupon bolts were drawn aside, and they were admitted into a narrow entry, by a tallow-cheeked porter, who, turning by several crooked and curiously contrived passages, through doors adjusted in the panels, led them into a hall of tolerable dimensions. Here, leaving them to their own inclinations, he returned to his post with the speed and alacrity of one in receipt of large gains, and under the discipline of a quick-eyed master.

While our company of epauletted game-

sters stood in this hall, their ears were saluted on every side by the rattling of dice, and billiard balls, and the noisy disputes of the gamblers, above, beside, and below perhaps. Nor must we forget to mention, as a material circumstance, the frequent hurrying away of the ruined gamester. In the room on their right, they were playing at billiards; but the length of that game renders it less interesting to the gambler, than those games at which he sooner realizes the stake. In the opposite apartment, loud disputes, repeated vollies of oaths and imprecations, and shouts of laughter, announced deep play; and the sounds 'capot,' 'carte blanche,' 'pique,' 'repique,' 'talon,' &c. left them in no doubt that they were at piquet. There were also discordant voices on their right, in the room adjoining the billiard room; and '*L' une pour l' autre,*' was pronounced in a tone which intimated the disappointed feeling of the gambler.

"They are at faro," said Caruthers. "I go here." He entered the faro room with an eager step, and was followed by his associates.

"Who's banker?" said he. "Wiston. Who's tailleur? What, the son of the archbishop? What will become of the hierarchy? And if the Primacy of England were heredi-

tary, what an almoner should my sovereign have! And Count Breadanwater, from Germany, is croupier I perceive. I'll be d——d if I play with you three in league. You will soon forage on the territory of my last penny. And yet, I have broken you myself—I will try to do it again. Who'll lend me a livret?—Will you, General Arleston?"

"Don't try them, Charlie," answered the General—"Canterbury, drunk as he is, will win your money. He is in great luck to-night?"

"Never mind his luck, sir," said Carruthers. "To ensure success, I'll gamble for charitable purposes, as Catholic mariners, to ensure prosperous voyages, vow candles to Madam, the Virgin, and other good folks. Here's a stake for the Orphan Fund; that is, the female orphan fund. Won, by the Dragon of Wantley. Here's for afflicted and destitute widows under twenty-eight. Mine, by the pagan deities. Madame Fortune, your much obliged and very humble servant. I have won fifty guineas in five minutes. Just the annual income from his estates, of my most honourable friend, the German Count.—Greaves, join us."

"I think not, sir," said Gilbert, as he turned in disgust from a scene at which every virtuous mind will revolt. At the same mo-

ment a Scotch officer, rather past the middle age, came up, and said, with a dignified bow—

“Captain Gilbert Greaves, I believe.”

“My name is Greaves, sir,” answered the young man.

“I have the happiness to know your father, sir, and to know him for a friend. We served together in Germany, and were side by side at the battle of Stockach. And I am sufficiently friendly to him to observe with heartfelt pleasure, the little interest his son appears to take in these scenes. I fear we shall make a shabby campaign. We have forgotten Capua, captain Greaves, and are becoming as effeminate as a lady’s lap-dog.”

“I am a young soldier, sir,” said Gilbert, “but I can see, though I may not say, that frightful consequences will result from our present relaxed discipline, and deep dissipation.”

“There will, indeed, as you say, result frightful consequences,” said sir Maxwell Greacen, for so was the officer named. “You might with propriety have asked why I am seen in a place, the practices of which I so strongly condemn. I will answer as though the question were really asked. I come for the purpose of disentangling from the toils, the birds whose feathers are unplucked, in which genus I class the young eagle, whose eyry is the Kaatskill. I find it sometimes a hard and un-

grateful task. Let us go into a private room, and play at backgammon for a mug of cider. You laugh, my young captain, but I assure you I have become more than half a Yankee. I am, you must know, extremely fond of cider, preferring it to Champaign or Tokay, and yesterday, farther to strengthen the predilection I before felt for your eastern brethren, I saw a lovely young woman from Boston, whereupon I became a full-blooded Yankee, even to the adoption into my discourse of their provincialisms."

As Sir Maxwell closed his encomiastic speech, a sudden shade of regret or sorrow crossed his countenance, and he sighed deeply. Had our hero been acquainted with the early history of the baronet, he would have interpreted that sigh into the language of constancy and affection to an object long and sincerely deplored. Without any comment, he followed Sir Maxwell to Dusenbury's private room, where he found several genteel looking citizens playing at small games, (as games of little hazard are called.) Several young and lively lads, and two very pretty misses, were making a most unconscionable noise at "speculation." And two grave personages were playing chess, while a third, in the uniform of the foot, was giving the history of the game, and citing a host of disused or obsolete

authors to prove its antiquity. As our hero and the baronet sat down to their proposed amusement, the learned historian of the "royal game" came to them, and was introduced as Major Dunstable. The Major paid many compliments to Greaves on his behaviour at Flatbush.

"I think you will see hot service in a day or two, captain Greaves," said he—"Washington will cut out work enough for us, depend upon it. I'll tell you what, Greacen, I have been a soldier twenty-five years, and I have never seen abler dispositions, or better conceived movements than those of the rebel General. Depend upon it he is able as brave. If he should be well supported, and our army continue its dissipation, and our Generals their inattention, I should tremble for his majesty's trans-atlantic possessions."

"I have always said that we underrate his talents for war, but Arlestone will not see it," said Sir Maxwell. "If the report be true that Washington intends moving up a division, and trying their mettle, you shall see that the force ordered out to meet the rebels will be about two companies of dragoons, headed by a captain of infantry. Possibly a hundred Mechlenburghers will be sent after, to act as a corps de reserve, and the commander will be ordered to build a block-house, eighty yards in front

of the American lines. The rascally victory at Flatbush has ruined our prospects. Because we gained a cheap and easy victory in that business, we are disposed to give neither talent to the rebel generals, nor valour to their troops. If the ministry send Burgoyne the route they proposed, and he is as wise as we are at present, his army will be made prisoners before they reach Crown Point."

"And there is news, too, I hear, of a great stirring in the Carolinas," said the Major. "The Hugers, the Horrys, the Rutledges, and other great families of those provinces, are all up and doing. I'll go, and hear what truth there is in these reports."

So saying, he left them on his tour of inquiry, and they were permitted to pursue their game without interruption.

Sir Maxwell played the game scientifically, if the expression can be used of a game completely under the dominion of chance; but several fortunate throws of his adversary prevented all escape from a gammon.

"That confounded march of yours to my cinque point ruined me," said he. "Here, waiter, let me have a mug of cider, first thrusting the heated poker into it."

While the waiter was obeying these orders, the baronet amused his young friend with remarks on the character of his brother officers.



“I sought your acquaintance, my young soldier,” said he, “for the special purpose of warning you against Arleston, and his echo, Charles Carruthers. They are without a single virtue, save courage. Social intercourse is to be cultivated, but not with men who are capable, for a temporary gratification, of striking a barbed arrow to the heart of their dearest friend. Dine with me the day after tomorrow. It shall go hard, but I will have a sirloin and a chop, with a pudding, and a bottle of Lynch’s choice Gordon and Duff. We will have Maccallummore, Seaforth, Percy, and other brave hearts, and perhaps a maiden or two may be wooed to grace the occasion with wit, smiles, and music. So you must spruce up, and be prompt to the hour.”

Farther conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Arleston from the faro-room, who said as he entered—

“I should have called on you just now, Captain Greaves, to aid in making peace, but I thought you had gone home.”

“What was the matter?” asked several at the same moment.

“Carruthers thought his money had been unfairly won, and taxed the archbishop with knavery. Dick Gurdon, who is not the man to baulk a friend in his humour for a quarrel, *lugged* out promptly, and was as promptly met

by Carruthers—hark, they are at it again, by G—d.”

The party rushed to the faro-room, and upon opening the door, were speedily informed by the best of their senses, that the doughty pair were indeed at a set-to. Clear room had been made for the combatants, and the company were looking on with as much complacency as a Roman audience, in the days of Commodus, would have done on a pair of Dacian gladiators.

“Why do you not part them, sir?” asked Sir Maxwell of the General.

“Let them fight it out,” replied he.

“And let our vile brawls furnish the rebels with new subjects for raillery, and new arguments for resistance? Why, sir, we shall have this night’s scene served up in a pasquinade from the pen of Jack Trumbull, or Freneau, in less than a week. My grim portrait will become the wrapper to a Yankee *lasses cake*, and yours serve the butter merchants in the Lane. If you will not interfere I will.”

With this assurance he elbowed a passage for himself through the crowd, over whose heads he had been viewing the strife, beat down the guard of Dick Gordon, (nicknamed the Archbishop,) and disarmed Carruthers.

“For shame, gentlemen,” said he. “Is

this the way that gentlemen wearing the king's uniform, and eating his meat, are to farther his cause, and quell a rebellion that has spread over a million square miles of territory? If this dissipation continue, we shall conquer the colonies when the Devil renews his combat with Saint Michael, and not before. I pray to God that Washington may beat up our quarters, before to-morrow morning, with fifty full regiments. Nothing else can save us. Capt. Greaves this is no place for you—come with me."

Our hero seldom needed a second request to do a correct action, and he joyfully followed his new friend from the gambling-house, determined not to re-enter it again. The Baronet, who estimated rightly the ill-effect which these quarrels and mad revels would have on both whigs and tories, now gave vent to his displeasure in a lamentation of some length, and declared his determination to throw up his command in a couple of months, unless the present commander-in-chief should be replaced by some general of greater merit and discretion.

"Even with Prince Ferdinand to command us, we should have our hands full," said he; "Washington, sir, is a most consummate general. His resources, (and they are principally in his own mind,) seem to multiply with emergencies. He is one of those men whom

you may beat to-day, and to-morrow they take the position, and assume the bearing of victors. If your force be superior to his, he retreats under your eye, and you may as well attempt to harm an eagle in the mid-heavens as to harm a hair of his head. He has made several masterly movements already; and I assure you he is very well supported. I mention to you in confidence my belief that we shall never subdue the colonies but by kindness and lenity. Good night, sir. Remember, be punctual to three o'clock, P. M.—I never wait dinner."

And shaking heartily Gilbert's hand, he departed, leaving his companion to find out, by the aid of a good-humoured lad, who came up and proffered his services, the street wherein stood the mansion of the good Mrs. Baker. He found the good matronly lady, late as it was, sipping a dish of hyson, of which, at the pressing instance of Clarissa, he partook.

Mrs. Baker was born and bred in the country, and hence entertained a predilection for all who had commenced life under similar auspices. She was for ever expatiating on the beauties of the country; and Clara, who was precisely at the age when romance takes almost entire possession of a woman's mind, recollected that when she left Daleside, there were

birds singing in every tree, and flowers blooming on every hedge. So she was prepared to give overwhelming reasons for her preference of a country life ; but before she had fairly gone through with them, the tea-drinking party were roused by a loud and reiterated cry of ‘ fire ! ’ issuing from a street not far distant.

“ Oh, dreadful ! ” exclaimed Mrs. Baker. “ A fire, and a gang of dissolute soldiers ! — what shall we do ? ”

“ I am scared,” cried Clara, in the true spirit of seventeen.

“ I will get my sword, madam,” said Greaves, “ and go down to assist in quelling tumults, if there should be any. You need not apprehend danger—the wind will carry the fire to a more distant quarter.”

With a hasty step he walked down Cedar-street, towards the flames, which were now seen issuing through the rafters of a tall house in James'-street. When he arrived at the place where the devastating element was spreading into a dozen different channels, he found a large crowd collected, and using endeavours to arrest its farther progress, which our readers know were completely unsuccessful, or if of effect at all, were not so until more than a quarter part of the city had fallen a prey to the devouring flame ; and there

appeared to be little concert in action among the advisers of methods to stay its progress, until a tall, raw-boned, stooping man, with a hoarse voice, looking over the shoulders of the knot of counsellors, demanded what they were talking about.

"About methods to stay the fire, Sam," answered the chief spokesman of the group. "Ricketson says pull down the buildings; but no, says Lem. Lamb—says he,"—

"And you'll stand there, talking and talking, but doing nothing till the fire gets master," answered Sam. Bryce, with some asperity. "If 'twasn't for these red-coated bug bears, I'd engage to stop it with the 'Hand-in-hand' and a few good buckets."

"Do try, Sam, for God's sake. Let's let Bryce take the lead," cried a hundred voices.

"If you will, sir," said Gilbert, "you shall receive assistance rather than interruption from the troops."

Sam Bryce cast a scornful look at the youthful officer, and with the utmost contempt, said,

"You give assistance. Ha, ha. You'd singe your curls, soil your linen, and mebbe burn those gilded trifles upon your shoulders, man of war."

"Nevertheless to the endangering of all these trinkets, I'll go as far as Sam Bryce, as he is called, dare go. Try me, sir."

"I will. See, on the balustrade of yonder house stands two persons, and by their screams they should be women. We'll save 'em, or we'll die with 'em. Now boys, tear that house down, and that, and that. We'll be with you, this redcoat and I in a twinkling."

"Shall I follow you, daddy?" asked a lad who had stolen up to them unperceived.

"No, Dolph," answered the father, "stay and help demolish this ere building." They had not gone ten paces when the lad screamed after them with great vehemence, but the noise around prevented them from hearing upon what subject he was so loud and communicative. When they reached the front entrance of the house, to whose inmates they were hastening succour, and had opened the front or hall door, a burst of flame rushed upon them from the back part of the building, which was on fire, and which seemed to bar all access to the upper part of the building by that most ordinary path, the stair-case. Bryce hesitated, and as he hastily shut the door, exclaimed "that the poor souls were lost."

"No, sir, let me open the door slowly," said his companion. When this was done, they found that the current of air was less forcible than at first, and stepping in and closing the door after them, they were enabled to see by a fitful flash of flame, an unimpeded

passage to the stair-case. Gilbert Greaves sprung on the stairs, and without waiting for Bryce, made the best of his way toward that part of the building where they had seen the females, and whence loud screams were now heard to issue. When they had reached the top of the stairs, the fire was discovered burning, with uncommon moderation, the posts and timbers that served to support the passage to the chamber which the sufferers were supposed to inhabit.

"Ladies," cried Bryce, with the loudest pitch of his voice, "hasten to the front passage."

The door was bursted open at the moment, and a terrified and frantic female appeared on the edge of the burning beams. By the directions of Bryce she was brought to cross a beam more than half consumed by the flame.

"You are safe, thank God," exclaimed Bryce, "where is the woman who was with you?"

"She lies in a fit, sir, in the farthest room."

"Then she is lost," said the director of the 'Hand-in-hand.'

"Not so, sir," said Gilbert, "or if lost, she will not be lost without an effort to save her. Take this sword; it encumbers and incommodes me."



“Where are you going, mad boy?” said Bryce. “The beam is burnt to a cinder.”

And he shouted after Greaves, who had darted on the burning timber, and was now out of hearing, that the “rescuing of the fainting female was impracticable, and he a fool-hardy fellow to attempt it.”

When Gilbert Greaves reached the apartment in which the rescued lady had left her fitty companion, he found the object of his search lying, as has been before said, in a death-like swoon, and totally insensible to the dangers which surrounded her. A candle was burning in the chamber, and by its light he quickly made the observation that she was a very youthful, but very lovely girl, rather coarsely dressed, and apparently of low rank. But these were considerations which, in nowise, rendered him tardy in offering her his aid and support. Bearing his insensible burden in his arms, he retraced his steps through the intricate suit of chambers to the place where he had left Sam Bryce. The beams over which he had crossed had fallen, and Bryce, with laudable caution, had departed with the mistress of the mansion, who had been saved, as we have said. Greaves cast a sad look at the prostration of the only hope he had of escaping. He walked towards the front window, and looking out, beheld, to his

great joy, a company attended by flam-beaux, and bearing ladders, walking with all the haste his situation required towards the burning building. Bryce was at their head. Greaves raised the window, and beckoned them forward, for the chamber whence he had borne his charge was now in flames, and the great heat of the building made his situation scarcely endurable. But the haste of Sam Bryce was proverbial. In a moment of time, our hero had the satisfaction of handing the fainting girl into the arms of this strong-limbed assistant, and of seeing her safely placed on the ground, when a moment found the agile youth unharmed by her side.

“You are a brave feller,” said Bryce. I did not think there was so brave a red-coat in the king’s army. Who’s this child, I wonder? She musn’t be Madam Dillon’s daughter, nor her kin neither, for she would not have showed such little concern for her, in either case.”

As he made this sensible observation, a flash from the burning house fell on the face of the young maiden, to whose discoloured cheek the vital current was now flowing. It was impossible, instantly, to discern the exact nature of the emotion which he discovered at the view of her features. He fell on his knees by her side, and taking her hand in his, whispered low, “Mary.” The answer returned by the

half-recovered girl, instantly informed the crowd of the kind of feeling which bound him to her, a more laudable kind than that which they had at first assigned.

“Is it you, father?” said she.

“Yes, my child,” answered he.

“Where am I, father?”

“Safe, my child. Ah, here’s the brave young officer that bore you through the flames when I abandoned you. I cannot speak my thanks, sir, at least not in the language that polished ears would expect; but I will endeavour not to forget the debt. Can you walk, my child?”

“Yes, father.”

“Well, walk slow.”

“I heard you called Samuel Bryce?” said Gilbert, in his ear. “Are you the Sam Bryce that used to keep a shop in Queen-street?”

“Ay, the same—but why ask?”

“I have a letter and a message for you.”

“From whom?”

“Jacob Coulter, the whig farmer of Tibb’s Hill. He bade me ask you why you kept Roger and Bob at home, shame on you, when the country called for them.”

“Roger and Bob are with Washington. Where’s the letter?”

“At my lodgings. Will you call and take it?”

“No, I’ve too much respect for your safety. It would endanger you. I am a whig, a notorious one. If you are seen in my company you are lost. Hush, there goes a red-coat. I reckon he’s been listening. You smile, sir, as much as to say can this unlettered and ill-dressed man have power to work my ruin? I’ve more power with the common people, sir, than nineteen nicely powdered and shaved lawyers, who have their thoughts in rhyme, and you’ll see it. Throw the letter into the door (which shall be left ajar) of shop No. 32 Gold-street, any time to-morrow. What is your name?”

“Gilbert Greaves.”

“I have heard of you; you are said to be a brave young man. Good night.”

The good night was politely returned; and Sam Bryce relapsing into one of his usual thoughtful fits, and drawing his daughter’s arm through his, turned down a street which hid his farther progress from view of our hero, who, without farther adventure, speedily found himself in his lodgings of the George. The fire was still burning, although its fury was confined principally to the eastern part of the city.

## CHAPTER XI.

*Dr. Adolphus.*—Will he meet him, think you?

*Tibalt.*—He hath no choice, for Count Lladislaus goes  
In quality of friend. Though Weimar prove  
A craven in the field, the Count will not.  
Go, get thy bandages, there will be blood.

*Prince Maximilian.*

At an early hour the succeeding morning, and before Gilbert Greaves had fairly discussed his share of the contents of the breakfast-table, he received a visit from captain Carruthers. After a few hasty curses on his ill fortune, and railing in good set terms at the fickleness of the goddess who had cajoled him with a run of most extraordinary luck, and then left him a great and almost frantic loser, he began by indirect allusions to the dagger-scene of the preceding night, to explain the business which had induced the present early and importunate call. But hints and innuendoes were speedily exchanged for the less tiresome method of direct proposition.

“Gordon,” said he, after a prefatory hem or two, “has thought fit to call me

out for some charge I made, last night, which taxed his affronted honour with unfairness in shuffling the cards, or with some less equivocal malfeasance. We meet upon Brooklyn Heights, to-day at nine. I want a second. There are many who will attend me as such, but wishing to have the thing kept secret, and having little reliance upon their oaths of secrecy, I am anxious to have for my friend one who is said to be more than usually niggardly in his communications upon confidential subjects. Seaforth belongs to the suffering kirk, and I'll not ask him, and take his lecture upon the turpitude of duelling. Bob Campbell will blab—Macdonald never, but when in drink, which is once a-day, and lasts from sun-rise to bed-time. Now, captain Greaves, I am confident that you are free from these failings, and will make a safe depository of the secret. Will you act?"

Greaves, in reply, urged his father's dislike to the practice of duelling; and said that even as *particeps criminis*, he should experience the deep resentment of his parent.

"Where's Frazer?" said he. "A lucky thought; take old Breyman, who has been concerned in as many duels as Julius Cæsar fought battles, or Donop, who's ditto in all things. These Germans, even while taking their collegiate course, make a merry matter

of cut and thrust. I have known the students at Halle turn out en masse, and pair off seven times in a week."

"Do you deny me, sir?" asked Carruthers.

"Not exactly deny you," replied Gilbert; "but I should not have regretted if you had reserved the honour for another than me."

Gilbert then proceeded to state other objections, which were as warmly combatted by Carruthers. It was evident that he must displease him, or incur the rebuke of his father and his own conscience. One idea presented itself, which induced Gilbert, without more ado, to give in to the proposed arrangement. It was this, that he might be the means of preventing bloodshed, and of effecting a reconciliation. He consented, therefore, and received the warm thanks of the royal captain for his promise to be at the foot of Whitehall-street at eight precisely, where a boat was to be in waiting to take them to the island.

At eight, the captains, principal and second, attended by the surgeon of the Royal George, embarked for the field of blood. They found Colonel Richard Gordon on the ground, with Wiston (he who held the faro-bank the preceding evening) as his second, and Doctor Adam Bell, to act if need should be in his surgical capacity.

After the usual recognitions and greetings had taken place, and a full display of the politeness and civility which is customarily shown by men met to take each other's life, the distance was measured off, and other preliminaries adjusted ; and the parties were on the point of walking their respective five paces, when Greaves said, with some anxiety visible in his countenance—

“ Cannot this quarrel be terminated without bloodshed ? it originated in a trifling dispute ; no doubt both parties were in blame ; let it be settled on the field amicably, and return friends, in preference to shedding each other's blood.”

“ That is finely sententious,” said Gordon, scornfully ; if thou art afraid, Capt. Greaves, of the West Bank, turn thine eyes, man of the hills, view not the smoke of deadly weapons”—adding, in a voice affecting to whisper, but heard by all the company, “ A coward, blast me ! his cheeks look pale.”

Greaves restrained his indignation under this strange and unprovoked attack, and said, without any additional strength of voice,

“ Captain Carruthers, are you as much opposed to reconciliation ?”

Captain Charles Carruthers answered that he had no wish about it. “ But since we came



hand, if he came to it by flattering the vices of a superior."

"Perhaps so," said Gordon; "you are come, I rather think, from the wrong side of the Greys. But are you not what is commonly called a tory?"

"I do not know the precise import of the word," said Gilbert. "If it mean a man attached to the mother country, and willing to shed his blood to effect the resumption of her sway, I am a tory."

"We are not in the habit of making nice distinctions, and measuring shades of difference in the colonial character," answered the insolent Briton. "The rebels are rebels, it is true, and therefore should be hung, drawn, and quartered. But damn me and all my progenitors, if they are not as brave and as tough as any that ever set up the standard of revolt, and burned gunpowder to support it. But the tories are neither fish nor flesh, as General Conway says, but we suffer them. We love the treason, but despise the traitors."

A thunderbolt levelled at his head, would scarcely have exceeded in effect this last confession of the gallant colonel. Greaves hid his face with both hands, but it was a momentary pang.

"You are a villain! a mean, contemptible villain!" said Gilbert. "Hesitate three mi-

minutes longer to accept one of these pistols, I shall add coward to the other comfortable epithets, and kick you in the bargain."

"He is your superior officer," whispered Caruthers.

But Gilbert Greaves was in the frame of mind which effectually silenced the voice of prudence. When, therefore, Gordon said "you shall have your wish," the agreement was speedily ratified by the other party with "name your distance."

"Ten—let me think. He belongs to the hills, a marksman, I'll bet. Fifteen paces.

"'Hugh, hugh, who's afraid.' You wish to be out of sight of deadly weapons, to return to your taunt. Why, sir, you have certainly communed with Spectacles, the lawyer, who, on a similar occasion, nominated eight hundred paces as the distance, and proposed to bring the Round-top between him and his antagonist. Spectacles was a Chevalier Bayard in comparison with you."

"D—m you, sir, name the distance yourself."

"I will, and one that shall be liable neither to the imputation of cowardice, nor overheated resolution; ten yards."

The parties took their stand. The gentlemen did not attempt to interfere or to reconcile them. Our hero was known to possess

much courage, and in fact, without an apology, could not consistently wave an appeal to the method which military men more than others are compelled to resort to for the reparation of wounded honour. Here we expect to be heartily flogged by the critic, and moralist, and your phlegmatic 'Northernmen,' and as warmly supported by our friends in the Carolinas, Georgias, Louisiana, and so of the rest of our southern brethren.

The first fire in the arrangement made by Bell and Cartwright for their principals, fell to Gordon, whose ball grazed the heel of his opponent. If the shot had been intended for Achilles, who, if Homer speaks the truth, was invulnerable save in the heel, it would have been loudly applauded, but in the present instance it seemed the consequence of a very wild aim. The hand of Greaves, it may be conjectured, was more steady. His ball took effect, entering the right breast of Gordon, who instantly fell into the arms of his second. "Fly, Greaves, don't enter the city!" was the general voice.

But Gilbert, who was not of a make to fly from danger in any shape, formed a quick determination to re-enter the capital. In pursuance of this resolution, he re-crossed to the city with Carruthers, leaving Doctors Bell and Cartwright to assist the colonel, whose wound

they had immediately ascertained was not so serious as to threaten the vital principle with material inconvenience. When arrived at the head-quarters of authority and power, in defiance and disregard of the entreaties of Captain Carruthers, Wild Gil. communicated to the general the particulars of the day's occurrences, suppressing his own share therein, which in due season travelled from other lips. That distinguished personage warmly applauded the spirit of the relator, and said many fine things of his father and remoter ancestors, the kind of praise which soonest melts the heart of a Welshman. But the day had gone by when every base metal that bore the royal stamp passed as current coin with our hero. A single sentence was now as indelibly fixed on his mind, as on the madman's mind the mischance which has been the cause of his madness. *We love the treason, but despise the traitor.*

Sir Maxwell Greacen, although he disliked Greaves' accompanying Carruthers to the "sham fight," as the bloodless duel was called, was so well pleased with the spirit which had made it a real combat, that from thenceforth he became his special friend and champion. And the system of favoritism became for the day universal. It is well known how scrupulously the German officers preserve the

point of honour. Hence Gilbert became a very knight in gold spurs with Knyphausen, Breyman, Count Donop, and other officers of the auxiliaries. He was in their messes and councils, at their dinners and revels, occasionally girt with the sword which the count boasted of winning in personal encounter from a no less personage than the hero of Rosbach, and now drawn aside in close conference with the colonel to hear serious proposals in behalf of a gay margravine, who was sole heir to the huge castle of Ebrelanderglatz on the banks of the Rhine, and a domain of craggy mountain, worth about a butt of sour Rhenish per annum. But she was "von pret maid," the colonel assured him, "and the handsomest dancer in Munich."

Through the favour of Sir Maxwell he was introduced to a select company of young officers, who had preserved their moral character unsullied by participation in the vices of many of their brothers in arms. It is unnecessary to go into particulars, for our readers, at least that portion of them who have made our revolutionary history their study, know that some of the best blood in the United Kingdoms embarked in the struggle, especially that vein of the body politic which boasts of having assassinated not a few of God's refractory "vicegerents," to wit, Scotland.—

The aspiring nobles of that ancient kingdom, though for ever warring against their rightful sovereigns, on the pretence of defect of blood, or for the most trifling encroachment on their baronial rights, were unanimous in their support of a tyranny which, exerted against themselves, would have set the 'Land of cakes' in a blaze. Still they were of high birth, and as the phrase goes, of distinguished worth, and became ornaments of a circle into which were gathered all the virtue which remained in the city.

Among the young men who composed this circle, there was one whose virtues, and talents, joined to a sweetness of disposition, and extraordinary tenderness to the soldiers under his command, had won great and merited approbation. Frederick Keith was the son of Major Keith, a wealthy tory, who had joined the British in the commencement of the difficulties between the two countries, and of whom more will be said, by way of private history, hereafter. Major Keith was now in London, on business connected with the cause he had espoused. Some said that his post at St. James' was that of confidential adviser on colonial affairs to the Court, an office for which his thorough knowledge of the colonies, their interests, jealousies, &c. well fitted him. But he had spoken in his latest

letter of his speedy return to America, because of the grief he endured at his separation from his children; one of whom was Frederick, and the other a daughter, a beautiful and accomplished girl of eighteen, and the reigning belle of the city. Frederick Keith, who knew the licentiousness of the camp, had avoided introducing any of his brother officers to his father's house, out of prudent concern for his sister's peace. An officer of high rank and standing, had indeed seen Miss Keith once, and his conduct had been such as to excite a thousand fearful apprehensions in the mind of her affectionate brother. When he saw her beauty and charms, he could not but remember that more than once, ladies as virtuous, as well-born, and as well protected, had fallen victims to the base designs of these universal lovers of the sex. He had determined to remove her to Boston, when he was ordered on a special mission to Philadelphia. To give her the full protection of a man of honour, he left her in charge of Sir Maxwell Greacen, with whom, while he remained in the city, she was safe. So high stood the reputation of the baronet for courage, and withall he was so much beloved, that any attempt to wound him through his fair charge, would have been promptly punished, though emanating from the fountain of power. But we must quit

this meagre episode for other topics, to which the subject must, for the present, give place.

In the preceding chapter we mentioned that Gilbert stood bound by his word to place the letter of Jacob Coulter to Sam Bryce, on the counter of the latter. When, therefore, he had recovered from the fatigue of his morning excursion to the duelling ground, he left his lodgings with the letter in his pocket ; and with fewer misdirections than strangers commonly receive in such perambulations, he at last found the object of his search. In a deep brick building, of one story, having a shop in front, or rather the front room used as a shop, with a large bow window, whereat were displayed sundry specimens of the merchandise in which he dealt, lived, as a ragged boy, playing pastry-cook in a dirt-puddle near by, informed him, Mr. Samuel Bryce ; by information given on the sign-board, grocer, whereto was added, “ Fish sold here, such as mackerel and cod.—Also, cash given for old junk and porter bottles.” The intelligence given on the sign-board was not well calculated to verify Mr. Bryce’s boast of his great personal influence. Nevertheless, thought Gilbert, as he gave a hearty rap on the door, the while retracing his early historical lessons, Massaniello was a fisherman, though we have no account of his dealing in old junk and porter bot-



tles, and Zohak was a blacksmith. Great things have been done by obscure men before now.

While Gilbert waited to learn the success of his application to the knocker, he saw a file of soldiers pass up the street, after pausing the matter of a minute near the door whereat he stood. He followed them with his eye for the distance of twenty rods, when the sounds of footsteps advancing down the interior of the house called off his attention. The door was opened cautiously, and softly, by Sam. Bryce himself, who said—

“Come in, sir. The door was not left ajar, as I promised, because I wanted to talk with you. Come in.”

Greaves followed him in silence to a small back-room, which adjoined the shop in the usual manner where both shop and sitting-room are on the same floor. Bryce handed him a chair, and said—

“Be seated, sir. You are in a hurry, I suppose, and I must be brief. Where is the letter from Coulter?”

It was handed him.

While he was breaking the seal of the letter, Gilbert saw his hand tremble, a mark of agitation he had not supposed him capable of betraying. Bryce observed the look of

surprise with which his tremour was regarded, and said, with an unaltered tone—

“ I see you are wondering what is the cause of my trembling. My daughter, she you saved last night, died in fits about an hour ago, and it grieves me some.”

“ ‘Grieves me some!’ My God, what an expression !” said Gilbert, aloud.

“ It is the expression, Mr. Greaves, of a father who dearly loved his child, but who is not certain that she is not greatly bettered by the translation of her immortal part from this world to, I hope, a better. Mary was a good-girl, and a dutiful and affectionate child, and looked well to the shop and the babies. I had rather she should die than become the mother of slaves—the wife of one who is base enough to accept life from the hands of Old England-men. On the whole, I am glad. But what says Jacob? Why he has folded up his letter as Ma—hush—young women do their love-letters—corners tucked up and turned down nicely. “ *Tibb’s Hill, June —, ’76—Dear Tom Witt,* (no matter for the title—the king calls us his dear subjects, when he’s cutting our throats.) *I write you by young Mr. Greaves, who goes to see his friends. It’s a pity, but it can’t be helped.* (True, but it is difficult to reason away prejudice.) *Crops look prosperous.* (Glad to hear it ;) *all but buckwheat, which grows thinner*

*every day. (God grant there may be none in the land in a year.) I hear it thrives with you, and that the Dutch cucumbers on Staten Island turn out a large crop. The more to be pickled. (Ah, old friend Coulter, you're pleasant.) Write me, Tom, all about the crops immediately, and what grounds are to be ploughed, and, what laid down in grasses—so no more from yours, Matthew Mustard.—P. S. The young man that carries the letter you will assist if you can, for he is a good, though misled boy. The factory-man wants you should write him whether there is onion-seed to be had. M. M.—You think this a strange letter, sir, and a worthless, but you are mistaken. 'Tis 'nigmatical. Not a word but has meaning, and refers to the state of the country at this time. You see I trust you. But I must go and try to still those women. They are not possessed of much resolution, poor souls."*

The sound of loud wailing was distinctly heard to proceed from the apartment to which Mr. Samuel Bryce bent his footsteps. When sufficient time had elapsed for him to reach the chamber of mourning, a loud and convulsive cry burst forth as from a number of persons assembled within it. It became gradually fainter, and in a few minutes was altogether inaudible. Mr. Bryce now returned, and though he had just witnessed the heart-rending

scene of a beloved daughter laid on her bier, and his agonized family weeping over her, he wore no visible symptom of sorrow or perturbation, unless the pressing, at times, his temples with his thumb and finger, and a frequent occupation of odd positions, were to be considered such. Drawing his chair up to his visiter, in the manner of one who wishes to make confidential communications, but in a tone of voice which banished the supposition, he commenced his application to the ear of Gilbert Greaves for a change of his political sentiments. But Sam. Bryce did not descant on the common and threadbare topics of colonial rights; charters abrogated, repealed, or annulled, &c., &c., but touched a less ordinary key.

“You are a young man,” said the veteran fish dealer of Gold-street, “and may be haven’t weighed matters well. If America is conquered, what will be your reward do you think?”

This was a home question, which but a few weeks past would probably have been promptly answered, but now was heard without reply.

“Your father will become a duke and you a marquis, perhaps? No such thing, sir. When they have used you, they’ll do with you as men do with a sucked orange—throw you by in disgust. They love the treason, but they despise

the traitors. (Greaves arose, much agitated, and walked to the window.) Before the whigs have been chained a month the tories will be publicly whipped; ay, Delanceys, Skinners, and all. Believe me, the conquerors will use twice the lenity towards the brave defenders of our country that they will towards her traitorous sons. We who fight for our birthright may be ruined in our property, and be compelled to fly beyond the hills of the west, but we shall be recorded by the pens of the very victors as heroes, while you—but you are moved.”

“I have opened my mouth, and I cannot go back,” with difficulty ejaculated Gilbert.—Bryce took no notice of the scriptural apology, but proceeded.

“No, as I said before, instead of being put into vacant possessions, you will be driven from those you occupy of right. Is not this true?”

Bryce had risen from his chair during this discourse, and stood, tall and erect, his hand moving with a natural and commanding motion, and his eye lighted up with much fire. Gilbert forgot that he had thought him homely and awkward, nor saw that he was slovenly in dress and appearance. Eloquence, native,—untaught,—unstudied eloquence; the arguments of an illiterate man, who felt as he

talked, had done more to effect a change of opinion in the mind of Gilbert, than all the multitudinous declamation and reasoning which had hitherto been poured into his ears.

“What faith can you put in your allies?—they have never kept a promise. Masters of our country, will they keep those made to you? The Britons,” continued Bryce, who had resumed his chair, “bring to my mind what I read in a story book, of a soldier’s saying to his men, when he was going to fight his enemies—they called him Galgacus, I think.—‘Where they make a desert, they call it peace,’ said he. Before we be conquered three months, there will not be a roof standing to cover one.”

“Who shall deliver me from the jaws of this death?” demanded the partially awakened Gilbert.

“I,” said Sam. Bryce, “before twenty-four hours pass: quit the enemies of your country, and bind yourself in a league with her friends.”

“I will,” said Gilbert, springing to the floor, “and live and die, if God wills it, in the new communion.”

“Hush—what noise is that at the door? Go, Billy,” said Bryce to his son, who had just entered, “see what makes that noise.”

Billy Bryce hereupon left the room on the reconnoitering service, and speedily returned

"I am glad that sorrow has so stupified my wife," said Bryce, kindly; "this blow would else have overcome her. Now she will not know any thing about this affair till all is cleared up.—I am ready."

Upon this the soldiers filed off to the door, and Bryce followed. When he had reached the door which communicated with the street, his heart failed him, and a passion of tears came over him—the more violent for having been so long suppressed.

"I have one request to make, sir," said he to the Corporal, "and that is that I may be permitted to return and put a last kiss upon the cold lips of my dear child. Allow me this, and I will follow you even to the rack."

The Corporal bade two soldiers attend the prisoner while he performed this last act of affection to his lifeless daughter.

And here we leave Mr. Samuel Bryce in charge of a corporal's guard on his way to the quarters of Sir Huldart Oakes, while we accompany Gilbert Greaves to the dinner table of his friend, the Baronet, whereto we must remember he was bidden upon the evening of the day before yesterday. But we must breathe our Pegasus a moment while we mention the halo which the late transactions at Dusenbury's hazard-table shed on their actors.

As the Baronet predicted, the scenes we have attempted to describe in a preceding chapter were wrought into rhyme by some rebel pen, and speedily made their appearance. We are tempted to give one of these specimens of rebel wit, but it is out of our power to give a correct idea of the caricatures which tapestried the walls of every whig barber's shop in the city. It is said that Mr. James Oliver, now or late of Nassau-street, near to Maiden-lane, tonsor, had, till lately, two or three aqua tintas, which he assured his friends were done on the occasion. But Counsellor Sparrow assures me that amateurs in the Fine Arts decide that they are illustrations of John Bull's capers in Bedlam, done at Paris in the First Consul's time. Whatever they were, they were pilfered by some of Mr. Oliver's customers. One of the picces of poetry we offer to our readers.

## BULLETIN—EXTRA.

There was a jovial time last night  
At Dusenbury's faro ;  
To paint the circumstances right,  
I want the pen of Maro.  
I then could mould each incident,  
And work it up so pretty,  
An epic might be framed anent,  
Of what is now a ditty.



A veteran corps at Robert's met  
To spend an hour in pleasure ;  
And idly they at venture set  
Their royal master's treasure.  
Billiards, faro, brag, and whist,  
High glee—much whistle-whetting ;  
It may be sworn the army chest  
Was shoaler for the betting.

And thereupon the winner grew  
In trim to relish frolic ;  
While look'd the loser rather blue,  
And grinn'd like one with cholic.  
The latter feeling rather hot,  
Charg'd home with fraud the winner,  
Who laid his mall upon the spot  
Where people put their dinner.

And now the battle waxed warm,  
And unsheath'd swords grew plenty ;  
The Major's sides were kick'd by—storm,  
And so, some say, far'd twenty.  
But from inquiries duly made,  
Of General Clinton's lackey,  
We deem the weightiest blows were laid  
On Colonel G. and Jackey.

## CHAPTER XII.

He has left his father's castle,  
And he's over the wide sea,  
To the lowlands of Holland,  
To fight for Germany.

*Old Song.*

AT the table of Sir Maxwell Greacen, to which we are about to carry our readers, there were usually assembled a dozen or more British officers, selected by the baronet from the ancient English and Scotch families with whom he had been acquainted for the best part of forty years, and to these were usually added two or three Tories of standing. The high birth, high military reputation, and conspicuous merit of Sir Maxwell, made his company to be sought by all who considered honour and virtue essential to the formation of high military reputation. Hence to be at his dinners, by his special request, was an honour eagerly coveted, since it was a passport to the favour and confidence of the whole community, civil

as well as military. Whomever Sir Maxwell Greacen thought proper to patronise, might safely be received into the bosom of a family, however regardful of its dignity and its morals.

The baronet was in fact a kind of character seldom met with in the camp, to wit, a man gifted with a sincere love of virtue, and a spirit of religious devotion; scorning pleasure, at least the sentiment falsely called so, and enjoying greater happiness in the contemplation of honest poverty brought off safe from its perils, or unsuspecting beauty rescued from the libertine, than in the flatteries of courts, and the smiles of monarchs. Nor had he the foibles which are generally found to belong to men of the honoured profession. When others were relating their 'escapes in the imminent deadly breach,' with an eloquence scarcely inferior to the Moor's, nothing, by way of sounding his own trumpet, was heard to proceed from Sir Maxwell's lips, though his silence in nowise impaired the effect of Rumour's hundred tongues, which represented him to have seen more service than any officer of his years in Britain. He had been present in thirty pitched battles—had led five forlorn hopes, and three times had been the first to mount the walls of a besieged town, when the word was 'no quarter,' and

the garrison were brave and desperate. At the celebrated siege of Prague he was the first to advance to the walls, in defiance of an expected countermine. We hope our readers will not yawn over the volume, if we carry them with us, for a few pages, in a brief narrative of the events which took place during the most interesting part of the baronet's life.

When the great Frederic was about to become the victim of the powerful confederacy of Northern potentates, who drove him into the memorable Seven Years' war, and his destruction seemed the inevitable consequence of his resistance to the mighty coalition, we may remember that the chivalry of England, and her sister kingdom, embarked in his defence. Among other adventurers in the continental strife, was the subject of this episode, a cadet of the noble family of the Greacens of Fermanagh, and who stood first in the list of volunteers on the occasion. At the particular request of the young Scotchman, Frederic placed him, with a lieutenant's commission, under the immediate orders of his countryman, Keith. In the engagement which the Prussians had with the imperialists, on the memorable field of Reichenberg, the youthful volunteer displayed a valour seldom equalled, and never surpassed even in that army, which was little less than an assemblage

of heroes. Greacen shortly rose to high command. But when Prince Ferdinand was brought into straits, by circumstances which we cannot stop to mention, Greacen quitted the Prussian service, carrying with him the esteem and admiration of the whole army. His friend, the veteran Keith, had fallen, covered with glory, on the bloody field of Hochkirchen, and the hand of Colonel Greacen had assisted to close his eyes. Frederic regretted the transfer of the young soldier's services to the elector's camp, but was consoled by the reflection that he was to be translated to an army acting in concert with his own. There was another consolatory reflection which occurred to the monarch in time to aid in subduing his regrets. We all know that Frederic had a very high opinion of his own military talents. Several battles lost by his overweening confidence in himself, attest the reliance he placed on his own powers. Believing that the army which was to act against the French in Hanover was much more slenderly provided with military talent than his own, he grew at last to applaud the arrangement, specially naming the young man as an officer possessed of great talents, and of a prudence remarkable for his years.

When the disagreement took place between Prince Ferdinand and Lord George Sack-

ville, and the latter was disgraced with as much facility as the unfortunate Byng was found guilty, many of the officers threw up their commissions in displeasure, and retired from the service, among them Greacen, who re-entered the Prussian army. When Great Britain withdrew her subsidy from Prussia, besides giving other intimations of the approach of that policy which led to his farther sacrifice at the Peace of Paris, his Prussian majesty, justly incensed at the breach of faith, withdrew his favour from the British officers serving under him; but the grief which clouded the face of Colonel Greacen, induced him to admit the young soldier to an audience, where his eloquence wrought such an impression that the sentence was recalled, and the discharged veterans were again made happy by the smiles of the monarch. Greacen continued in active service until a peace was concluded between the king and his enemies, and for two years after that period, resided in a private character at Berlin and Potsdam, beloved and caressed by all ranks, among whom it was whispered there were few more pressing and importunate in their proffers of service, and tenders of 'command me when occasion offers,' than the baron Plotho, a nobleman high in the favour of Frederic, and the father of a very pretty

daughter, of some eighteen years' acquaintance with the troubles of human existence, who was observed to give many of the indications of the tender passion which honest Launce discovered in his master, Sir Proteus. These symptoms of an affliction to be removed only by the celebration of a divine ordinance, were suffered by the gallant Colonel to pass without the due attempt, on his part, to have them exchanged for more pleasing emotions. He met the young countess Plotho daily in the parties of Berlin and Potsdam, visited the baron's noble villa on the borders of the forest of Rindlescheimer, but he did not talk of love, a subject which, no doubt, would have been much more agreeable to the young lady than long dissertations upon the battles of Zama, and of Molwitz, the superiority of the close method of fighting, &c. His silence on this most agreeable topic can only be accounted for by supposing his affections pre-engaged. He was a good man, and a brave and chivalrous soldier, as we have repeatedly said, and it is hardly possible to find a bachelor thus situated, who will not melt in the atmosphere of such attractions as were possessed by the fair Prussian, like ice in a July sun.

The affections of the young Scotchman were engaged. In early life he had given

away his heart to a beautiful girl, of a family distantly related to his own, his equal in birth, and his equal, for they were both younger children, in fortune. We cannot stay the press of our more interesting main story to relate the progress of their attachment ; how many tender walks they took on the banks of the majestic Tay, when the skies above them breathed nothing but balm, and the earth beneath was a bed of flowers. Nor is our voice sufficiently steady and youthful to warble after her those dulcet Scottish airs, which of these rapturous evenings, came, (but 'tis a most hackneyed expression,) 'like the sweet south breathing on a bank of violets.' He left her for the

Lowlands of Holland,  
To fight for Germany.

Shortly after his entrance into the Prussian service, Lord Fermanagh was appointed minister to the court of Berlin, and took his family with him, a measure which no doubt met with the entire approbation of our lovers. They met in the few intervals of Greacen's duty, but these intervals were few and far between, for the activity of the confederated powers imposed on the Prussians such frequent changes of position, and hence so many marches and countermarches, that they had



little time for courtship. Nor was the court by any means stationary. The Russians, Swedes, and Imperialists, were each of them temporary masters of the Prussian capital, and the royal household were compelled to fly. We shall, perhaps, be thought minute and tedious, if we stop to relate a circumstance connected with the occupation of the Queen's country house at Schoenhausen, which led to the capture and consequent recapture of lady Adeline Fermanagh, and we pass over it.

After a couple of years passed in the various pleasures which Germany offers in the various courts of her monarchs and princes, our youthful friends were married at Berlin. They were grateful and happy. Their love for each other had been of long continuance, and equally so bade fair to be their future felicity. Neither of them coveted the pleasures of a court life, or the honours which are supposed to flow from the acquisition of court favour. They had sketched out a system of future life, which, as far as durability may be predicated of human systems, promised to realise almost the dreams of infancy. They were to retire to a small estate which lay in a romantic situation near the Frith of Forth. She had planned a garden on the slope of a hill which looked down upon that fine water, and a summer-house on the edge of a rivulet that meander-

ed through the vale of Dockandorrock. She had already in fancy seen the flowers bloom beneath her culture, and fancied other joys of a tenderer nature. But life is a fragile thing, and human happiness still more fragile. Three months after their marriage they departed for England, to which one of them was fated never to arrive. The packet in which they sailed was cast away on the Godwin Sands, on the Kentish coast, in the month of October, '65, and lady Adaline perished—died in her husband's arms, of fatigue and fright, when a pinnacle, launched from the shore into a sea become smooth and tranquil, was within a stone's throw of the wreck.

Upon this most unhappy disaster, the widowed husband retired to his father-in-law's estate, and there for two years, gave himself up to excessive grief. His friends, after a space of time, prevailed upon him to quit his retirement, and venture once more into the world. He did so: and time, which almost invariably softens or subdues regrets of this nature, wrought its usual effects upon him, and he again became cheerful. But he did not mourn the less because he seldom mentioned the name of her he had lost. Often in his social moments, for nature had given him an unusual stock of animal spirits, a sudden shade would cross his countenance, though a

moment's reflection would dissipate it, and his manner again become cheerful, and even playful. He again mixed in polite circles, but he made, nor coveted to make, no second engagement.

At length news of the resistance made by the colonists to the oppressive acts of the Imperial Parliament reached England, and there was a general call made on the military talent, of the empire for its services. It is well known, we before remarked, that the high Scottish families, who had been for centuries, the prime contrivers of plots and conspiracies, the Douglasses, the Argyles, and Sea-forths, came forth with wonderful alacrity on the occasion—thus reminding one of the temper with which a 'happy couple' invariably regard an officious makepeace in a matrimonial set-to. Sir Maxwell, with all his good sense and sound notions of justice, joined that party in the British councils who advocated the sword in preference to the olive branch. He was appointed to the chief command, but got the appointment recalled, and accepted a subordinate station, and sailed for New-York, where it is unnecessary to say he arrived safe, since we have shown him an actual resident in that city as far back as our hundred and ninety-second page. We are now about to show him presiding at his own table, and entertain-

ing a party of friends, whose invitation is dated at a previous day.

The company assembled in the Baronet's drawing-room, consisted of the officers whom we have so frequently mentioned, as by this time to have indelibly fixed on the minds of our readers, and a few of the leading tories of the period, such as Colden, Delancy, and the Greaves'.

There were many ladies present, both matrons and maidens, among whom was Miss James, the daughter of a potent tory advocate. The young lady had a competent share of wit and beauty, though the former was thought, at times, to inflict unreasonably severe punishments, and the latter to lose a considerable portion of its charm by the curl of a very pretty lip, which bespoke contempt of all plebeian objects. (We request such of our female readers as are pretty and witty, to take the few last lines into their serious consideration.) There was much beauty present besides, of all sorts, shades, and complexions; the brunette, and the pale—the sprightly, and the downcast; sundry large black eyes—abundance of ruby lips, &c. But the pride of the drawing-room—the diamond whose brilliancy attracted all eyes, was the fair daughter of the Contractor, Keith.

Captain Keith, the young lady's brother, had been ordered the day before to the South, on business, the speedy expedition of which, was deemed by the commander-in-chief of such importance, as to require of the agent, who was to transact it, a material abridgement of the hour usually allowed to leave-taking. By the arrangement between Sir Maxwell and the brother, the care of Miss Keith was undertaken by the former: and before the gentlemen were fairly seated at the table, and to their honour be it spoken, long before the wine begun to circulate, there was not a bachelor present who would not, to use Counsellor Sparrow's phrase, gladly have accepted an assignment of the power, if but to use the authority thus conveyed, for the purpose of whispering their admiration of her transcendent beauty and charms. It is not competent to the pen of an unlettered soldier, whose enthusiasm has been cooled by the frosts of seventy winters, to depict, in their proper colours, her glowing charms. We could give an idea of the effect they produced, if we were able to paint the air of mute astonishment with which the fair apparition was regarded by all that part of the gentlemen who had never before seen her.

Major Majoribanks, a gentleman descended a long way off from the ancient family of

Herefords, placed himself at her side, with an air which fully intimated his opinion of the honour he had done her in giving her the countenance of his admiration and exclusive attention. Other gentlemen crowded around her, to the utter disregard of many interesting females in the room ; but Wild Gil. who had not been introduced to Miss Keith, remained in conversation with Miss James, who seemed quite happy to engage his attention, and abated as much of her customary stateliness as served to signify both her knowledge of his family, and her acceptance of all his attentions present and anticipated. Yet the marked attentions of the witty and really pretty little aristocrat, could not prevent the eyes of our hero from wandering towards a more attracting object—whose eyes, he felt unusual joy to observe, were sometimes bent in the direction of the alcove where he sat. Sir Maxwell, whose time was necessarily taken up in the interchange of greetings, and in snatches of conversation with such of his guests as were bashful, reserved, labouring under special disabilities, or strangers to the rest of the company, at length came up to the group of fashionables whom Gilbert was entertaining with a little *badinage*, and said, with a laugh—

yet looked into Chesterfield or Lilly. But a strong wish to please frequently leads us to the perusal of books which are commentaries on the art. From to-day I shall devour the standard systems."

"That is quite in the Bond-street style," said the young lady. "What is the Greek word, Sir Maxwell, which signifies—oh—*Eureka*, 'I have found it.' Because I wish to apply it to your friend Captain Greaves, who is no more a lad of the hills, but a real West-end fashionable. Captain, my brother says that you still retain your affection for the simple objects which charm our youthful minds. The streamlet, the wild flower, the bird which sings its cheerful song, and the little girl that weeps in tender sorrow to hear it, because she thinks of the dangers which surround the little warbler. He says, this brother of mine, that the dissipation of the city, and of the army, has not impaired your taste for the beauties of the country."

"I am not ashamed to own, Miss Keith," replied Gilbert, "that I prefer the country to the city. But I shall seem to depreciate the charms of your description of country scenes, the little stream, little bird, and little girl, when I say that the sublime and tremendous of nature's works interest me more than the beautiful, present company excepted. I had rather

climb the rocky Kaatskill, and see the clouds breaking below me, than walk on the margin of a brook, though there be a carpet of flowers for me to repose upon. I hunt the eagle rather than the meadow-lark, and, ladies, I am of an age to prefer a great girl to a little girl by all the odds."

A hearty laugh succeeded, that is from the gentlemen. The ladies, of course, merely opened their lips far enough to display their coral. Before the company had time to rally him on his preference of eagle-worrying to lark-shooting, dinner was announced, and the party hastened to the dining room. Major Majoribanks led Miss Keith, though tradition, whose chronicler was the happy pair themselves, the one asserting boldly, and the other denying faintly, informs us that she cast a side glance at the youth, which threw him into a most agreeable perplexity of thought. The due regard to birth and seniority properly settled, placed our hero at a considerable distance from Miss Keith, and hence his wish for farther conversation could not be indulged. He found himself seated by Miss James. That young lady had come to the table with a determination to be distant, reserved, dignified, and so forth; but two or three remarks of her left hand neighbour, who with the occasion became Wild Gil. again, unhinged her stateliness, and



the vintners. On the present occasion the graver part of the males engaged in lengthened political disquisitions—(by-the-by Major Majoribanks had given over the retreat of the ten thousand)—and the young ladies, and such of the gentlemen as were in special attendance upon them, entered into the discussion of less difficult matters. Belles, beaux, fashions, marriages, love-quarrels, fruit, and custards, occupied the attention of the pretty triflers, and their attendants, until the ladies thought proper to retire to the drawing-room, and leave the gentlemen to the free discussion of a farther supply of Port and Madeira. Our hero was not many minutes in rear of the exiles, though his unauthorised retirement was denounced in rather warm terms by the whole council of the dining-room. The smiles of the fair bevy in the drawing-room, were, however, a full offset to the frowns of the gentlemen.

Gilbert had now, for the first time, the happiness to find a chair unoccupied near the fair Ellen. But he found the winning and playful manner which she had adopted on his recent introduction, was exchanged for an air rather constrained and repulsive than otherwise. The ladies had been rallying her for some animated expressions of hers, which declared a preference of the West Bank rustic to

all the gay officers from the fast-anchored isle. Her answers to the respectful observations of the young Captain were made, he thought, with averted eyes, and intimated disinclination to hold discourse with him. Hurt by this change in her manner, which could not be referred to any improper conduct of his, Greaves left his chair, and requesting Miss Jones to take a bench at the piano, had not the mortification to experience the refusal of that lady, although had one of the canaille, or a gentleman whom she disliked, solicited Miss Belle to the same effect, no words of ours can give an idea of the contempt in which the request would have been held. He led her to the instrument, and she sung with some taste, and played with considerable skill, an Italian air, the words of which, we find it convenient to say, are mislaid. Before she had finished, the gentlemen, attracted by the sound of music, entered from their cups.

"Isabel plays well," said Sir Maxwell to Greaves, "but you should hear my charge perform. Corinna never sung better. By-the-bye, what do you think of her?"

"Think she has divine features, but in conversation, my grandmother, in the interim of her hypochondriacs, infinitely excelled her."

“ You jest, Gilbert,” said the Baronet ; “ or perhaps she did not talk learnedly : or she flew off from Henri Quatre to pink ribbon and Paris gause. How was it ? ”

“ She would not talk at all, sir,” answered the soldier pettishly. “ I reckoned the moment that gave me a glimpse of a chair standing by her unoccupied, as the most fortunate one of my life—seated myself by her in ecstasy, and was doomed to hear simple monosyllables, ‘ sirs’ of misapprehension, and bear rather contemptuous treatment, I assure you.”

“ A most excellent symptom, Gilbert. Ellen Keith loves to display her power over the hearts of men. ’Tis her fault, and I believe the only fault she has. You shall see her forget her stateliness before we part. I am going to ask her to play.”

Without much persuasion he led her to the piano, and motioned Greaves to approach. He did so, and took his place by her chair.

“ I don’t know how the stanch loyalists will like the rebellious song I am about to sing,” said she. “ Captain Greaves,” she continued, looking up with one of her sweetest smiles, “ You will be displeased, I know. Frederic tells of the great sacrifices you have made of property for the royal cause, and thinks you would even interpose your breast

as a shield to your sovereign, as the high-minded Scottish woman did. You must stop your ears, for I am going to utter undoubted treason."

Had she known what a change had been wrought in the sentiments of Gilbert, within the last few hours, her exculpatory speech might have been materially altered, and her fears for the delicacy of the loyal nerve abated. While she uttered the compliment we have given her, Greaves said mentally,

"I don't feel *much* offended with her."

**SONG.**

**THE AMERICAN MAIDEN TO HER LOVER.**

Join thee to thy gallant band,  
To the battle go;  
I'll ne'er marry while our land  
Suffers from a foe.  
Wed thee, while a despot's hand  
Proffers chains? ah, no!

Quit awhile the dream of love,  
Seize the glittering brand,  
Let the vulture, 'stead of dove,  
Nestle in our land.  
When peace whispers in the grove,  
Thou shalt have my hand.

Thou did'st boast that thou wert born  
By the pilgrim's rock,  
Wilt thou move the tongue of scorn?  
Be the scoffer's mock?  
Thy death would make my bosom lorn,  
But that were greater shock.

Quit awhile the dream of love,  
Seize the glittering brand,  
Let the vulture, 'stead of dove,  
Nestle in our land.  
When peace whispers in the grove,  
Thou shalt have my hand.

She sung this song with a most enchanting voice, and her performance on the piano was admirable. Music often works indubitable wonders, but we believe its miracle of bending the knotted oak, is much less frequently enacted than that of breaking the stubborn heart. A young lady certainly never appears to better advantage than, when bending over the harp, she accompanies the music of the instrument with a melodious voice.

After an hour passed in music and conversation, it was proposed to walk out, and enjoy the beauty and serenity of the evening. The proposal met the ready acquiescence of the whole company. By a timely offer of his protection, Greaves had the good fortune to secure the fair Ellen for the stroll. Indeed if we reckon interested hearts as effectives, the lady had as numerous an escort as ever attended a knight of the shire, since, from the direction of their eyes, it was evident the gentlemen were thinking only of her.

The part of the city, which at the time of our story served as the grand promenade, or

place of fashionable resort, answering the purpose of our present Battery, and Hudson-square, was the 'Fields', then an uninclosed tract of land, and now that spacious area called the Park.

This part of our city hath also been much helped of the creative hand of industry, and hath received most important alterations. At the day of our story, the Fields, leaving the white Conduit House far to the north, and supposing Gallows Hill to have been their northern boundary, included a space of about thrice the dimensions of the present Park. Upon the west the fields extended to the college grounds—north, they looked out from said Gallows Hill upon the Collect pond. (The latter affording a prospect as enchanting then as now.) Fewer improvements have been made upon the eastern side of the Park grounds. Nevertheless, there have been improvements made even there. Here then was the place of fashionable resort—that is, upon the fashionable days of the week; at other times it was abandoned to the class called by the *beau monde* canaille, alias, useful folks. But the fields were so rough and uneven, that there was little pleasure to be gathered from the promenade, unless, to be sure, when lovers met, who only here could find opportunity to breathe their vows. Still as gratification is

not often consulted by fashionable people, in their amusements, the Fields were visited and praised till long afterwards.

Our gay group of 'diners out' passed up to the promenade by the usual route. But neither routes, nor subjects of shape, size, and distance, were regarded by our friend from the West Bank. He was so much charmed with the person, conversation, and manners, of Miss Keith, that he had not leisure to regard any circumstance which did not immediately concern her. And it might be that his imagination was deceiving him, but he thought that her step was not so hurried and unequal as to indicate a very strong wish to shorten the walk, and rid herself of a troublesome attendant. The rest of the company had passed on, and they were the only pair yet lingering in the Fields. Politeness, perhaps, did not permit the lady to notice the abandonment of their friends. Another half hour was consumed in a saunter by a path, then, for the first time in the memory of man, adjudged to be the shortest way from the Fields to that part of the city where Sir Maxwell dwelt. They at length arrived at the lodging of Sir Maxwell, where Gilbert prepared to take his departure. He did not do it, however, before he had whispered, "This day will prove either the most fortunate or the most

unfortunate day of my life." Tradition records no answer to this semi-declaration, and merely mentions, that as he was retiring, he had a vision of a fair face peeping at the window after him, which would be vulgar in other than a love-sick maiden.



## CHAPTER XIII.

Men bred i' th' cobbler's stall became the leaders—  
Base blood sprung to the ermine, and did wear  
The emblems of authority most bravely.  
And wealth and birth descended to the dust,  
Leaving large space for lowly worth to work in.

*Ins and Outs.*

OUR narrative now returns to Mr. Samuel Bryce, whom we left, it may be remembered, in the hands of a corps of his majesty's soldiers, on his way to the quarters of Sir Huldart Oaks. Matters that required great despatch, and criminals who were thought proper subjects of summary and severe justice, were always conducted to the quarters of that General, whose bowels of compassion being less than the ordinary size, did not stand in the way of politic executions, and well contrived acquittals.

The guard of soldiers who were on this duty, consisted of corpōral Moorhead, and twenty privates, certainly a sufficient guard for the occasion, when it is recollected that

more than three thousand men were then quartered on various parts of the city, and that very many of the male citizens, capable of bearing arms, were in the rebel army. It was supposed, besides, that the spirit of the people was so completely broken, that no danger of any thing like a popular commotion need be apprehended or guarded against. It is recorded of Frederic, the Second, that he once sent his walking-staff to act as his representative in a council of state, where opposition to his measures was expected. It was confidently believed that a similar emblem of authority would have preserved the peace of the city as entire as in the instance we have given of Frederic's power and management.

But this was not an era to which can be assigned common motives and actions ; and the future historian and philosopher will not be able to refer either to models or types in preceding ages. They will not meet with such resolution, constancy, and magnanimity, as glowed in the breasts of our countrymen at that period. In no other country, and at no other time, would the veteran fish-dealer of Gold-street, have found a rescuer in the face of so powerful a force as that which occupied the city.

When the guard had taken Sam Bryce under their care, they bore him, with great des-

patch, as their warrant directed, to the quarters of Sir Huldart. Brief intimation had been forwarded to the General, that the examinant was a man, who, though of low standing, was of great influence, especially with people of his own rank in life. And that though he carried the air, and assumed the bearing of a man little versed in lore, indeed, endeavoured to appear to the crowd a simple man, he was, nevertheless, a man of considerable learning, much cunning, and profound sagacity, and capable of organizing plans, ay, and executing them, too, which should cause some inconvenience to his majesty's armies. And reasoning on the data thus given, he was bid to consider well the consequence of suffering such a man to live an uncaged spectator, and unlicensed reporter of the passing transactions of the day, in a city garrisoned by British troops. Sir Huldart Oaks, in full possession of his cue, hereupon proceeded to investigate the charges made against Samuel Bryce, grocer, of Gold-street, who now stood before him. It is hardly necessary for us, we conceive, to state the charges against him, which, like immaterial averments at law, are not compellable to proof. They consisted of a certain number of charges or allegations which are always put down to the account of every man judged worthy of the ad-

judicatory process of a court-martial, or the more summary 'process verbal,' as *ex relatio*, Counsellor Sparrow is done in the action of assault and battery, where beating with 'sticks, stones, hands, feet, fists,' &c. is laid at the door of him who simply *threatens* his neighbour with a tweak of the nose. To all these charges, urged by the judge with all possible earnestness, and specified with uncommon exactness, Mr. Bryce replied not, notwithstanding the promise of his judge to remember the confession when he came to judgment, and the threat that it should be worse for him if he remained contumacious. But Sam. Bryce was too old a bird to be caught with chaff. Wearied out by the contumacious silence of the prisoner, the General, at length, was pleased to order that Samuel Bryce should be committed to the dungeon of the Provost, and there be kept until farther orders, the while to be comforted with a liberal allowance of that cooling draught which is compounded of meal and water. Hereupon the custodiers moved with a quick step to get the turnkey's receipt for their prisoner.

They had reached the corner of Thames-street, which afforded them a glimpse of the Provost, a long, low, dark building, and not till after this period, made habitable even for meaner state criminals. From what cause

they were not able to judge, but the streets were totally untenanted of passengers, and not even the customary sounds of "baked pears and boiled corn" were at war with the stillness of the hour. Not a solitary individual was to be seen in any direction which the eye took, save the attendants on a fire engine, which, with the usual speed of those useful appendages of cities, came rattling along the pavements of Cedar-street. But as the story of the Trojan horse, if entitled at all to credit, (we don't believe a word of it,) did not recur to the recollection of the Britons, and nothing was seen suspicious or appalling in the appearance of some five-and-twenty men wearing the white frocks and leathern caps of firemen, the guard took no more than ordinary precaution, such as walking one on each side of the prisoner, with a front and rear file. The men at the drag-ropes of the engine passed the guard, but dropping their speed when well abreast, and nearing that side of the street upon which Bryce and his escort were marching, came to a halt in such a manner as to enclose them, and let fall their drag-ropes. It was now the dusk of the evening, though the last gleams of the day were not totally shut in, and yet evening had so far introduced her sober curtain that the light of the engine lamp

was found necessary to inform the public that this was engine "The Rescue."

When the firemen had halted, by a sudden movement, those in front as well as those in rear, wheeled and fell in so as to enclose the troop. A man apparently commanding the engine, and directing the movement of the men, stepped up, and drawing forth, as did all the firemen, a sword from under his fireman's cloak, demanded that Sam. Bryce should be delivered up to them forthwith, and without parle. So completely were the soldiers taken unaware, that separated from each other, and each with a sword at his breast, a speedy compliance was unavoidable. Yet there were a few of the Britons who attempted, though unsuccessfully, to free themselves from the restraints imposed by the gentlemen of the Engine, The Rescue. Sergeant Moorhead exchanged a few blows with a chitty-faced tailor from James-street, who sheared and pressed him out of his Toledo in a twinkling. A left-legged Yorkshireman was laid in lavender by a blow from a fireman's pole, and a five feet five inches cockney, attempting to evade process, received a kick which sent him rolling in the dirt.

No sooner was Sam. Bryce released from his compelled attendance on the guard of Britons, than he used his apt legs to the removal

of himself to a place of safety. The city, it was evident, was no longer a place for him. He was now well known, and he had that day heard, in the list of malfesances which Mr. Nathaniel Conant, Sir Huldart's clerk, had read over, charges of actions which were, he thought, known only to himself and another. They had been divulged, it seemed, and were now in possession of the king's officers. He wisely betook himself to flight, but whither, it is not our intention at present to inquire; and the moment that he was free, the rescuers of this eminent fishmonger separated, and each took the route he deemed most proper to his safety. And so effectually was it secured by the measures they took, that though the most diligent search was made for them, and liberal rewards offered for their detection, no individual on whom the charge could be fastened with any thing like legal certainty, was ever arrested.

We left Gilbert Greaves at the door of the mansion of Sir Maxwell Greacen, to which he had conducted Ellen Keith; and we do not contemplate, for the present day, the involving him in any other difficulty than that of digesting a hearty dinner, and sleeping off the fumes of Madeira, which had settled on his brain from that repast. Besides, when we represent an immoderate passion as taking possession

of his bosom, we give him that which will sufficiently employ his thoughts, for the succeeding twelve hours, without the 'note of preparation,' or any other circumstance of alarm. Our readers are welcome to suppose him snug in his chamber, enjoying this same delicious train of ideas, and fancying a return of affection from the charming object of his newly-conceived passion. What beautiful ringlets she had, how beautifully the red and the white were blended in her cheek; she had long silken eyelashes, and her form—nothing could be better! So ran Gilbert over the catalogue of her charms, no doubt heightening each with the usual disposition to amplification and hyperbole of a genuine lover.

With the earliest return of light Greaves arose, and dressed himself for the parade ground. Thither he went, light-hearted and cheery as usual. He found the officers assembled or assembling, but what could be the cause of their altered behaviour to him? Instead of their usual jocularities and pleasantries, their wit and badinage, they were distant and reserved, the seniors scarcely answering his respectful queries, or noticing his compliments, and the juniors answering them in a tone blended of ill repressed derision and overacted respect. He wished Seaforth the 'top o' the morning,' and received, as the proud Scot



turned on his heel, a "morrow t'ye," in a voice scarcely audible, and apparently intended to be inaudible. Cameron avoided him—so did Majoribanks. Frazer, and Grey, who were conversing together, from time to time jogging each other, laughing and looking at him, stood their ground when he walked up to them, but suffered him to hear, while he was advancing, that they were discoursing of some person "who had turned traitor, if his suffering the rebel commander-in-chief to escape admitted proof of his ever having been sincere." "Hush," said Grey, whereupon they dropped the discourse. "They seem to say it is me of whom they are talking," communed Gilbert with himself. "But perhaps I am mistaken. I'll go home, however, and read Lord Bacon on Suspicion before I hunt the thing up."

At the corner of the street which would have led him to yesterday's banquetting house, he met Sir Maxwell, who was returning to his lodgings from a morning's walk. He, at least, was not changed. He insisted upon Gilbert's accompanying him home to breakfast. "You shall see," said he, "with what inimitable grace my sweet Ellen presides at the breakfast table, and how charmingly she presents a cup of chocolate to my guests. I noted yesterday, my youthful friend, that you

was really smitten with this charming girl, and that you thought sufficiently well of her, to place your future hours on the confines of either happiness or misery. It is a pity, however, that she is so much excelled by your grandmother in the conversational faculty."

"Yes," but she has found a tongue, my dear sir," said Gilbert, "and one that discourses most inimitable music. The best harp in Christendom no way equals it."

"Ha, ha, I thought further acquaintance would bring about a notable change of opinion. I see, friend Gilbert, that you are about to become a lover, and I have a shrewd guess, a favoured lover. Improve thy time quick in respect of courtship, my boy, for we shall be in the suds before a week passes. We are on the eve of a march in pursuit of the rebels. You should be the house. Yes, and there is our dear girl in the colonnade, looking more like a celestial being than the cherry-cheeked, ruby-lipped terrestrial that she is. Good morning, my dear Ellen."

"Good morning, dear uncle, and good morning, Captain Greaves," answered Ellen, leaning over the railing of the colonnade.

"Good morning, madam," answered Gilbert, with a bow.

"We must have breakfast, my dear, and

be off with the despatch of an army courier," said Sir Maxwell.

"Oh to be sure," cried Ellen, as, with the step of a fawn, she bounded into the interior of the house. The baronet bent his inquiring eye at the face of Gilbert, who was gazing with the air of a devotee at the vision of retiring beauty. "You are very deep in the passion, I see," he whispered Gilbert.

Ellen Keith, whose light feet had carried her through the corridor and down the grand staircase, before they had opened the hall door, met them at the entrance of the breakfast room, with a deep blush mantling her cheek, the interpretation whereof must be sought for in the pestering jibes and innuendoes of her guardian. But much as Sir Maxwell enjoyed the amusement of teasing conscious lovers, he forbore, for the present, from giving mischievous intimations of his knowledge of the feeling which severally possessed his friend and charge.

"Oh, I have been waiting so long for you, Sir Maxwell," said Ellen, "that I feared you had gone to invest Stoney Point before you ate your breakfast. I cannot answer for your breakfast this morning, gentlemen.—John Cook gave extraordinary attention to the poached eggs and steaks, but they are as cold as an old man's heart. Oh, a truce, a

truce," cried she, seeing Sir Maxwell preparing to speak, and readily anticipating the subject.

"You are a sad girl, Ellen," said he, shaking his head mournfully, but in reality viewing her with as much pride as belongs to the fondest paternity. "You will become so troublesome, that I shall have to consign you over to other hands."

"Here, John, John, step this way, do," cried Ellen, "or we shall be quarrelling, this Baronet and I, shortly. Do, Sir Knight, take so liberally of the dainties set before you, that your whole attention may be engrossed by them."

"And leave the eyes of others to speak unutterable things, I suppose," whispered he in her ear.

"Captain Greaves, I am not accessory to the ill-mannered action of whispering, you will bear witness," said Ellen.

"Captain Greaves is not competent to bear witness in this case," said Sir Maxwell; "he has this morning shown a degree of prejudice, which disqualifies him from bearing testimony. Captain Greaves, will you take an oyster fritter, or shall I put another slice of bacon on your plate. Miss Keith, do just send a cup of the contents of the coffee-urn to my friend from the West Bank."

But Gilbert Greaves was too much engaged

with his passion and its object, to attend to the Baronet, or do justice to the good things of the breakfast-table. He ate little, and that little not without much solicitation, and the being frequently reminded of the importance to a soldier of laying in an adequate stock of nourishing food, against a day of need. His whole soul was engaged by the person and manners of the woman who now sat before him, beautiful as an angel. His abstraction and musing were noticed by the master of the mansion, who, at the termination of the repast, rose from his chair, and pleading calls to make, and business to transact in a distant part of the town, and bidding Gilbert, on his 'allegiance to the queen,' to stand sentry, and guard well the Hesperian fruit, during his absence, bowed and withdrew, leaving the enraptured youth to accomplish the difficult task of detaining the fair Ellen for a *tete-a-tete*. She also arose, and would have left the room, but our hero respectfully detained her, with an assurance that he "had learned some new rules for the game of chess, which, with the precaution of castleing the king, in due season, put check-mate of the castled king at an un-com-at-a-ble distance."

We are not authorized to report what use was made of the new rule at chess, or what ~~was the substance~~ of the conversation which.

for the next two hours, engrossed the attention of our two friends. At the expiration of that time Sir Maxwell returned, and the glimpse he caught as he entered the door, of a fair, gloveless hand, hastily, and, he conjectured, rather unwillingly withdrawn from a very friendly grasp, left him in no doubt that the two hours he had been absent had been passed in amity and profitable discourse. Ellen looked more sweetly than usual, inasmuch as her face resembled the deepest carnation, and Gilbert, whose cheek of manhood, of course, forbade to wear a blush, looked proudly conscious of the acquirement of some additional hold on felicity. Ellen did not intend that any thing should be said in her presence, but as she was preparing, by a *coup de main*, to gain the door, Sir Maxwell took her hand, and said, with a tone of sorrow which took away all her disposition to leave the apartment—

“My love, it grieves me that you are to lose your guardian, and lose him too at a time when he will be the most needed.—I am ordered to join Knyphausen, and as no particular reason can be given for the suddenness of the order, nor for the haste with which I am to be sent off, I am suspicious that some deeper motive than regard for the service has led to the arrangement.

It is but three days since Frederic Keith was sent out of the way in much the same manner, allowed but thirty minutes, and a prompter at his heels before ten minutes of the time had passed. You are a jewel, my love, as difficult to be kept safe as those in the tower of London. Will you allow your good friends to send you, with a faithful guide, to the ancient city of the Pilgrims, our refractory Boston? Among the stout rebels of Massachusetts-bay you will be safe."

"You are my honoured guardian, sir," said Ellen," and I commit myself entirely to your care and counsel. Send me whither you please. But will the guide be faithful?"

"I think so, but if the least doubt exist, we will place you in the care of Captain Greaves," said the baronet, with an air of grave irony.

"You will place her then in the care of one who will defend her till death," said Gilbert.

"Bravo," cried Sir Maxwell, "'with a thought seven of the eleven I paid' saith Falstaff. Don't chafe, Gilbert—I would as soon doubt the gospels as your bravery in all cases, and your disposition to be valiant and watchful in this particular instance. To Boston you must go, Ellen. You'll fare somewhat hard, my love, the 'Stipulation act' debarring all dainties from their tables, and the Cotton Mather code prescribing some rules

for the regulation of headgear and stomachers, which would hardly suit so gay a lady as yourself. I have provided you a guide, an honest and a decent man, and a puritan, born in some place, where, as Burns says—

*‘ Sailors gang to fish for cod.’*

and who was won entirely to my interest by my likening Boston to the Cities of Refuge mentioned in the Holy Scriptures. He will be faithful, I’ll warrant.”

“ When do I go, sir ?” asked Ellen.

“ To-morrow,” answered her guardian.

Gilbert remarked “ that he must go and see that he had no desertion of duty to answer for. If Miss Keith will permit me, and I am not called off on duty, I will call in the morning,” he continued.—“ In the meantime, I hope she will not forget her promise made me just now.”

“ Oh, no, no,” said she, anxious to evade conversation on a topic upon which Sir Maxwell was continually teasing her. Bidding them good-morning, to be converted into farewell, if circumstances did not permit him to call again, Greaves took his hat, and departed the hospitable and friendly mansion of Sir Maxwell Greacen.

Before he had reached the hotel of Mrs.



Baker, he saw approaching him a man supported by crutches, who proved to be his late opponent on the duelling ground, Colonel Richard Gordon. The wound of that gentleman had been much more slight than was at first imagined. His flesh, as well as his insolence, was cured, the latter perfectly, and the former to a state which now permitted occasional visits to his friends. With all his vice and folly, Dick Gordon had neither a bad heart, nor an unforgiving temper, and he furnished evidence of both, in the hearty shake he gave the hand of his late antagonist.

"I am glad to see you, sir," said he—"I wish to become better acquainted with you. You are certainly a lad of mettle, and so damnably cool withal, that I had as lief fight a powder magazine on fire as to meet you in hostile guise."

On the invitation of Greaves, Gordon agreed to accompany him to dinner. With a view to learn what could have originated the coldness which appeared in the behaviour of a large part of the officers towards him, Greaves put a variety of questions, which, while their object was kept out of view, were well calculated to elicit answers to the effect of discovering the cause. Gilbert was soon convinced that Gordon was not in the secret, since no human cunning could have connect-

ed a cautious veiling of the truth with perfectly artless answers.

They dined, and after the usual space allowed for drinking, Gordon proposed that they should go over to the billiard-room.

"We shall find the prime of the set there," said he, "and if you'll stand marker, we will beat them, to a certainty. Come, no ifs or buts. You cannot be a gentleman, that is a gentleman of the army, unless you have a spice of the gamester."

"No, sir," answered Gilbert, "I have no disposition to taste the joy which belongs to the winner, nor the distress which awaits the loser at a game of chance. You must allow that the specimens I have seen of the gambling-house, and its evils, are enough to scare any novice away from the order. Besides, I have a walk in hand. Thellesson speaks of the beauties of the Bloomingdale road.—M'Nab protests, upon the word of a man, that he has seen Sylphs, Fairies, and Robin Goodfellows by dozens there—tells of birds of Paradise and girls of Paradise, in fact, seems transported to Paradise when he attempts a description of the wonderful things he has seen in that fairy-land of delight. I have a mind to see how dame Nature gets on with her handy-work at this time. I was brought up in the country, Colonel Gordon, and have

not forgotten the joys which are gathered from 'hill, dale, and mountain.' A good evening to you, sir, and may fortune attend you in all your speculations and wheel o' fortune adventures."

And here the gentlemen parted. Gordon hobbled off to indulge his irresistible propensity to gambling, while Gilbert Greaves walked in the opposite direction, to gratify a much more honourable and laudable inclination.

## CHAPTER XIV.

*Pedro.*—Marry, sir, I am for action,  
Give me a siege, and spice it high with bruit ;  
A tournament, and dress it with feats  
Of manful daring, lances cracked and crowns.  
Peace, peace, cry some, and list old women's tales  
Of passive life, good souls.

*The Hidalgo.*

THE most beautiful part of the suburban domain, of which in a preceding chapter we treated somewhat largely, was the Bowery. At the period of our story it was a *bowerie* indeed, and the boughs sometimes shot forth in the shape of a pair of well-rounded arms, which certain ceremonies and preliminaries duly settled, were seen to twine around the necks of the rural youths with much seeming satisfaction. If this were the only unintelligible figure in our volumes, we might attempt an explanation in the body of the chapter, or subjoin a note in illustration. But our perfect consciousness of the mysticism in which we occasionally envelope our ideas, as well as story, forbids the

undertaking. We have so often attempted description, and dwelt so much, in the present volume, on the honeysuckle, hyacinth, and other objects of natural beauty, that we ought, in all conscience, to leave the Bowery undescribed, and annihilating all intermediate space, set down our readers some five miles from the city, to ramble about with our hero, bidding them remember that they are near the seat of war. This course, perhaps, would be nearer right than that which we are resolved to adopt at the hazard of displeasing our readers.

Nature had few richer scenes than the Bowery. Even Hans Tracksuyt, whose cradle was rocked within hearing of the great bell at Haerlem, acknowledged it a nonpareil. In spring the air was full of the fragrance of blooming orchards, and the music of the vernal choristers—in autumn, the fields were rich with the golden harvests of grain and fruit. It was indeed a rich and abundant district ; a domain worthy of a wealthy city.

Sunrise was the time to visit the Bowery. Every lover of rural life knows that the dew-drops of a May-morning are the gems that deck out our mother earth as if for a bridal. When the sun first throws his beams on the grassy side of a grassy knoll, diving among the flowers to disenthral a violet, whose head bows with the weight of its tears,

then should the admirer of nature walk abroad to adore her charms. Who can view her operations in such an hour, and yet decide for the dirty streets and noisy walks of a city.

Morning, too, is the season for the feathered songsters. The Bowery was completely an aviary. The thrush and the blackbird hopped and twittered from tree to tree, cooing and courting very noisily, in defiance of all Dutch precedents, which recommend silent and reserved courtships—so silent that the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb has nothing superior to it; and so reserved, that it is deemed a sprout of felony to sit nearer your beloved than easy hallooing distance. It seemed as if the birds threw a double portion of joy into their songs whenever the Bowery was the stage where they sung them. Sometimes, indeed, they discoursed melancholy music when an adventurous Yankee, with ‘pick-axe, crow, and spade,’ singing a stave of the ‘Ninety-first hymn,’ bustled into one of their favourite groves, and commenced the work of innovation by destroying their nestling-places. There was a story much credited among the honest old Dutch farmers, that whenever an eastern man settled down in the dominions of the ærial folks, that the crows, as one of the invaded tribes, assembled in

council, and ordered a day of fasting and humiliation.

As Gilbert Greaves strolled through this charming district, his mind not usually, it may be said, sufficiently contemplative, reverted to the scenes of his childhood, and riper boyhood, and but for the sword by his side, a tear might have stolen to his cheek. No man could be less effeminate than he, but he was in that state of mind which predisposes us to count the advantages of simple friendships, occasional privacy, unfettered feelings, pure air, and country sports, over the measured and meted existence of a citizen. Every object he saw was peculiarly calculated to awaken feelings of regret for having left the country. In every bird which flitted over the blooming orchards, he heard the choral songsters of his native hills breathe their melodious strains. And then he thought of his deceased sister; reminded by every maiden that tripped along of her affection, her loveliness, and her playful roguery, which was, at one time, gratified with hiding his ball and bat, at another with teasing him with tales of his predilection for the village girls, who, it was asserted, were 'coy and repulsive, little delighted with his company, escaping from his caresses,' &c. He became gloomy, and the walk which was intended to enliven, operated

still farther to depress his spirits. Little cheered, therefore, by objects which were wont to give him the liveliest sensations of pleasure, he continued his walk in a most dull and spiritless apathy of feeling.

Our readers have for some time been in possession of the secret of his disaffection to the cause in which he had embarked, and they will doubtless attribute his gloom to a want of opportunity for an honourable relinquishment of the royal service. It was not probable that his resignation would be accepted, and the loyalists, suspected and subjected to a species of the most unmanly espionage, found themselves held in what might properly be called a liberal durance, and every possibility of escape removed. Desertion was out of the question, and he determined on surrendering his commission.

Little fear was entertained at this time by the British of the ultimate failure of the revolution, to give freedom from their yoke, and the officers of the royal army, inspired by sanguine hopes of an easy subjugation of the revolted colonies—by the license of free plunder, which was to follow that subjugation, spent their hours in the valiant employments of afflicting, by every species of severity and cruelty; and disgusting, by every measure of tyranny and oppression, the few citizens re-



maining in the city, who were friendly to the cause of resistance. Such was your treatment if known to be a whig ; and though if a tory, you were in exclusive possession of the little commerce left the city ; had profitable contracts for governmental supplies ; and profitable employments otherwise connected with the royal cause, you must be an idiot not to see that the immunities granted you were of the nature of those allowed by the devil to those who sell him their souls, ‘unbounded power for a time, in consideration of eternal damnation afterwards.’

Greaves had wandered on, rapt up in speculations on revolutions, soliloquies on the instability of power, &c. until reminded by the whip-poor-will of the approach of night. If description were our *forte*, and landscapes less common, we would say something of the golden sun, who now hid himself, with much parade, to the westward of the North river. But as most of our readers, we will venture to suppose, have enjoyed the sublime prospect of seeing the sun set in a clear sky, we shall omit altogether the description of his exit on this memorable night, to make way for some circumstances which we have thought worthy of accurate remembrance, at least by that portion of our readers who

purpose to peruse the remaining pages of our story.

At the period to which our tale refers, on the left of the Bowery Hill there stood a spacious and handsome mansion, owned and tenanted by an army contractor, of the name of Keith, and the very gentleman whose name occurs frequently in the preceding chapter. The class of men to which he belonged, at no time remarkable, it is said, for honesty, were at that day noted for speculation and profitable contracts. Major Keith, however, escaped with little censure, for there were more prominent men to stand the brunt of public reproach—where ‘he was in for a penny, Simon Riprap was in for a pound.’ In fact he was allowed all the praise which could be gathered by implication, or made out by the charitable from the trite remark, that he was the ‘best of the bunch.’

Besides, Major Keith had done some good in his generation, and the people who are, now and then, struck with a desire to render justice, put his charity and benevolence into the scale with his supposed malversation in office. The money he had acquired he scattered about with great profusion, often enacting most indubitable follies with it—building elegant and costly mansions, and if a door creaked on its hinge, selling them to the highest

bidder, and trying his hand again. Indeed, the only stock upon which he seemed to set high value, was a son, a worthy and estimable young man, and a fair daughter, of the age of eighteen, the acknowledged queen of fashion, and reigning toast of the day. We had the honour, in our twelfth chapter, to lead this fair lady to the dinner-table of Sir Maxwell Greacen, to whose care, as we have frequently said, Major Keith, or rather his son, had given her. Since then, such, and so unmanly had been the conduct of the general, his pursuit attended with such insulting proclamation of his motives and designs, that Sir Maxwell had removed his fair charge to a situation more immediately under his own eye, and more difficult of access to the unblushing libertine, whom he feared. (This is repetition, but it could not be avoided.) Still the establishment at Orchardleys Hall was kept up under a faithful steward, and when the commander-in-chief was absent, and hence there was safety in the excursion, the fair daughter of the proprietor cared in person for the things disarranged by the absence of those interested in the preservation of the estate.

Gilbert Greaves had never visited this part of the Bowery, and knew none of the particulars we have just mentioned. His acquaint-

ance, as our readers have been informed, with Miss Keith, commenced in the city, and the only interviews he had had with her since, were in the mansion of Sir Maxwell Greacen. He was determined to a nearer inspection of this fine suburban domain, by the majestic appearance of the lofty oaks growing around it. He had it in view to cross York island and travel back to the city by the west road, now the noble Broadway, which then, from the intersection of Chamber-street to its very farthest extremity, was a ragged, stony road, with here and there a farm-house. With such his purpose, to pass by the front of the Orchardleys mansion would be the nearest road he could take.

Acting on this resolution, he had gained the shade of a giant oak which stood at the corner of the garden, a kind of great man, the quality of whose favour could be well understood from the sickly appearance of the lesser trees, shrubs, and plants, which were growing around it. Beneath the ample canopy, Greaves stopped to breathe the scented air of the garden of flowers and odoriferous herbs. The trellis-work was not compact, and the view obtained through it of the numerous plants of both exotic and indigenous growth, was such as, wanting but due proclamation of the beauties seen, to have gathered about it all the admirers of nature in her botanical department.

While Gilbert stood noting the splendour of a bed of tulips in flower, there appeared two persons walking in an alley behind a shrubbery, which partly hid them from his view. Occasionally glimpses could be caught of them, sufficient in duration to enable him to fix, as he thought, their sex and relative situation. One was a lady clothed in white—her attendant a gentleman, in the military dress, and probably a lover, who had chosen the apt hour of twilight to whisper his hopes to the blushing fair one. And yet, there did not appear to be, he thought, that slow and loitering step and frequent ‘upturning of the eye,’ which mark the maiden listening to a favoured lover, but rather the averted face, and uneven and timeless step which as truly speak of disgust and terror. These were observations made hastily, for the pair were now approaching that part of the garden where he was resting, and a few steps further would have made him an unwilling hearer of any conversation they might hold above a confidential whisper. The idea of being supposed an eaves-dropper, by no means suited his ideas of propriety, and he was on the point of discovering himself by an interjectional hem! and referring his horticultural and herbal curiosity to a more convenient period, when his attention was arrested by the tone of almost

agonized supplication which the female adopted to still the unholy suggestions of her libertine attendant. Greaves dropped on his knee behind a screen formed by many elm shoots sprouting from the roots of a girdled tree—an eavesdropper in fact, but with a motive which made even that mean act appear commendable and praiseworthy.

“General Arleston,” said the lady, “are these the manners of a commander of armies—of a general entrusted with the task of subduing licentious rebels? I did not think there lived so base a man. You knew that my brother was absent on duty, that my father was in England, and that I had no protector but menials.”

“You forget the dog that stands sentry over all the Hesperian apples in the country—the good Sir Maxwell; surely you forget him,” replied the male.

“No, I do not, nor did you forget that he was an efficient protector,” said the lady. “My father, sir, was your early friend and patron. The doors of our house were always open to you, and now you would abuse the sacred rights of hospitality, and repay your debt of gratitude by the ruin of the daughter of your benefactor.” The young lady wept bitterly when she had finished these observations.

“ Mere nonsense all this, my sweet girl,” said her licentious attendant, “ though ruby lips do utter it. Besides, who said aught of ruin. You’ll become my wife—in time, and instead of being Madam Chintz among rebels, will become a Lady Brocade in loyal land. By how many times the better ! Keep your lips quiet, sweet, if remonstrance is to be their burden. I have drunk three bottles of Madeira, and care little at this moment for any doctrine that does not regard fair Ellen—or the wine-cooler. Don’t tremble so, you silly girl. Your father is a tory, and so true a tory, that he will think himself honoured by our little tendernesses. In short, as there seldom falls so glorious a chance to a creature of clay, by the immortal Mars I will enjoy it. So no more of your coyness.”

A scream from the lady, in the loudest tone of distress, announced the termination of the dialogue. Regardless of the consequences of attacking the commander in chief, a man of most irascible passions, caring nothing for law nor justice, and making light of the civil obligations which oftentimes deter men from the commission of crime, Gilbert bounded over the garden fence and rushed to the rescue of the lady. There could few be found, we imagine, possessed of manhood, who would have neglected the supplication of a female,

placed in such imminent peril, but in the present case we must hint our suspicion, that what gave our hero nerve peculiarly fitted to do the work of vengeance on the noble ruffian, was an acquaintance with the sweet tones in which the suffering party sued for mercy or invoked assistance. Besides, the name of Ellen had reached his ear from the mouth of the general, and other circumstances came to fix his belief that his beloved was on the point of falling a sacrifice to the designs of a villain in power.

He held in his hand a cane, not such an one as gay young gentlemen of the present day twirl around their thumbs along Broadway, to the great annoyance of less tippyfied passengers, but a stout crab-stick, the usual weapon of the roaring blades who beat up the watchmen's quarters. One blow levelled the ruffian with the earth, and incapable of restraining his indignation, Greaves struck him a second time. Here, many of our good readers exclaim "a failure!" The hero should have drawn his sword with 'lay on Macduff, &c.' On occasions demanding quick succour, we are told 'nice tourney rules are set aside.' The custom which admits of a partial abrogation of the *mellee* laws, must be our excuse for making our hero strike his general in the unsoldierly manner noted.



When the momentary surprise, occasioned by the sudden appearance of a deliverer had ceased, the lady fell upon her knees, and in most impassioned accents breathed her thanks. Greaves raised her up, and we are glad, as doubtless will be the reading world, that he did, for had he not done so, his story would never have been known, at least from our lips.

Before the lady had fully spoken her feelings, the domestics whom Arleston had contrived to get despatched on various errands, having missed their mistress, came into the garden.

"I am happy," said Greaves, in reply to a very sweet-toned benediction, "to have afforded this aid to Miss Keith. But this particular act of assistance I would have rendered to any daughter of humanity."

The succoured fair one paused when she heard her name used by the stranger.

"I have not yet asked the name of my deliverer," said she.

"I have the happiness to be known to Miss Keith," said Gilbert. "My name is Gilbert Greaves—Greaves of the West Bank, madam."

"And captain, in the Second Loyal regiment. I think—I—I—believe I saw Captain Greaves this morning," said Miss Keith, fal-

teringly. The young officer assisted her in the task of recollecting more particularly when and where this interview had happened, and we will not say that he did not speak briefly of the circumstances which had rendered that interview worthy of recollection. But the danger of his situation, with his general lifeless at his feet, made him couch his ideas in as few words as possible. He had assaulted, and perhaps slain, though in the discharge of an imperious duty, the commander of the army, and could not help recollecting that offences of a more expiable nature had often been punished with imprisonment, degradation, death. Possibly the general before he had received the blow which had deprived him of his senses, had done nothing towards retaining the features of the person who had checked him in his career of infamy. But Gilbert Greaves was spell-bound by a face, which memory, aided by a moon which now threw on the earth her mildest of planetary beams, told him was beautiful as an angel's.

While our hero stood in this state of tender delirium, the clattering of horses' hoofs was heard, as of a squadron of cavalry approaching at a rapid pace.

"I must fly, Madam," said Greaves—"my stay on earth would be brief, if I were taken.

Twelve good arquebuisers would settle all, without the formality of a trial."

"Would the man whose vengeance you have drawn upon you in my defence, dare to harm you, save in the fair cause of justice?" asked Miss Keith.

"Pardon me, madam," answered Gilbert, "but I thought Miss Keith had already experienced how little the object of our mutual fears cared for law or justice—God or man."

"True, sir," answered the lady, "and having heard how much he has done for an old grudge, I ought to have seen that the present action of yours is not at all calculated to lull asleep an already conceived sentiment of hatred."

"It is not, indeed. I may expect all the injury which it is in his power to inflict," said Gilbert.

"And what measure will you take with a view to safety?" asked she, anxiously.

"I must fly, madam."

"Have you a horse at hand, sir?" asked the lady.

"I have not," answered her rescuer. "My dependence rests chiefly on a heart conscious of having performed a beneficial service to the loveliest of her sex, and upon limbs which were wont to require some fifteen miles hard

clambering over the Kaatskill to give their owner an appetite for dinner."

"Neither the upright heart, nor the hunter's habit, will help you off from a pursuer like my father's favourite hunter, Black Giles. Brotherton, (speaking to a servant,) saddle the black hunter, instantly. Remember to use despatch, for it is a case of life and death. And prepare to follow me, for the time draws near when the person Sir Maxwell spoke of will call, and I shall need some servant to attend me on my eastern tour. But you do not hear me, sir?"—(to Gilbert.)

"I do, madam, and sincerely do I thank you for your offer of the noble hunter. I have concluded, on reflection, that I was not born to fly for an action done in the performance of my honest duty. I must take a course more worthy of my ancestors, and throw a defiance in the very teeth of my enemies."

"You will be a hardy fool, then," responded a voice from behind them.—An officer in cavalry uniform came forward, and, without much difficulty, was recognised as Major Andre, the friend and companion of Sir Maxwell Greacen, (afterwards the unfortunate and lamented victim of Arnold's treachery,) and it was whispered at a time, in the past tense, an unsuccessful suitor to the fair heiress of the Orchardleys. Major Andre, no

longer the literal lover, was now associated with Sir Maxwell in the duty of protecting the sister of his friend, Frederick Keith, from the designs supposed to be contemplated against her peace and person. The Major followed up the abrupt exclamation which had first announced him present, with communicating, in brief terms, the issuing of a warrant against Greaves, on a charge of holding a treasonable correspondence with the rebels.

“Why the warrant is not executed before this time, I can give no reason,” said he. “This I know, sir, that Arleston, and his advisers, Carruthers and Vernon, have determined on your ruin. I tried to see you this morning to advise your throwing up your commission, and consequent retirement from the service. Miss Keith, my present service regards your safety. Sir Maxwell has somehow been apprised of a plot of villainy intended to be practised against you, and fearing it would be put in execution before you could find time for your escape from the island, ordered me out with a troop of horse to escort you to his quarters. Eh! what’s that? who’s this double epauletted corpse?”

“No less a personage than the commander-in-chief, I assure you,” answered Gilbert.

“How came he in this situation?”

"By a lesson from the Irish Military Manual. You see this shillela. Eyes never saw a better crabstick, as his Excellency will testify, if recollection ever revisits his brain. In fine, sir, I laid him thus in defence of your charge."

"And here you stand deliberating and hesitating, and balancing, whether to fly or not. Greaves, you ought to be cased in a straight jacket—you are as mad as a March hare.—Why, know you not that if you are taken, *sans* justice and equity, you will move to the dead march in Saul, with Provost Marshall Cunningham at your heels."

"Do *you* recommend desertion to a soldier?" asked Greaves.

"I do, and I believe none ever accused me of an inclination to do an unsoldierly act myself, or advise it in others. You must fly. To stay and suffer would be not a whit more heroic than the self-immolation of an Indian Fakeer. Leave us, and time may lend you an opportunity to proclaim the story of your wrongs to the world. We shall have another General, soon. Be off. You linger as though there were one present from whom it were death to part."

Wild Gil. pressed to the side of Miss Keith, and whispered. "There is," in a tone inaudible, save to her for whose ear the confession

was intended. The fair one sighed gently, and gave him one of those expressive glances which thrill to the heart of an enamoured lover. Major Andre eyed them for a moment narrowly, but without any jealousy, for he was incapable of feeling the unworthy sentiment, and said,

“You have met before, I see. My young friends I must speed the parting, however disconsolate it may make you. Greaves, a thought strikes me—have you your commission about you?”

“I have, by the merest chance.”

“That’s glorious—hand it me—so : scribble your name at the bottom of this bit of paper, and let me alone for writing above your signature a resignation couched in the language of injured and insulted honour.”

“Hark you, Andre—and say in the body of it in capitals, that I am bound to join the American army ; and tell that lethargic villain, ah, he’s coming too, that he will find in the front rebel ranks, in the next battle, one prompt to settle all moonlight scores. But who’s here ?”

As he made this exclamation, a tall, plain-dressed, stooping man came with a rapid step to them, and was recognised by Gilbert to be Sam. Bryce. Sam Bryce used brevity on all occasions, and now with fewer words than

usually demanded by him for verbal communications, informed Miss Keith that he was deputed by Sir Maxwell to act as her guide on her proposed journey. In the mean time Andre walked to and fro impatiently. "Here comes Black Giles," said he, "caparisoned worthy the tilt-yards of chivalric times. I heard the offer which the princess made her knight of the noble steed. Don't take him, Greaves, but use your legs over the fields. Cross Hardscrabble Hill, and keep well to the left. I'll bet my beaver to a common Jehiel Jagger, that if pursuit be made, it will be on the right. Keep a keen eye out for foragers. Vernon went out this morning with a troop of horse to rob the Westchester hen-roosts. I will tender you a bit of information, though thereby does hang a tale. Dirk Dewitt keeps a wherry at Hugh's Thumb, and for ready money serves king, lords, commons, colonies—and the devil. Go to him with a reasonable douceur in your hand, and he will ferry you to the opposite shore, nor ask a single question that the most bungling invention cannot honour at sight. Be off, he recovers."

"Farewell, dear Miss Keith," said Greaves.

"Farewell, sir, and God bless you," was the answer.

Before we proceed another line in our narrative, we would put the philosopher a ques-



tion.—Would it be impudence in a young man of twenty-one, conscious of being beloved by the object of his own fervent, unalterable love, after the performance of a deed of the greatest earthly import, on the eve of departure, perhaps for ever, to fold in his arms the fair lady in receipt of the benefit of his valour, and imprint a kiss on her cheek? *Sans* philosophy and cant, Gilbert Greaves drew the weeping maiden to his bosom, and, for a second of time, found her arms thrown round him, and his embrace gently returned. It was, indeed, the briefest possible caress. She disengaged herself hastily from his arms, and either alarmed in maiden modesty, or aware of the necessity for her lover's flight, bade him again farewell, with an accent of tenderness that sent a thrill of joy to his soul, and turned off into one of the shaded alleys of the garden, attended by Major Andre, and Sam. Bryce. Yet we have had a friendly intimation from a bystander, that like the Anastatia of the Bohemian play—

She turn'd as if to go, and bade farewell,  
But when the soldier lad address'd himself  
Unto his flight, she through the leafy bowers  
Bent eyes upon him, dimm'd with many a tear,  
And watch'd him from a covert, till the night  
Shut up th' anxious visual orb. 'I heard  
The promis'd carbine, signal he hath reach'd  
The Zisca's camp in safety.'

## CHAPTER XV.

He had limbs bred to manly exercise,  
And labour gave him health and strength and gladness,  
That which men reckon toil, was to him pleasure.  
He could the woodland like the roe-buck traverse.  
Measuring distances all by the star.  
And he could caper after days of toil,  
As nimbly as my lady's light-heeled gallant.

*Prince Maximilian.*

WHEN Gilbert Greaves, acting rather by the advice of others, than of his own discretion and judgment, had determined, if possible, to make his escape beyond the pale of British power, he set himself to the task with the good will and alacrity, which we have said were characteristic of all his undertakings. Before two hours had elapsed the legs of 'Ploughman Gil,' as the city belles had sometimes jocosely termed our hero, had helped their owner off in the right direction for the contemplated point of deportation to the tune of eight good miles. It was his intention to try at a circuitous passage around the mouth of Haerlem river, on the Hudson side, by the conveyance which Andre had recommended. The American army was now encamped upon the main-

land, and no material difficulty offered to impede a landing in their rear.

During the occupancy of 'York Island by the British, various expedients were resorted to whereby communication might be kept up with the loyalists in the adjacent country, as well as for the rightly conducting the love affairs of the royal officers. Small wherries and boats of a light material and construction were kept at several places on the island side of the Hudson, for the purpose of aiding the emissaries of royalty, and the votaries of passion on their several errands, the extraordinary fare paid by the applicants in such cases being reckoned an adequate offset to the risk incurred by keeping such suspicious and whiggish vehicles. It was to one of these 'accommodation ferries' that Andre had recommended Greaves.

Our readers are not to suppose that 'York Island in the year '75 was that well cultivated and improved spot we at present find it. There were many tracts then covered with timber, brushwood or coppice, which now present us with the liberal bounties of the harvest. We have in a previous chapter partially narrated the improvements which half a century has made in the appearance of 'York Island. And having conveyed to our readers the idea of a tract of land partially uncropped of its sylvan adornments, and hence abounding in by-paths, cross-roads,

sheep-walks, &c., they will be the less surprised when informed that what with the abundance and intricacy of these 'guidings', and too deep revolvment of the events to which the day had given birth, that Gilbert Greaves became bewildered, and unable to trace out from recollection, or mother wit, any thing like the proposed path to safety. There was no Ariadne at hand to lend the Theseus of the night a clue. Those much-talked of babes, 'The Children in the Wood,' were not more completely puzzled than the bewildered adult whom we hand to posterity in this tale.

To add to his perplexity, the night set in peculiarly unfavourable. Stars were to be seen at one moment twinkling and brilliant, then the heavens would suddenly become enveloped in utter darkness. At times, light pillowy clouds would pass rapidly over the face of the moon, chased away to the north-east by a brisk breeze, the whole producing an alternate recurrence of light and shade, a state or condition of darkness which a bewildered person will never petition for twice, as we know from experience. Better is a total absence of planetary effulgence than this pettish hesitation of the celestial bodies to do their full work.

But Gilbert Greaves was not of a temper to be disheartened at a misfortune which woods-

men value little ; so he took the middle path of three which offered themselves to his choice, and blithly left the rest to Providence. Adopting the idea common in such cases, to wit, that every road has an end, he threw an additional portion of speed into his pace, and gave himself up to fond recollection of the last important transaction registered in his memory. He was so busily employed in recalling the particulars of the parting with the object of his love, and the ill-dissembled fondness she had shown for him, that he noticed not a lofty stone wall, the solidity of which came near being proved on his peregrination. Mounting it, the Hudson was seen at no great distance, gliding darkly to old ocean, but we have not heard that optical illusion framed aught of the Storm Ship, or of the Half Moon as usually seen with her good commander Hendric Hudson on the poop. Between him and the river, a glimpse might be caught on the right, of a fine level, where, when the moon shone out, many farm houses were to be seen, leaving, when the wayward planet chose to hide her face, their locality to be determined by the lights in their windows.

Noting the time which had elapsed since he commenced his flight, and computing the distance he had travelled by the usual speed of his pace, Greaves thought himself nearly in a line with Dirk Dewitt's ferry, and bent his course

for the river. He had crossed the last hill of the range which had so impeded and perplexed him, and merry as a cricket with the fair prospect of escape, and future union with the beautiful daughter of the Contractor, was singing in an under tone, a stave of the old song,

“He press’d her bonny mou,”

when at the turning a sharp angle of the aforesaid wall, at a point where it approached the Great Road or ‘Thoroughfare,’ his dreams of the ‘lady of the bower,’ received a rather sombre tint from the unexpected challenge of Vernon’s troop of dragoons who had, as was stated, been foraging in the direction of the White Farms, and were returning to the city. What was to be done? The resolution was immediately taken to appear in the character which his uniform would serve to support. As the British officers were in the habit of traversing the island at all times of night unmolested, our hero imagined that the avowal of any motive, regular or irregular, would be sufficient to free him from all trouble save that of a very brief explanation.

“Who goes there?” asked a trooper.

“A soldier,” was the reply.

“Of the Royal Service or the Ragman Roll? Heart of Oak or Yankee Doodle?”

“Don’t you see the red coat, you blind puppy?” asked Gilbert.

A red coat, sure enough, and alone,” said Cap-

tain Vernon as he rode up ; " Captain Greaves, I think."

" Right as a gun, sir."

" But why are you here, Greaves ?" asked Vernon.

" Venus is the occidental star—I am upon secret service," said Gilbert, affecting mystery.

" She has been the occidental star of my solar system ever since his most excellent Majesty gave me a Cornetcy in the King's Own." " Hark in thine ear. Where lives this Dulcinea of the moment ? Whither away ? Well, fair speed you, (an inferior officer rode up and whispered Vernon ;) Blood and gun-powder ! Do you think so Purvis ? Captain Greaves, I must take upon me, sir, to alter the order of your march. You cannot press the lips of bonny Elsie Merry to-night ; if that was your secret service. You must go to quarters, sir."

" You will not stop me, surely ?" said Greaves.

" Yes, but I will, sir. The Loyalists have had Mercury's heels of late, but disdaining Mercury's practice of using them on errands towards the four cardinals indifferently, they are always off in the direction of the rebel army. Purvis, Bill Purvis here, says there was a warrant out for your apprehension, on account of sundry illegitimate practices and treasonable correspondencies."

"And on the word of Bill Purvis you will arrest me."

"I will," replied the Briton. Here Lambie Wilkie (speaking to a tall, rawboned soldier) use thy Scottish cleverness in conducting this gentleman to the quarters of our General, and as he has the reputation of great strength and bravery, we assign thee the Minnow, to act as the knock-down and drag-out of the escort. If the prisoner prove refractory, tie him to thy horse's tail, and bring him *a la Betis*. If both of you cannot get him along, let him go for the ghost of Ajax."

"Dare you act thus without a warrant?" asked Greaves, striving manfully to check his rising passion.

"I dare," answered Captain Vernon, "because if no warrant be in fact issued, I will give you personal satisfaction for what will then have been a most damning insult, and I can make up any breach with the commander-in-chief, by a present to his haram. If he be displeased, I have only to introduce him to some citizen, whose cellar he hath not drained, wife abused and daughter violated, and I shall be pardoned and promoted in the bargain." With this compliment to the character and conduct of their commander-in-chief, Captain Vernon bade his dragoons use their spurs, and moved on, leaving Lambie Wilkie and the Minnow to conduct Gilbert Greaves to the camp.



The soldier nominated chief of the escort, Gow Wilkie by name, a tall, raw-boned Scot, acting as sergeant in the regiment of cavalry called the King's Own, had acquired the epithet of Lambie, as is usually the case, from the possession of qualities diametrically opposite to those implied in the title, which, our readers know, usually stands for meekness. But Lambie Wilkie, be it spoken to his praise, was nothing more than a fiery Scot, jealous of his honor, proud of his country, suffering neither jest nor quip at expense of either, and hence evermore at loggerheads with his unruly, mischief-loving comrades, who came from south of the Tweed. A single derogatory expression, glancing however remotely at his county or his honor, set the choleric Scotsman in a fume, and the Highland whinger was called to arbitrate the difference. But if Wilkie was easily angered, he was as easily tranquilized. A few soft words completely turned away all his wrath. In fact, he had all the faults, foibles and virtues of a thoroughbred Scotsman.

Far other sort of man was William Cutbush, sometimes called Big Bill Cutbush, but oftener the "Minnow," a tory born and *raised* on the Hampshire Grants, and a jovial fellow who possessed at least two of the requisites enabling men to go through the world easy, to wit, a *light* heart, and a thin pair of breeches. Bill

Cutbush, if the truth must be told, was much better pleased with fun than fight. But when sufficiently provoked, he was, to use the phrase which Macpherson puts in the mouth of his Osian, "terrible in the battles of his steel." But Providence, in giving him the bone and muscle of a giant, had connected with them a disposition to bear much, before he wielded his strength and prowess in offensive warfare.

They proceeded a short distance, perhaps forty rods, before a word was said by any one of the party. Greaves was immersed in that deep train of thought which his peculiar situation excited, and deeply busied in sorting the materials of a stratagem for an escape. But they had taken his pistols, the only weapons he had worn out from the city, and wherewith should he strike a blow for life and freedom. Sergeant Wilkie watched his prisoner narrowly, and proved himself a most vigilant guardsman and custodian; but Big Bill Cutbush, knowing nothing and fearing nothing, discharged his duty in a manner that showed accountability a circumstance foreign to his mind. He appeared to be better pleased with exhibiting feats of horsemanship, as he rode his horse at the top of his speed, a dozen or more rods ahead, or fell that distance in the rear, then came up, than with the care and

circumspection which marks the faithful and vigilant escort. When he had ridden ahead, reprimanded however by the Lambie, Greaves, with the hesitancy and flurried articulation which fetters the speech of a proud spirit when about to offer something that sounds like supplication, or that may be so construed, broke silence.

“Sergeant Wilkie, it is said you have a good heart, and that necessity, not choice, brought you to our shores in the present war.”

“It did, mon,” said the sergeant in his broad Scotch, “I wadna draw the broadsword on ye, gin I could help it. But whereto tends your speech, laddie.”

“I should like to slip bonds, for an hour or so, sergeant, just to take a kiss off the cheek of one—no, no, never will I be a li--.” The confession which the bold and ingenious youth was about to make of the untruth so hastily uttered, and as hastily suppressed, was interrupted by the circumstances of the moment which forbade the application of the period.

They had arrived at the brow of a hill, very steep and rugged in its descent. The good horse upon which the sergeant was mounted, carried him in safety to the bottom, muttering his determination “never to become a fause loon for the hale gowd in their coffers.” Not so sure footed was the horse of Big Bill, which, proba-

bly bred on a champaign, was less used to rocks, and stumbled so much, and threatened such disasters to his burden, that his rider was compelled to dismount at a couple of rods from the summit. Greaves had, in some measure, foreseen this circumstance, and prepared himself to make the moment of dismounting, that of a successful, or of an unavailing effort to accomplish his deliverance. As the right foot of Big Bill reached the rocky platform, and before the left foot had exchanged the stirrup for the foundation which supported its fellow, he was precipitated by a blow into which was thrown the full strength of an arm, at all times nervous, and now strung with additional tendons, and armed with less palpitating nerves by the dangers hanging over him. The blow would have stunned a much larger fish than a minnow. Cutbush fell headlong, receiving as he fell a considerable wound in his forehead from the sharp projection of a rock which lay before him. While he laid in a state of momentary insensibility, Greaves, with the precaution with which a butcher approaches a dying bullock who has four feet in use, dexterously contrived to get the sword from his side, as well as his pistols, and leaping into the vacated saddle, pushed the horse to the top of his speed. He did not expect to get out of Lambie Wilkie's reach, but he wished to draw him so far from the Minnow that the aid of that

worthy could not be had till the combat was determined between the mounted swordsman and himself. Wilkie had much the best horse, but he had to remount the steep hill, while Greaves was flying for life over a level course.

A stern chase is said to be a dull chase. Our hero thought that his pursuer must have accounted it otherwise. When the sergeant commenced the pursuit, he was probably thirty rods in the rear, yet in a mile he had gained so far on the flying officer, that the latter thought it necessary to wheel, and prepare for the encounter, lest he should be inconvenienced by a cut on the occiput. The Lambie rode up within a rod of his antagonist, reined up his steed, and demanded parley. Though brave as a hero of romance, he was nevertheless evidently disinclined to measure weapons with his youthful and strong-limbed antagonist, or rather preferred an amicable arrangement; or it is possible felt a real desire to save the youth from what he supposed would be the consequence of his own valor.

"Gie up that sword," said he.

"Never," answered his opponent.

"I'd suner carry ye to quarters wi' your head on than off."

"There we differ," said Greaves, "I had rather go headless. Come on, brave sir."

"Surrender, mon," said the sergeant soothingly, "I'll beg for ye on my bended knees for

ye're a noble lad, and say thrice the words for ye that I wad say for mysel. And there'll be mair on their marrowbanes. Besides nane haud their grip of the whittle when Gow Wilkie pulls blade from sheath."

"You overrate your powers, my brave Highlander," said Greaves, who saw that there must be crossing of swords, and the sooner the better, since Cutbush might come up and throw his weight into the scale against him. "You overrate your powers, sir. You forget that I am a freeman on the soil of freemen, and that you are the tool of despots. I am ready, dismount."

"You are a bra' chiel," said the brave old Scot, "and I'se loth to harm you. But I ha' warned you, and if ye fa', your blood will be on your ain head. I hae cleared mysel of a' account."

The parties militant dismounted, and like those prime warriors of anti-mundane celebrity St. Michael and Satan, 'they ended parle and both addressed for fight.' Gilbert Greaves had more strength and agility than his antagonist, but Wilkie, habituated to the broad sword for twenty-five years, was the best swordsman. He had, however, rather underrated the skill and offensive resources of his antagonist. He had reckoned on the acquisition of his opponent's sword by any the most common manœuvre of the noble science of attack and defence; bu the had not

laid his hand a minute upon the hilt of his sword, and made the introductory pass, before he allowed to himself that though the head of the proscribed laddie might go in at the saddle bow, there were reasonable doubts to be entertained whether the hand of Gow Wilkie would place it there. Quick of eye, agile of foot, and as cool as a cucumber, Gilbert Greaves so well supplied by use of his natural faculties, his lack of practice, that for some minutes, Sergeant Wilkie's perceptible advantages were limited to a more scientific bearing of his point. He had inflicted two or three slight wounds on his adversary, and received in return some gashes about the size of a 'Settlequarrel' at the German Universities, when a trifling slip of his foot, which the keen eye of Greaves caught in a moment, and improved as quickly, placed him and his sword in his adversary's power. The hardy old Highlander disdained to beg his life, nor was it essential to the safety of Gilbert that he should take it. He used the sword to ham-string the Minnow's horse, and when he had seen himself fairly seated on the saddle of Wilkie's noble charger, threw it back to its veteran owner. As he tried the mettle of his spoil in a leap which would not have dishonoured New Market or Epsom, he heard the Lambie say in a disconsolate tone, "Ye're the vara divil, lad, but ye ha pluckit your feather fra my cap. I should

like to meet you on hard ground once mair though."

Gilbert Greaves, no longer under charge of Sergeant Wilkie and his aid, Big Bill Cutbush, made for the intended point of debarkation, Dirk Dewitt's Ferry, that is, for the point of the river where he hoped to find such ferry. It was now ten o'clock, and that mild, motherly, apple-faced orb, which is said to patronize lovers, and govern the tides, was just going to sleep in the bosom of the Jerseys. Gilbert Greaves might not so soon have found this Charon of the Bronx and Hudson, but for his fortunate jostle in a narrow path, of an old negro, whose terror at the sudden appearance of our hero, deprived him for a few minutes of the faculty of speech wherewith he was partially gifted during those hours of the day in which the ghost seer is supplied with protecting sunshine. After many breathless ejaculations of "God a bless you, massa!" and not a few asseverations that "you mos a scare me," Pompey was brought to hear the question of "where dwelt Mister Dirk Dewitt?"

"Him lib—God a bless you, massa, you mos scare me. Me tought 'twas the evil von. Misser Jem, Massa Lotty Nullikins' Jem, see a Dutchmans fly footaback wid no head here. Young debble me spose."

"If you dont answer my question, quick, blackey," said his interrogator, "I shall shortly



lay stripes upon your carcase that will savour very much of an old devil."

"God a bless you, massa, him lib yonner; dat him light. Massa you go by Misser Rubins barn, den by the black hin's nest—"

Greaves saw a light in the direction of the negro's telegraphic finger, and without waiting for farther directions, which were sure to obscure the little light already afforded, gave his horse the rein and spur, and set off for the goal of his journey. As he came in view of the old-fashioned building of glazed Holland brick which contained the man of many good turns, to reach which he was mainly assisted by the light in the diamond paned window, bold as he was, we will not take upon us to assert that his pulse did not rise four or five throbs above its usual temperature of a healthin-vigorating winter morning, at the sight of a party of horse drawn up on a small knoll above the antiquated mansion of Mr. Dewitt. With much caution, he led his horse back, unperceived of the men of the sword, and moved on foot, and in silence to reconnoitre.

Notwithstanding the grumbling expostulations of two sleek, indolent porkers who were sleeping in their straw, and the loud barking of a vigilant cur dog, whose discontent was referred to the dragoons, Greaves contrived to gain the garden hedge, a stand sufficiently near to enable him to learn from the mouth of their

commander, who was in loud and earnest conversation with the ferryman, that they were in pursuit of himself. This he had suspected. When the interrogator had vaulted to his saddle, and forward march! was the word, Mr. Dewitt began to shoot queries at the flying squadron about "height," "hair," "complexion," "eyes," "whiskers," "gait," "dress," &c. The troopers answered none of these questions, so Mr. Dewitt was in possession of nothing which could lead to the detection of Greaves. Indeed, the only information, which as far as he had heard, had been given with direct reference to the matter in hand, was, that the "deserter must be on foot."

Greaves stood a moment *perdue*, till the troopers were fairly out of hearing, then returned to his horse, and mounting him, rode at full speed, taking care to make considerable noise, and alighted at the front gate to the mansion, which gate was in the rudest possible style of architecture, resembling—but our imagination lights on no parallel. He found Dirk seated on his doorstone, apparently listening to the noise the troopers *had made*, for they were no more to be heard now than the last year's breaking up of the ice in the Hudson. From a short tobacco pipe stuck in one corner of his mouth, he rolled out huge clouds of smoke, sufficient in quantity to have made a reasonable

Cape Flyaway. A fat, waddling, 'five feet by four' creature of the feminine gender, with a face of the size and color of a tenpenny brown loaf, sat by his side, her head enveloped in a drugget apron, of the kind which my ancient maiden sister, Temperance, assures me hath a white warp and blue filling, and is denominated 'thunder and lightning cloth,' but whether so named from possessing certain electrical properties, she could not inform me. Two domestics, one the cur whose vigilance we complimented on the last page, and the other a wonderfully discontented tabby cat, recumbed before the master and mistress of the mansion, while behind them sat a lad and lass as comfortable as rustic lovers can be who have one chair to support them both. The Phillis was the daughter of Mr. Dewitt, and the Strephon a neighboring lad, her sweetheart.

To the question duly put, whether he had seen or heard any thing of an officer wearing the British uniform, "height five feet seven and three fourth inches, red hair and whiskers, blue eyes and bow legged, a scar on his right cheek, and a mole on the left side of his chin?" (none of which specifications applied to the patent before him,) Dirk answered, repeatedly interrupted however by his rib, that no such person had approached his domicile that night, and prayed inspection of his premises.

"The rascal, for whom the halter is waiting, has tricked us then."

"He can't get clear off, sir," said the ferryman, "this disaster that you speak of. Kingsbridge is blocked up, 'Tim Dobbs' wherry is gone to be keeled and ribboned, (Mrs. Dewitt thrust in a needless confirmation,) 'Bisha's canoe leak s like a sieve, (Mrs. Dewitt doubted it. 'Conrad Crambe had carried a fox, a goose, and peck of corn to Communipaw in it,') and my wherry sha'nt carry the rogue over, I'll be bound. You'll ferret him out, sir."

"Pshaw! well it is no use to fret. Put up my horse, if you please, sir, and feed him well to the tune of prompt pay. Mr. Dewitt, a word in your ear. Andre said you helped him to a meeting with his sweetheart."

"Ay did I, and bigger folks than he have scraped a foot, and said many thanks for the like favor."

"You were kind, sir. Now if you will help me to an hour's chat with my linnet, by all the wisdom that ever dwelt in the noddles of the lords of the privy council, I will put two broad pieces, true begotten of the royal mint, into that big, hard fist of yours."

"Wull ye? By jingo, goold is the stuff after all! I've got some of your d—d Kelso and

Cromwell stuff \* that I'd swap pound for pound for jewsharps without tongues to 'em."

"Ha, ha! You will assist me then?" asked Greaves.

"Yes, will I. What is your doxy named?"

"Hannah Holdfast."

"I dont know any sich gal. I know the Holdfasts well. They came by the mother's side of the Gripealls, who made a mint of money by selling penny fiddles at public outcry. I never knew that old Micaijah Holdfast of Gullygap had a daughter. I reckon my woman knows. I'll ask her."

Mr. Dewitt hereupon sought his spouse to settle the important matter. The time of his absence was passed by Greaves almost in agony. The ferryman at length returned fully satisfied in his mind that Micaijah Holdfast of Gullygap had several daughters, but none named Hannah, which fact was duly communicated to Gilbert.

"And now will you carry me?" asked the impatient soldier.

"To be sure I will. But you are in such a confounded hurry. Here Debby," said he, speaking to a tall, stooping maiden, who was just added to the *dramatis personæ*, "put up the Royaller's horse, rub him a bit with a wisp of

\* *Note by Counsellor Sparrow* —It is probable that the ferryman here referred to the Continental paper emission of 1777, signed in behalf of government, by J. Kelso and R. Cromwell.

straw, and strike the innkeeper's *little* two gallon tub—mind—the measure we had of Puffing Stage-house, with oats for him. Heinrich, help me float the wherry. Hein, where's mum? call her."

He went with his son to a pile, or 'stack' of hay, which resembled in its shape, the roof of a house, separated from the 'upright,' and placed unshattered on the ground. Removing a portion of the hay at the end, he drew forth a light boat or 'wherry,' as watercraft of a particular construction are called, [west of the Alleghany mountains we have heard them called 'slaptogethers.' *Nota bene*, canoes are there called 'dug-outs,' and the large, flat bottomed boats used in transporting the bulky and less valuable produce, 'broadhorns,'] and with the aid of our hero, the lad Heinrich, lass Debby, and fat madam Dewitt, speedily deposited her in the proper element, where she lay like a crippled duck stealing off from a fowler. Dirk Dewitt placed himself at his oars, and bade Greaves seat himself in the stern, at the same time intimating mysteriously, lest the assigned duty should be thought worthy of constituting a partial set-off to his claim for ferriage, "that a boat in the tide's wake was like a woman in her teens,—there must be a steady hand to govern her." When he saw that his passenger had taken the helm, he expressed his sorrow by every form of

expression short of an actual order to resign it. Greaves, in the exercise of his office as steersman, received the warm encomium of the ferryman for his wisdom in hugging the shores of York Island.

“By keeping in shore, you see, sir, we chouse the tide,” said he. “If we had tried to cross the Hudson here, we should have drifted like a hay-dropper beating down the Tappan. Now we’ll keep in the edge of the slack-water till we take the Bronx current, *that* will set us across the Hudson.”

Greaves readily assented to a plan which agreed so well with his wishes, secretly hoping that Mr. Dewitt would choose the present time to project a treatise on tide water, or fall on some other project which would keep him silent for the remainder of the passage. But he was speedily apprised that Mr. Dewitt possessed a miraculous gift of gab, and was little inclined to bury his talent under a bushel. After two or three clearings of the pineal gland or gentle *hems*, (the like of which we have seen in a popular assembly,) and an abortive attempt to attitudinise, he gave birth to an opinion that the colonies ought to be conquered, and taxed at the will of their conquerors.

“I hope,” said he, “they will be conquered, blast ’em. If they should be conquered, do you *think*, sir, that his majesty can take Hugh’s

Thumb from Robin Entail, and give it to Peter Grievous?"

"Undoubtedly," answered his listless auditor. "Clutch all the Entail property, and bestow it upon the Grievouses."

"Good, that. Grievous says I shall have a slice, if the king can do this thing. Would the king's gift be good?"

"Yes, if he be *compos mentis*, and the queen signs the deed, and Lord North witnesses it, and it be acknowledged before Sir John Silvester; otherwise the queen dowager will hold her *thirds*."

"Is this law?" asked the wondering ferryman.

"To be sure it is, piping hot from Westminster Hall. So decided by Lord Chief Justice Ticklepalm, and recognised as law in the Exchequer Chamber. Read Blackstone, Mr. Dewitt, read Blackstone, and row the wherry faster."

Wearing away the time with this and other sententious and profitable dialogue, the inmates of the frail bark continued to glide along the current of the Hudson, until they reached that point of the waters which disclosed, as the ferryman conjectured, superior facilities for crossing the river. Here he directed the steersman in his maritime phraseology, "to put the tiller down, and steer for the other shore." Greaves kept the boat a little off, but not so much as to



intimate an acquiescence in the order of his captain.

"You'll shoot her clean across the tide," said the ferryman, somewhat pettishly.

"Suppose I add a guinea, and say put me on shore on the Westchester side," said Gilbert.

A suspicion of the truth seemed to flash suddenly across the mind of the ferryman. "Hannah Holdfast, ha, ha!" ejaculated Dirk in the intervals of his laughing. "I b'leve you've come the Paddy over me." And hereupon he drew his arms across, and apparently prepared himself for a supplementary negotiation, no doubt expecting to turn his passenger's necessity to a good pennyworth.

"Will you carry me to the main land, or not?" asked Gilbert.

Dewitt muttered something about 'great risk,' 'hanging if caught,' &c. which complaints were soon silenced by the stern, authoritative accents of Greaves. "Make up your mind in the twinkling of an eye, or I shall make free to toss you overboard, sir. Neither your ill temper or avarice shall be obstacles to my escape."

"O, I'll do whatever you say," muttered the mollified ferryman. "What a fool I should be to bandy words with that big knife in the hands of a man like enough flying for life. Steer the wherry as you please, but if you be indeed the man whom they'll hang if they catch, I think you had

better go as high up as Dobb's Cove—that's in the rear of the rebel army."

The ferryman closed his lips with these few words of advice, and said nothing more for the remainder of the passage. They were speedily at the landing place which Mr. Dewitt had recommended. Here the full fare agreed upon, and a couple of guineas over, were handed the ferryman, who jumped blithly back to his wherry, and put her in motion, bidding our hero good bye, and bending to his task with a will proportioned to his good fortune in meeting so liberal and well provided a customer. As he left the shore, Greaves heard him sing, with the loudest accents of joy, two or three snatches of an old song.

The lover to the boatmen said

" Pull away, Mauxmen, pull her away ;

" Bend your backs to your oars, boys—very well sped—

" She walks like a spirit, and here is your pay.'

' He's a gentle to rain gold for rowing him hither,

' And a true for his love to dare such waves and weather.'

END OF FIRST VOLUME

100

100

H. 4

W. 100









**This book is under no circumstances to be taken from the Building**

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